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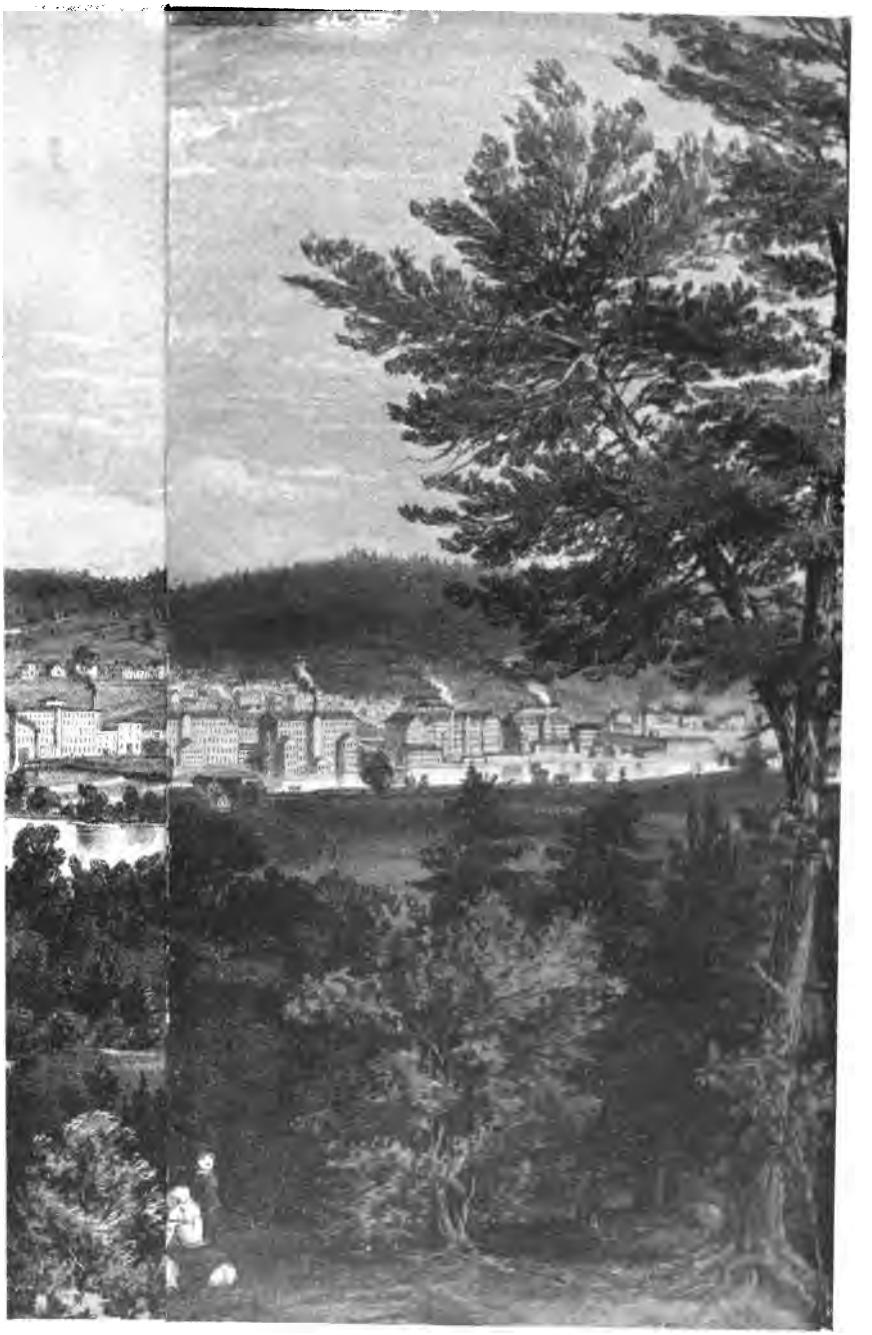

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MANCHESTER

HISTORIC ASSOCIATION

COLLECTIONS

VOLUME III. 1902-1903

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MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION
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PREFACE.

After the delays that usually accompany such an undertaking, the third volume of the Collections of the Manchester Historic Association is herewith presented to the public. With one or two exceptions, the articles have been prepared expressly for publication, and it is believed will prove interesting, if not valuable reading for a considerable number. For the first time an index has been prepared, which seems essential to the completeness of a work of this kind. While the association has been occupying pleasant rooms for some time as its headquarters and repository for its growing library, it feels the need of more funds with which to carry on the work of publication. In truth, the thanks of the society are due those who have so generously contributed toward defraying the expense of this volume.

The undersigned take this opportunity to acknowledge their indebtedness to those who have so kindly assisted them in the preparation of the different papers given here. There are still others of quite as great value awaiting their turn, and it is the hope of the committee that the matter of publication may be continued more regularly than it has in the past.

Respectfully submitted.

GEORGE W. BROWNE,
SYLVESTER C. GOULD,
FRANCIS B. EATON,
ROLAND ROWELL,
J. ARTHUR WILLIAMS,
Publication Committee.

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RUINS OF THE OLD BRIDGE-STREET POUND.
(From a Photo by Ellinwood, 1901.)

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GEN. JAMES WILSON.

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GENERAL JAMES WILSON.

A PAPER BY HON. JAMES F. BRIGGS, READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, OCTOBER 3, 1900.

MR. PRESIDENT: I regret that the duty of furnishing a sketch of the life and public services of Hon. James Wilson, late of Keene, N. H., had not been assigned to some one better qualified to do justice to the memory of this remarkable man. By way of introduction, with your permission, I desire to say a few words of his father, James Wilson, to show the seed from which he sprang.

James Wilson, the father of James Wilson, Jr., was born in Peterboro, N. H., in 1757. He fitted for college at Phillips Academy, at Andover, Mass.; entered Harvard in 1785; and graduated in 1789. He was reputed to be one of the most skillful wrestlers in college, which was then the test of championship. He took the badge in his Freshman year and retained it during his whole course. His distinction in this particular was justified by the remark of John Quincy Adams to his son, "Long Jim," when he learned his parentage, "Your father was the best wrestler in college."

On his graduation he entered the office of Judge Lincoln of Worcester, Mass., as a student of the law. He remained with Judge Lincoln until December, 1790, when he was called home on account of the death of his father. He remained in Peterboro from that time, completing his studies with Judge Jeremiah Smith then in practice in the town of Peterboro. He was admitted to the New Hampshire Bar in 1792. Judge Smith having been elected to Congress from New Hampshire, and continuing in that office for several succeeding years finally, removed to Exeter and Mr. Wilson continued his practice in his

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native town, until his removal to Keene in the year 1815. He retired from the active professional duties of his office on the admission of his son to the bar, in 1823, and devoted his time to his private affairs.

James Wilson, Sr., is represented to have been a good lawyer, familiar with the science of the law, a man of quick preception, careful and thorough in the preparation of his cases, and he conducted them before the court and jury with marked ability and success.

His practice in Cheshire and Hillsborough counties was extensive, and he was generally retained on one side or the other in every important case. When asked by Mr. Levi Chamberlain why he did not address the reason of the jury instead of their feelings, he replied: "Too small a mark; too small a mark for me to hit."

James Wilson was elected from the Hillsborough District of New Hampshire a Representative in the Eleventh Congress of the United States as a Federalist. He served with distinction from May 22, 1809, to March 3, 1811. His term of service, though brief, was one that no descendant of his, familiar with his services, but will be proud of the record he made.

There were many young men in New Hampshire who were students in his office who afterwards achieved distinction in their profession. Among them were Gen. James Miller, John Wilson, David Smiley, Thomas F. Goodhue, Zaccheus Parker, Stephen P. Steele, David Scott, Charles J. Stewart, and Matthew Perkins. After he removed to Keene his students were David Steele, Amos Parker, Amasa Edes, and his son James Wilson, Jr. Mr. Wilson held many offices of trust and honor in his native town. He was moderator from 1800 to 1814; and representative to the Legislature from 1803 to 1815. He was a member of Congress from the Hillsborough District from 1809 to 1811, being the first two years of President Madison's administration. He was an old-fashioned Federalist. He was a grateful, dutiful son, a good husband, a sympathetic parent, very kind to his children and to all his friends; a good citizen, and noble-heart-

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ed man. He was industrious, just, vigilant in all matters of business. He died at Keene, January 4, 1839, universally respected and lamented, at the age of 73 years.

James Wilson, Jr., was born in Peterboro, N. H., March 18, 1797, and died at Keene, N. H., May 29, 1881. He was the son of James Wilson and Elizabeth Steele. His early life was passed in his native town, with only such educational privileges as were there to be had, which at that early day were very limited. His mother became an invalid when her son James was only two years old, and remained so during the remainder of her life, thus depriving him of that kind, maternal care and attention so indispensable to the proper development of a young mind. She departed this life when he was in the ninth year of his age.

In the year 1807, young Wilson was sent for a few months to the academy at New Ipswich. In 1808, he was sent to the Atkinson Academy, where he remained for some three or four years. In the year 1813, he attended Phillips (Exeter) Academy, at Exeter, N. H., for some six months.

Our country was then involved in war with Great Britain, and young Wilson at sixteen years of age was desirous of joining the American army, as some of his acquaintances but little older than himself had already done. His father would not give his consent to his son's enlistment, and he was not old enough to be subject to the draft. Disappointed at being deprived of the privilege of entering upon a military career, he left Exeter, and returning to his native town he went into the North Factory at Peterboro, and continued to work there from the Autumn of 1813 until the Spring of 1815, when peace between the United States and England was proclaimed. Young Wilson went home in the Spring and worked on his father's farm as a common farm-laborer. In the Autumn of that year, as his father was about removing to Keene, the son picked up his books and went back to his studies.

He entered Middlebury College (Vt.) in 1816; graduated from that institution in 1820; entered his father's office at Keene as a

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student at law, and was admitted to the bar in Cheshire county, N. H., at the Fall term, 1823.

His father, James Wilson, Sr., retired from the active professional duties of his office on the admission of his son to the bar, and the young man attaining to his father's business, continued to practice law in Cheshire, Sullivan, Grafton, and Coös counties, until the year 1836, when by a stroke of paralysis his father became unable to attend to his own private affairs, and then required his son's assistance. He then gave up the Northern counties and continued the practice of law in Cheshire county.

On leaving college in 1820, and fixing his residence at Keene, James Wilson, Jr., entered the military service of the State. He was elected Captain of the Keene Light Infantry on the first day of January, 1821, and continued in the militia, constantly doing duty, until 1839, when he resigned the office of Major-General of the Third Division of the New Hampshire Militia.

At the March election in 1825, he was chosen as one of the two Representatives from the town of Keene to the State Legislature.

In 1828, he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of New Hampshire, the duties of which he performed with signal ability to the acceptance of all parties. In that House there were several men of distingushed reputation and of prominent standing in the Whig party, such as the Hon. Ezekiel Webster, the Hon. Benjamin M. Farley, the Hon. Joseph Bell, the Hon. Parker Noyes, and others from different parts of the State. From the year 1825 to the year 1840 inclusive, he represented the town of Keene in the State Legislature every year, except 1833, 1838, and 1839. The last two years, namely, 1838 and 1839, he was the candidate of the Whig party in the State for Governor, but was defeated by his Democratic opponent.

The year 1840 was a year of great political awakening in this country. The Democratic party had nominated Martin Van Buren for President of the United States for a second term.

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The Whigs went into the political battle uuder the banner of 'Tippecanoe and Tyler too,' 'and with them' determined to 'beat little Van.' The Whigs succeeded. Gen. James Wilson, of New Hampshire ('Long Jim,' as he was familiarly called), did a good deal of political service in that campaign. He stumped almost all the New England states, spoke several times in Pennsylvania, and gave a whole month's work, on the stump, in the State of New York, Mr. Van Buren's state. Mr. Van Buren lost New York, Pennsylvania, and most of the New England States, and was defeated.

Gen. Harrison was elected President, and John Tyler Vice-President. They were inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1841. Gen. Harrison lived only one month after his inauguration, and Mr. Tyler succeeded to the Presidency. About June, 1841, Mr. Tyler offered to Gen. Wilson the office of Surveyor-General of the Public Lands in the then Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, which office he accepted, and took possession of the Surveyor-General's office, at Dubuque, Iowa, in the early part of the summer. He continued to hold that office and to perform its duties for four years. In 1845, James K. Polk having been elected President. he was removed.

In 1846, the voters of the town of Keene returned Gen. Wilson again, as their representative, to the General Court. That year the Whigs and a party styling themselves 'Independent Democrats' succeeded in defeating the regular old line Democracy in New Hampshire. The State was districted for the choice of Representatives to Congress, and the following year he was elected Representative from the Third Congressional District to the Thirtieth Congress. He was re-elected to the Thirty-First Congress, and held his seat until the 9th day of September, 1850, when he resigned and left this Eastern country for California. He resided in California eleven years continuously, and only returned East at the breaking out of the of the Civil War in 1861. On meeting his old friend Abraham Lincotn, then President of the United States, Mr. Lincoln offered him a Brigadier-General's commission in the

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army of the United States, which offer Gen. Wilson declined, for the reason of his advanced age and his physical infirmities. He remained East about a year and a half, giving such aid and moral support as he could to the Union cause. He returned to California in the Autumn of 1862, and resided there until 1867, when he left the Pacific coast and returned to his old home in Keene, to live out the residue of his days among his old friends and acquaintances who had been so true and kind to him throughout so many, many years. In 1870 and 1871, the voters of Keene elected him again to represent them in the General Court of the State of New Hampshire.

He was married to Mary L. Richardson, of Montpelier, Vt., November 26, 1823. His wife died in 1848.

Their children were: Mary, born Oct. 27, 1826, (she married John Sherwood of New York); James E., born 1827, died March 9, 1832; William R., born Nov. 2, 1830, died March 17, 1834; Annie F., born Sept. 23, 1832, (she married Col. Francis S. Fisk); Charlotte F., born Aug. 31, 1835, she (married Frank S. Taintor of New York); James H., born Dec. 4, 1837; Daniel W., born Feb. 13, 1841, died Jan. 18, 1846.

He was widely known as a military man, a lawyer, and an orator. His power of addressing and holding jurors, and a great multitude in times of excitement was extraordinary as will be illustrated in the instances hereafter recorded.

His celebrated speech speech at the Peterboro Centennial received universal commendation. It was in part as follows:

"*Mr. President:* I regret that I am called upon to respond to the sentiment which has just been announced, and received with so much approbation by this great assembly. Upon looking over the list of sentiments yesterday, I was informed that the one just read was designed to call out that highly-respected, time-honored gentleman, Hon. Jeremiah Smith, of Exeter, a man who feels proud of the place of his nativity, and who on all proper occasions has a good word to say of and for old Peterboro. We should have been delighted to have seen that venerable and venerated man here, and to have heard him, in his usual elo-

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quent and forcible manner, his reminiscences of by-gone times.

He has indeed grown old, but not old enough yet to forget any good thing. His mind is richly stored with varied learning, and his knowledge of the early history of the town, the peculiarities of its early inhabitants, his great fund of wit and anecdote connected with the first settlers, very far exceeds that of any living man; and there is now no one of the emigrants who could so well give an apt response to your highly complimentary sentiment as that worthy octogenarian. I was heart-pained to learn last evening that his attendance is prevented by physical infirmity. In his absence I could have wished that another highly respected son of Peterboro, of the Smith family, had been here to have spoken in our behalf. I allude to one more nearly allied to you, Mr. President, your eldest son, my most esteemed friend. We are of nearly the same age. Our friendship dates back to the days of our childhood. Our intimacy commenced in that little, square, hipped-roof schoolhouse that formerly stood between your homestead and the homestead of my honored father. It was an intimacy in the outset characterized by the ardor of youth, and grew with our increasing years into the strong and unwavering friendship of mature manhood. There has never been a moment's estrangement. For thirty years no frost has chilled it, nor can it grow cold until the clods shall rumble upon our coffins. Glad, indeed, should I have been to have met once more my friend here, to have grasped him by the hand, to have looked upon his slender form and his pale features, to have listened to the tones of his clear voice, to have caught and treasured up the sentiments of a mind as clear as the atmosphere upon the summits of our native hills, and a heart as pure as the fountains that gush from their base. From the sad tidings that I hear of his declining health, I fear that I shall never meet him on this side the grave. May a merciful God bless him.

Well may Peterboro express her joy at the success of her absent sons, and pride herself upon them when she numbers such men as these among them.

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Your sentiment, sir, breathes the prayer that we, the emigrants, may not forget the place of our nativity. I can hardly realize that I am an emigrant. True, sir, a wave of Providence has taken me up, wafted me onward, and cast me upon land not far distant. Although my domicile is in another place, it is here that I seem most at home. It is here that I enjoy all those pleasures derived from early recollection and early associations. It is here that every natural object that meets my eye has some story to relate of high interest to my mind; here every house and tree, stump and stone, hill and brook, presents to me image of some old, familiar, well-loved friend. It is here that I meet my earliest friends, and their greeting seems warmer, and more cordial than elsewhere. It was here that I first enjoyed that substantial Peterboro hospitality so well understood and so highly appreciated by every one at all acquainted with the people of the town some some thirty years ago. Let me not be understood, Mr. President, as drawing a comparison unfavorable to the good people with whom I am in more immediate intercourse at the present time. No, sir, I reside among an excellent and a worthy community, to whom I am bound in a large debt of gratitude. They have manifested toward me a kindness and a confidence vastly beyond my merits; and I am sure they will not esteem me the less for finding me susceptible of emotion at the recollections and fond associations of my childhood. Forget Peterboro. How can I forget her? Why, sir, I was born just over there. The bones of my ancestors, both paternal and maternal, are deposited just over there. And among them there repose the remains of my mother. Oh, sir, it would be cold and heartless ingratitude to forget the place where one's earliest and best friend slumbers in death.

"Ingratitude. Thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster."

Spare me, oh, spare me such a reproach. My prayer to Heaven is, that when these eyes shall grow dim, this tongue become dumb, when these lungs shall cease to heave, and this

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heart to throw off a pulsation, then this head and limbs may be laid to crumble down to dust by side of thine, my mother.

* * * * * * *

I have watched with intense interest the wonderful improvments that have been carried forward in my native town within the last thirty years. When I was a boy, a weekly mail, carried upon horseback by a very honest old man by the name of Gibbs, afforded all the mail facilities which the business of the town required. Now, sir, we see a stage-coach pass and repass through this beautiful village every day, loaded with passengers and transporting a heavy mail. Your highways and bridges have been astonishingly improved, showing a praiseworthy liberality on the part of the town to that important subject. Your progress in agriculture, manufactures, and the mechanic arts exhibits striking evidence of the progress of improvement. Look abroad now upon the finely cultivated fields, the substantial fences, the comfortable, yea, elegant dwellings, the superb manufacturing buildings, the splendid churches and seminaries of learning, and in view of all these let the mind for a moment contrast it with the prospect which presented itself to the eye of the first settler as he attained the summit of East mountain one hundred years ago. Then not a human habitation for the eye to repose on over the whole extent of this basin-like township — one unbroken forest throughout the eye's most extensive range. No sound of music or hum of cheerful industry saluted his ear. It was only the howl of the savage beast, or the yell of the still more savage man, that broke the appalling stillness of the forest. What a wonderful change a hundred years hath wrought here, and what unshrinking energy of character was requisite to induce the commencement of the undertaking.

Some of the old objects of interest to me in my younger days are gone; their places, indeed, have been supplied by more expensive and elegant structures. Still, I must say, I regret their loss. And let me ask, Mr. President, are you quite sure that the loss may not manifest itself in some future time? I allude,

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sir, to the loss of the old church on the hill there, and the old beech tree tree that stood hard by. I look, even at this period of life, upon that spot with a kind of superstitious reverence. Many are the noble resolutions that young minds have formed under the shade of the old beech tree. Intellectual indolence is the prevailing fault of our times. Under the old beech, in my young days, the great and the talented men of this town used to assemble, and there discuss with distinguished power and ability the most important topics. Religion, politics, literature agriculture, and various other important subjects were there discussed. Well, distinctly well, do I remember those debates carried on by the Smiths, the Morrisons, the Steeles, the Holmes, the Robbes, the Scotts, the Todds, the Millers, and perhaps I may be excused for adding the Wilsons and others. No absurd proposition or ridiculous idea escaped exposure for a single moment. A debater there had to draw himself up close, be precise in his logic, and correct in his language to command respectful attention. Abler discussion was never listened to anywhere. Strong thought and brilliant conceptions broke forth in clear and select language. They were reading men, talking men, forcibiy talking men, and sensible men. Bright intellectual sparks were constantly emanating from those great native minds, and, falling upon younger minds, kindled their slumbering energies to subsequent nobler exertion. The immediate effect of those discussions could be easily traced in the beaming eye and the agitated muscles of the excited listeners. It was obvious to an acute observer that there was a powerful effort going on in many a young mind among the hearers, to seize, retain, and examine some of the grand ideas that had been started by the talkers. This rousing of the young mind to manly exertion, and aiding it in arriving at a consciousness of its own mighty powers, was of great advantage where the seeds of true genius had been planted by the hand of nature. If any of the Peterboro boys, within the last thirty years, have attained to anything like intellectual greatness, my life on it, they date the commencement of their prog-

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ress from the scenes under the old beech tree. A thousand times have I thought, Mr. President, if I had the world's wealth at my command I would cheerfully have bartered it all for the ability to talk as well as those men talked. Antiquity may boast of her schools of philosophy; the present may point to her debating clubs and lyceums, and talk loud as it will of modern improvement; give me the sound good sense that rolled unrestrained from eloquent lips under the old beech, and it is of more worth than all. I shall always respect the spot where it grew, and even now it grieves me to see the greensward that sheltered its roots torn too roughly by the ploughshare.

I had purposed, Mr. President, to have asked the attention of the audience to some few remarks on the all-important subject of education. Old Peterboro has hitherto given her full share of educated men to the public, and I cannot but hope that she will not now permit her neighbors to go ahead of her in this particular. The shades of evening, however, admonish me that I must not trespass further. I must tender my thanks to the audience for the very kind and polite attention they have given me during my remarks I have felt constrained to make at this late hour in the afternoon. Allow me to say in conclusion: The sons and daughters of Peterboro, native and adopted: in all good deeds may they prove themselves worthy of the noble stock that has gone before them.

General Wilson was greatly interested in military affairs. He was appointed Captain of the Keene Light Infantry January 1, 1821, and successfully passed through all the various ranks until he was appointed Major-General in the Third Division of the New Hampshire Militia. He continued in the service until 1839, when he resigned. At this time there were very few military men his equal.

He was a strict disciplinarian, popular with his soldiers and brought his command to a high state of proficiency. June 28, 1833, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, visited Concord, N. H. This was the great day at the capital. Thousands of people gathered at Concord from all parts of the State

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to pay their respect to the President. He was accompanied by Vice-President Martin Van Buren, Secretary of War Lewis Cass, Secretary of the Navy Levi Woodbury, Major Andrew J. Donelson, Secretary of the President, and many distinguished men were present.

The military display was of the highest order. It consisted of eight picked companies. The best disciplined, the most efficient, the largest and the best drilled was the celebrated Keene Light Infantry commanded by Gen. James Wilson. This company attracted the attention and excited the admiration of General Jackson and its Captain was personally congratulated for its fine appearance by him.

General Wilson was the most striking and attractive person that I ever met. He was a giant physically as well as intellectually. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he attracted the attention of all who saw him. He was beloved by his friends, honored by the people, and idolized by his family. There was a charm about his personality that made all who knew him ever hold him in loving remembrance. New Hampshire never had a son more widely loved than Gen. Wilson. "He was six feet and four inches in height, well built, erect, with deep set bright blue eyes, a wealth of black, curly hair, stern and determined, yet fascinating, countenance," and often spoke of himself as a rough hewn block from the Granite State, and everywhere was spoken of by his friends as "Long Jim Wilson." As a lawyer he was able and successful, and won a high reputation. As an advocate he had few equals and no superior. Before juries his eloquence was irresistible. He could excite them to laughter or move them to tears at his will. When appealing to the sympathy of the jury his opponents would often say, "Wilson is boring for water," or "pumping for tears."

Gen. Wilson as an orator was unequaled. His power of addressing and holding great multitudes in times of excitement was wonderful. He took an active part in the Presidential campaign of 1840 and proved himself to be one of the most eloquent and efficient popular orators of his time.

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Ex-Governor Bell, in his "Bench and Bar," says of him as follows: "His qualifications for this were unequalled; his physique was on a majestic scale; his voice sonorous; his language was the purest vernacular; his logic had the grip of the vise; he was always prodigiously in earnest; his illustrations and witty sallies were irresistible and he often broke out in strains of bold and moving eloquence."

There are many anecdotes told of him, illustrating his wonderful influence over the crowds that gathered to hear him.

He often captured his hearers by the opening sentence of his speech. He began one of them, I think, in New York, "I am six feet and four in my stockings and every inch a Whig."

At one of his outdoor meetings in 1840, in the Harrison campaign, a shower came up which threatened to disperse the audience. He deliberately pulled off his coat (as usual) and began, "The only rain that I have any fear of is the reign of Martin Van Buren." He had hearers enough after that.

In some of the States farther west it was the custom of both parties to hold public meetings on the same day in the same field. When speakers occupied stands not far apart he captured the entire crowd and on one occasion he left not a single hearer for the other side.

At the first meeting of the Sons of New Hampshire in Boston, in 1843, he was present and called upon to speak to the sentiment, "The families we left behind." Many speakers had preceded him and their speeches if good were rather formal, but when Gen. Wilson rose to speak the tones of a hearty, sympathetic voice roused the feelings of his audience and his touching picture of the old folk at home stirred every heart to its depth. "We will go back," "said he, "and tell the mothers and sisters how well the boys behave when they are away from home." This speech gave voice to the genuine feeling of all hearts and was welcomed with cheering, earnest, prolonged and again and again renewed.

The fame of Gen. Wilson as an orator was well known in New Hampshire. When I was a boy, living in Holderness,

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N. H., now Ashland, I saw a poster announcing that James Wilson would addresss the people at Wentworth on a certain day. Although then a minor I determined to go. It was a stormy day; the snow was deep and I braved the storm and arrived at Wentworth in season for the meeting.

It was held in the church and before Mr. Wilson appeared it was filled to its utmost capacity I sat near the pulpit when Mr. Wilson came in. His immense physique, his dark, rough features, curly, black hair and deep set, blue eyes will never be forgotten. The meeting was promptly called to order and Gen. Wilson began his speech. He held the vast audience for over two hours with such a speech as I never had listened to before, and never have since heard surpassed. His speech was upon the political issues that divided the political parties.

It was a masterly effort, forcible, eloquent, and unanswerable. The applause was hearty, frequent, and prolonged. He drew a parallel between the slave states and the free states; the condition between the laborers in the south and at the north; the political power exercised by the south in the government over the north. He declared it not only the right but the duty of the north to prevent the extension of slavery over the free territories of the United States. He clearly, frankly, and fearlessly defined his position upon the questions involved in the contest and closed amid cheers and hearty congratulations of his friends.

The fame of Gen. Wilson as an orator was already known in Washington when he entered the National House of Representatives, and while there he made several speeches, but facilities for reporting them were not equal to those of today and but a few brief reports of them are preserved. His great speech on the slavery question, on February 19, 1848, attracted great attention.

One who was present tells me that he went into the House and found it filled to its utmost capacity. This person went into the Senate chamber first and found it almost deserted. Then he went over to the house, and found most of the Sena-

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ors there. Wilson had just begun his speech. The House was still, no clapping for pages, no moving about, but all were attentively listening to Gen. Wilson and his voice was clear and sonorous and reached every part of the House.

He possessed great power of statement. His utterance was rapid, but his enunciation was distinct. At times he was gentle and sympathetic; at others, bold and aggressive; but the whole speech was a remarkable illustration of his power as an orator and established his reputation as one of the most eloquent men of his day. He was repeatedly interrupted by applause, and at the conclusion of his speech he was greeted with round and round and most heartily and warmly congratulated by his friends.

An anecdote of Willian P. Wheeler, the gentleman who succeeded Gen. Wilson as leader of the Cheshire county bar, gives a glimpse of Wilson on the stump in 1840. Sometime during the sixties Mr. Wheeler made a pleasure trip west and during the trip took a steamer ride down the Ohio. A gentleman familiar with the river began to describe objects of interest. Learning Mr. Wheeler was from Keene he begged him to tell him about Gen. Wilson. After satisfying his curiosity, Mr. Wheeler said he would be glad to learn how a resident of Ohio knew about Gen. Wilson enough to become an ardent admirer.

"It happened this way," replied the gentleman: "Business obliged me to make a trip to Albany, N. Y., in 1840, during the height of the presidential campaign. My business having been accomplished, I prepared to return home. On arriving at the railway station, I found my train did not leave for a little over an hour and to while away the time I went outside and looked about. In an opon space near at hand a stand for public speaking had been erected and a few people had already gathered about the stand. From a poster I learned that the eloquent Gen. James Wilson of Keene, N. H., was about to deliver an address. Hearing the approaching band, I walked up to the stand, for I always made it a point to hear good speakers whenever the opportunity offers. I confess when Gen. Wilson was introduced I was greatly disappointed, for I could not be-

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lieve that this dark, rugged looking giant could be a great orator. When he began to speak my mind changed, for from the moment that I head his voice I stood spell-bound. A second's pause enabled me to consult my watch, and to my intense astonishment I found my train must have been gone several minutes for I had been listening over an hour utterly oblivious to the passage of time. With a sigh of relief I remembered there was another train an hour later and I turned to listen to the fascinating speaker I had heard. I determined this time to keep track of the time and not miss the next train. Again I listened with breathless attention. Glancing at my watch I discovered I had just twenty minutes left to catch my train. Again had I been totally unconscious of the flight of time. Although it was not over five minutes' walk to the station I did not dare listen further, for if I did I knew I should miss my train a second time. I resolutely faced about and started for the station. Imagine my astonishment. When I first faced the speaker, perhaps 200 people were present. Now I was facing a great audience of from 8,000 to 10,000 people (the papers said the larger number). I had been so completely engrossed in listening that I had been utterly unconscious of the addition to the assemblage. It took me over half an hour to work my passage through that crowd and if Gen. Wilson had not closed his speech I might never have got through it. I again missed my train and was obliged to wait for a night train. I shall always regret that I did not wait and hear the close of that wonderful address. Every one who came in range of his wonderful voice had been drawn to the speaker and held by him just as a powerful magnet attracts and holds iron filings."

Hon. John P. Hale said that his first opportunity to hear Gen. Wilson speak was on April 22, 1861. The war had begun and word was sent to all the neighboring towns that Gen. Wilson was in Keene on a visit and would address a mass meeting in Central Square, Keene, on that day. Long before the hour the Square was crowded. He was on hand early and got a good position near the speaker's stand. The band and many citizens

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went to Wilson's house and escorted his carriage to the stand. Describing the moment when the carriage arrived, McClintock's " History of New Hampshire " says :

" When the door was opened and the familiar form of the old hero was seen mounting the rostrum, such tumultuous applause was heard as was never known in Keene before." Being but a schoolboy I don't remember much of the address, but the effect of his appeal for volunteers was electrical. When the old man, so crippled by rheumatism that he could not walk without a cane, took his seat, men started for the platform to enlist from all parts of the audience. Some could not wait to go around to the steps but climbed over the railings. Describing the closing of this speech, McClintock's " History of New Hampshire " says : " It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who were present; and it did much good, the immediate effect being to add many names to the rolls of the enlistments."

As illustrating the power of Wilson's eloquence, the following incident will serve to show that it was a kind not dependent on favoring conditions. When making the survey of Iowa, it was found that many squatters had settled in certain sections of the State, and these sections they declared should not be surveyed. In due time Wilson with his outfit of surveyors arrived near the settlement of the most turbulent gang of squatters in the State. Needing supplies, he sent one of his men to the nearest trading post to purchase what was wanted, with instructions to return and get the camp team if he found he could get what he needed. The supplies were purchased and paid for, but when the team arrived delivery was refused, and the man returned and stated that the post was full of roughs, who had learned in some way that the supplies were for the United States surveyors. Seeing the critical moment was at hand, Wilson went at once to the store, accompanied by several of his men and his younger brother Robert, (in after years Col. " Bob " of the Fourteenth New Hampshire). The two Wilsons entered the store and asked the proprietor if certain goods had been bought and paid for;

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if so, why he refused to deliver them? Then the roughs declared they had taken possession of the store and until they were dispossesssed no delivery could be made. Wilson turned to his brother and said: "Bob, these gentlemen seem a little diffident about going out alone. If you will escort them to the door, I will see them safely out."

Robert Wilson, while not as tall as the General, was about as heavy; he was an expert boxer and wrestler, and almost a match in strength for the General himself. He seized the nearest man and flung him to the General, who pitched him headlong out. In a couple of minutes a dozen men had been spread-eagled over that section of Iowa. They scrambled to their feet, scraped their eyes and noses clear of subsoil, freed their mouths of grass roots, drew their weapons and made ready for a fight to the death.

Seeing "Bob" was in possession, Wilson coolly stepped outside and said, "Boys, I got a word to say." It would not seem as if he had selected an especially favorable opportunity for speech-making. In five minutes these men, who thirsted for his blood, were subjected; in ten, they were wildly cheering him; in fifteen, the United States surveyors were their long lost brothers. They rallied about Wilson, eager to shake his hand. They insisted on loading his team with supplies, and then escorted him in triumph to his camp. Wilson had won their allegiance, not only to himself but to the government. The next day the competition for the privilege of carrying the chains and flags for the surveyors became strong. Their camp was kept supplied with game, and the roughest neighborhood in Iowa became a picnic ground for the camp of surveyors. Not content with this they sent word ahead that anything they could do was not too good for Wilson, and charged their friends to see that he lacked nothing they could supply. By the magic of his tongue Wilson had changed a band of lawless desperadoes into friends as loyal to his bidding as the tribesmen of a Scottish chieftain.

The following sketch of General Wilson, written by Moses A.

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Cartland, describes him so fully and accurately, that I will give it entire as it came from the pen of the gifted author. It was written many years ago by this personal friend of Gen. Wilson.

"Almost everybody in this state knows General Wilson by the familiar, but not very elegant, cognomen, "Long Jim." Still, there is more meaning and appropriateness in it than a fastidious ear might be aware of 'Long,' he certainly is — though not an Anak, nor stretched to the immeasurable length of 'Long John' of Chicago. And, to his credit, he is one of those unsophisticated and unstarched men who may be Jimmed without offending their delicacy or detracting from their integrity. There are some such men who boast no royal pride, but pass along, in republican simplicity, claiming the humblest citizen as a brother, and saying to the highest, as Black Hawk did to the President, 'I am a man, and you are another.' 'Don't thee and thou us,' said the pompous justices of England to the plain, blunt Quaker, Fox. 'Use such familiarities to our servants, but not to magistrates,' said they. And a good deal of that stiffening has crept down into the veins of these democratic times. The Quakers used to take Washington by the hand, while President of the United States, and address him, as Penn had the king before, simply as 'George.' The great man seemed rather pleased with a greeting which bespoke the the fraternizing affection of home, and often reciprocated it with the like simplicity of a brother. Some little sprig of aristocracy, better furnished with broadcloth than with brains, would have resented a familiarity that made him but 'common clay.'

"But not to dwell on these things, it must be admitted that Gen. Wilson is distinguished, in an eminent degree, for simple, unostentatious habits in his intercourse, and unvarying courtesy of demeanor. He probably feels that he is a man, and not an ape. Not a mere buckram fop or dandy — one of those precious things, so numerous in sunny weather, that

'Present a body which, at most,
Is less substantial than a ghost.'

"Had Robert Burns been an orator instead of a poet, there

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would have been a very striking resemblance between him and Gen. Wilson. And there is reason for this; for the latter is of Scottish descent, and his veins are full of Scotch feelings and fire, tempered with that earnest, Irish enthusiasm, which he derives from one branch of his ancestral line. Those who know anything of the noble-hearted, strong-willed poet, will see very strong points of resemblance between them. The same wild scenes of nature, the same

> 'Land of the mountain and the flood,
> Of dark brown heath and shaggy wood,'

first opened alike to their youthful eyes. Burns, in his boyhood, followed the plough, and pressed his wild, free feet to the old Caledonian hills; while the American boy bent to the same rustic employment, and learned freedom like him in our own beloved Scotland. The same free, generous, and impetuous spirit that swelled in the bosom of one, now characterizes the other. Alike in disdaining the folly of lordly life and the 'rattling equipage' of wealth and fashion, the same glorious spirit of independence that Burns worshipped, as 'lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,' is equally the idol of the New Hampshire orator. If the music of the one fell like a transcendent charm upon the Scottish ear, no less potent, in a different capacity, is the voice of the other to stir the pulse or win the heart. The same martial fire, the same restless and indignant hatred of tyranny, that burned in the Scotchman's veins, now runs in the American's.

"Compare them physically, and the same resemblance is apparent; with an exception, however, for the eye of Burns was the most distinctive feature of his face. Poetry lingered in its radiance; and when the bard felt the struggling of the mighty nature within him, his eye is said to have burned and kindled with an 'almost insufferable light.' In Gen. Wilson, the same feature is often lighted up with terrible power. To a stranger, Gen. Wilson would not appear the lion he actually is when aroused and in the midst of one of his impassioned strains of eloquence — as Charles Lamb has said of books —

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that is eloquence. He would then be taken for some hard-faced ploughman, ungifted with that 'mighty magic' which puts a tongue in everything that leads an assembly captive. I have attended public meetings when he was to address the people, and noted the curious inquiries and sage remarks of those who had never before seen him, and knew nothing of his powers as a speaker. Plainly attired, and in the most unstudied manner, he would enter the house and sit in modest carelessness awaiting the gathering of his audience. No stranger eye would be fixed on him as the hero of the scene. 'Where is he?' would be the inquiry. 'There he is — that coarse-looking man, bending forward, with the aspect of a long 'Vermont Jonathan,' would be the reply. 'That Gen. Wilson? — why, he don't look as though he could say anything. See, there, I guess your phrenology is all knocked in the head now. He looks like an old plough-jogger.' Such would be the comments. But he speaks — at first with the simplicity and courteous phraseology that distinguishes the gallant man always. He stretches himself up — raises his stentorian voice as he warms with his subject — period upon period goes rolling out upon the audience, and echoing back and up like ocean tones of the sea. The orator seems laboring and dashing forward like one of those 'oak leviathans' of the deep, crushing the haughty waves beneath its keel, and wrestling onward against the tempest. It is then you begin to realize the awakening of that 'dormant thunder' which you so little dreamed was sleeping in that awkward form and unpromising aspect. You are borne onward by the impetuous current, or stirred by some startling picture of political folly or aggravated wrong, until it would seem as though the old dead had been summoned back to rebuke the living.

"But in all this there is no ungenerous taunt — no flippant blackguardism — no impeachment of his opponent's motives or abilities, but an exhibition of the loftier and better feelings. In this respect Gen. Wilson occupies a more elevated position than most of the political orators of the day. He scorns the tricks and slang of the demagogue. He never descends to them.

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His language is chosen with even the nice taste of the scholar; and while his periods oftentimes exhibit a peculiar beauty and finish, they are full of energy and charmed with fire — 'as lighting lurks in the drops of the summer clouds.' He never caters to the vulgar appetite which riots in abusive epithet and unmanly detraction. Nor does he ever stop to repel the base attack and calumny so rife in partizan warfare. But he stands up like the storm-defying pillar, that mocks alike the fury of the tempest and the wave, and he bears his head aloft into the sunshine and bids them beat on."

The following is an extract from a speech by Gen. James Wilson on the Slavery Question, February 16, 1849.

It has been said by some one, that 'man is the child of circumstance.' It is a sage remark, and true; and to me it is not surprising that gentlemen should entertain different opinions, and should rise here in debate and express opposite views upon the subject of slavery. I know, can feel, and realize, that my own views and opinions are influenced much by the impressions received in childhood; and while I am conscious of that in myself, it is but just to infer that other men are influenced by the circumstances by which they were surrounded du ring the receptive period of early life. It excites no marvel in my mind that gentlemen who have first seen the light of day in the South — who have first opened their eyes to the realities of life under the auspices of that institution — who were early taught to command and that it was their right to be obeyed — who had but to say to a certain class of individuals around them, 'Come,' and they would come; 'Go,' and they would go. I can very well understand how it is that gentlemen, accustomed from their childhood to command, being nurtured in this way up to the condition of manhood, should entertain entirely different opinions from those which I, and those which have been brought up as I have been, entertained. In the northern States of this Union, we are taught from childhood to look upon labor as the condition of life; to think from the outset that we are born to labor. The child is instructed and made to know that if he wants any-

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thing done within the compass of his own ability, he must do it for himself. He is encouraged to effort, and compelled, if need be, to make it. Labor becomes habit.

I have said, sir, that in the free labor States of this Union, even the little children are required to labor according to their intellectual ability and physical strength. Even from its cradle it is put to work. It is aroused from its morning slumbers to be greeted by the smiles of a kind mother, and is encouraged to make the effort to do for itself what it may be able to do. It is not, to be sure, furnished with the heavy tools, the drills and hammers, picks and gads, of the miner, and sent to sink shafts in trap rock of limestone, in search of copper ore ; it is not furnished with a spade and windlass, rope and tub, and sent away to sink its shaft in clay diggings, in search of lead mineral. No, sir; but its morning bath and wardrobe attended to, and its breakfast finished, it has its working tools, consisting of some simple books and carefully arranged in a little satchel, wrought all over with pictures of birds, and butterflies, and flowers, in gay colors, by the hand of a kind sister. Thus equipped, it is sent away to the village school, to work — to work. It begins to sink its shaft down into its own intellect; it sinks on and on, deeper and deeper. Encouraged by its success, it perseveres, until, by and by, it brings up to view, and for the use of mankind, treasures infinitely more valuable than the gold from the mines of Mexico, or Peru, or California — gems more brilliant than ever sparkled upon the brow of queen, or blazed in the hall of royalty.

I undertake to say that, for the last fifty years of the history of this goverment, this great slavery question has been the very center and focus of all our political action : the focal point around which every great national interest has revolved.

I might illustrate by comparison with the movements of the planets in their orbits around the natural sun. The figure of speech would not be quite accurate and appropriate, because when we speak of the natural sun, we convey to the mind the idea of light and heat, warmth and life-giving energy through-

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out the sphere of its influence; while that central point of our political action is as black and dark as Egyptian darkness; as cold and heartless, and unsympathizing as the icebergs that roll in the Arctic ocean.

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There was then, a certain, distinct, and definite tract of country, to which the Constitution of the United States was to apply. And now let me ask any member of the committee to take the journal of that convention in his hand, and say whether he could believe that the men of that convention, who were brought together for the purpose of framing a Constitution for the United States, did, in fact, form an instrument with all the properties of a monstrous gum-elastic overshoe inverted, the toe of which could be drawn on over the north pole, the heel hitched down over some tall mountain near the Isthmus of Darien? The very idea is too preposterous to be entertained for a moment by any sensible man of fair, impartial mind.

* * * * * * *

I desire to acquit myself, that my own conscience will not upbraid me, and that, when I shall pass away, no reproach shall fall on me, or my children after me, for my acts here on this momentous question. I have, sir, an only son, now a little fellow, whom some of this committe may have seen here. Think you, that when I am gone, and he shall grow up to manhood, and shall come forward to act his part among the citizens of the country, I will leave it to be cast in his teeth, as a reproach, that his father voted to send slavery into those territories? No; oh, no; I look reverently up to the Father of us all, and fervently implore of Him to spare that child that reproach. May God forbid it.

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It shall not be in the power of any man to shake a menacing finger at me, and look me in the face with a gibe of con-

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tempt, and say to me in the insulting language of a former representative from Virginia (Mr. Randolph), 'we have conquered you and we will conquer you again; we have not conquered you by the black slaves of the South, but by the white slaves of the North.' No, sir; that remark shall never apply to me. Gentlemen need not talk to me, or attempt to frighten me, by threats of the dissolution of the Union. Sir, I do not permit myself to talk or even think about the dissolution of the Union; very few northern men do. We all look upon such a thing as impossible. But, sir, if the alternative should be presented to me of the extension of slavery or the dissolution of the Union, I would say rather then extend slavery, let the Union, aye, the Universe itself, be disssolved. Never, never will I raise my hand or my voice to give a vote by which slavery can or may be extended. As God is my Judge, I cannot, I will not be moved from the purpose I have now announced.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Chairman, I have but imperfecty accomplished the duty I had assigned myself on this momentous question. But I am admonished that the pendulum of the clock is upon the last vibration of the hour allotted to me. I have made up the record of this day's work of my life imperfectly I know. But I am willing it should be unrolled and read by the whole people whom I have the honor to represent; I am willing it should be read by the people of this great country; above all, I am willing it should be unrolled and read by the light of Eternity, in the presence of the assembled universe, and to abide the decree of the Omnipotent Judge upon the record.

It is impossible to give an adequate description of the eloquence of this distinguished man. He must have been seen and heard to be appreciated. His great oratorical efforts were made many years ago. The men who were so charmed and captivated by his eloquence have passed away. A few still remain; they are scattered and inaccessible. It is only left for us to

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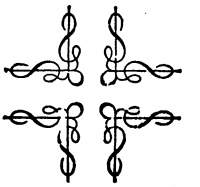
glean what we can from a few printed speeches that have been preserved, and to brief biographical sketches and to anecdotes and traditions that have been handed down from a former generation. To these I have frequently referred and quoted in this paper. I am conscious that my work has been poorly done. If I have contributed in any manner to throw light on the character and services of this honored and idolized son of New Hampshire I am satisfied.



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The Old Bridge-Street Pound.

A PAPER BY ORRIN H. LEAVITT, READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, SEPTEMBER 18, 1901.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Having been in the city but few years comparatively, and having taken no part in the municipal or business affairs, I feel a little out of place in coming before the Manchester Historic Association to discuss matters relating to the early history of localities with which nearly all of you are better acquainted than I am. But my idea is that the object of an organization of this kind should be to preserve material proofs as well as written records of former methods where it is possible to do so, and having expressed at various times my opinion that the old pound should be preserved as it is, if not restored to its original form, I have been invited to prepare a paper on the subject for this meeting, and I hope I shall be pardoned for making a slight digression from my subject for the sake of explaining, or, perhaps, excusing my interest in the matter.

Perhaps my habit of reading puzzle pictures to get views of things which do not appear on the surface, has got me in the way of looking crosswise at some matters which were not intended for such inspection, but it seems to me that the policy, as far any policy is shown in the methods employed about this city, is to work largely for the present with little regard to the future and less respect for the past.

To illustrate this point I will name four boiling springs in the northern part of the city, which originally supplied many families each with pure, cold water, but have been covered by

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the city dumps during the process of making streets. One of these springs is in the gulley on the west side of Elm street and north of Penacook ; one is near the crossing of Chestnut and Sagamore streets ; one, just east east of Pine, is now under the fill made for Sagamore street, and worst of all, the spring which supplied the camping ground when the soldiers were quartered at the north end during the early days of the civil war, and later, was included in the old fair ground and had a half hogshead set in it which was always full, is now under the dump of Liberty street. This condition being found in such a limited locality would indicate that many more with which I was not familiar have gone the same way. Any of these could have been perpetuated by inserting pipes to bring the water to the surface, and without interfering with the construction of the streets or other desirable changes. But they are gone, and the people are supplied with water taken from the muddiest portion of Massabesic, while we have a Board of Health to look after the sanitary affairs ; and even the pesthouse is to be supplied with " city water " to avoid too much of a change when patients are carried there.

Another matter on which I have not recovered from a desire to express myself is the filling of the ponds on the commons. When I came here there was a pond on Merrimack common, and one Hanover common, both walled with split stone, so that children or dogs which got in must be helped out or drown. With all that water in sight no dog or even bird could get a drink. It was finally decided that the water was impure and endangered public health by its emanations, and they were filled up.

My belief was and still is that if the walls had been removed and sloping gravel banks substituted, so that children could wade, dogs swim and birds drink ; silt basins put at the inlet so that sediment would settle where it could be dipped out ; pond lillies planted to make use of the undesirable elements in water, the water could have been kept as pure as our city supply is under present conditions, and aged people and invalids could have been refreshed by the ever restful spectacle of sparkling

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waves in contrast with the dust of the streets and clatter of pavements. But now, with Mile brook running unused under the whole length of these commons, we are buying water every winter to make skating ponds which kill the grass so it is late in the spring or summer before the crop of annual weeds covers the reeking mud with the kindly mantle of green.

It was by observing these transactions that I was led, years ago, to speak for the preservation of the relic of former customs which still remains in the ruin of the old "town pound."

As it is customary for amateur writers or lecturers, when called upon to treat any agricultural subject, to go back and tell when and where the plant was discovered, how it became distributed, how it has been improved and what the average yield is per acre, I may be pardoned for briefly referring to the history and use of the institution known in former times as the "town pound."

In the days of the pioneers, when clearings were scattered and only the cultivated fields were fenced, cattle were turned into the forests to get their living on wild grass and browse, so it often happened that they strayed too far and found their way into poorly protected fields of some distant neighbor. It is related that people in Massachusetts were once in the habit of driving cattle up into this section to get their living as best they could through the summer, and they became very annoying to the scattered farmers among whom they foraged. People at that primitive age had not evolved the idea of sending tramps along to the next town to find new victims, so they conceived the plan of constructing enclosures where stray animals could be confined and cared for until the owner called for them and paid for the food and trouble. This was a protection to the farmers and a kindness to owners of stock who rather pay a reasonable sum for such care than wander aimlessly in the wild forest in search of their animals which might be doing great injury to some growing crop.

This method of disposing of stray animals was continued long after every man who owned stock was supposed to have a

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pasture fenced for its use. But the idea that the highway was public property still led some men to think that they were not trespassing on the rights of others by turning their cows through the barnyard bars and dogging them down the road, and when this practice became unbearable to the neighbors whose expostulations failed to bring reform, the pound was resorted to as a lesson in law. It has also been used as an instrument of revenge. A man would find an animal belonging to some neighbor with whom he was not on friendly terms browsing in his field or running in the road, and would drive the animal to the pound if it was several miles farther away than the home of the owner. I have known a man to lead a horse two miles out of his way to get to the pound without going past the house of the owner, when the pound was four miles away and the men lived less than half a mile apart.

A pound-keeper was among the officers annually elected by the town, and his duty was to supply impounded animals with food and water, advertise them if not called for within a certain time, and get his pay from the owner of the stock when it was taken away. Another officer closely connected with the pound-keeper was the "field driver," and his duty, and sometimes privilege, was to drive to pound animals found trespassing or in anyway troubling the settlers. As this was a minor position with little work and no pay, it was unually filled by nomination, and the young men in town who had been married since the last election were honored with this mark of the respect and confidence of their fellow citizens, sometimes twenty or more being chosen at a single meeting.

In my native town, in Maine, an article which appeared in the warrant, regularly for many years, was: "To see if the town will allow loose cattle to run at large all or any part of the year." This was usually passed over without action, and at last some one discovered and announced that men were not obliged to fence their fields, and that when cattle were turned into the highway, without a keeper, they were, in effect, turned into

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their neighbor's cornfield, and that the town had no authority to legalize such action. Soon after this the field-drivers were discontinued, and it was voted that every barnyard in town should be a pound and every man who had a barnyard was appointed pound keeper and authorized to confine stray animals and collect pay for the same from their owners. This ended the pound business in that town.

By a somewhat hurried examination of the two histories of Manchester (Potter's and Clarke's), I find that they agree on one point: that in 1800 the town voted to build a pound at the south end of the church at the Center. Clarke's says this was used till 1830, but says nothing about its successor as being located or built. Speaking of the Stevens farm, which is a part of what is now the city farm, it says: "On the old farm is an unused pesthouse and a pound." And here arises a question which I have been unable to solve, for it continues: "A new pesthouse was built of brick in 1874 upon the old farm near the Mammoth road." Where is or was that brick pesthouse?

Potter's history relates that the pound to be built in 1800 at the south end of the church, was to be seven feet high, with square posts, and rails of pine or cedar heart wood.

While both agree that this pound served until 1830, Potter's speaks of the vote to build another, under the transactions of 1846, so there are ten years that we do not know whether a pound was maintained or not.

The ruins of the structure now under consideration are on land owned by the city and in what is a part of Derryfield Park, so there would be no outlay for purchasing the site, it being in the park and near the road which is most used in going to the Weston Observatory. It is in a prominent place and would be an object of interest to visitors who would seek information as to its origin and use, and, standing on that spot, with the clatter of electric cars and the bustle of a city all about them, could realize more fully than in any other way that here, where they see all these modern conveniences and signs of activity

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under electric lights the supply for which is brought on a simple wire, was once a wilderness, and in the last century the farmers worked in their fields with the flint lock musket leaning against a stump, for protection rather than pleasure, and cattle roamed at large and took their chances among the wild and savage beasts. That right here, on this spot, the scenes of frontier life have been enacted in real earnest and have passed into the history which we read without fully realizing that it is more authentic than the tales of fiction.

For these reasons and under existing conditions I hold that it would be wise and proper for this association to take some steps to induce the city to perpetuate this relic, and restore or permit the association to restore as far the remaining material will allow, the walls which have fallen, so as to show a design of something more than a pile of rocks, and lead to questions and answers which will keep alive the knowledge that we still have one link which connects us with the dim and distant past.

The people of the present seem to be seeking to make their own mark, and change everything that passes through their hands to make it conform with the present idea of symmetry or beauty, or style which too often lacks both of the other features named. We expend large sums in removing rocks and exterminating native shrubs, and as much more constructing "rockwork" and planting foreign shrubs which would disgrace any native hedgerow, and, after all this outlay to destroy natural objects for the sake of imitating them, the imitation is a failure and the change is no improvement.

Therefore let us claim this one spot and save it from the present epidemic of change and destruction. Let the willows and wild cherry trees grow inside if they will; but have the outer walls exposed to view to show that there was system in the "madness" which preserved it.

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Sketch of Dunbarton, N. H.

BY ELLA MILLS.

Dunbarton is a town "set upon a hill which cannot be hid." The highest point of land is on the farm of Benjamin Lord, north of the Center, and is 779 feet above the sea level. From that spot, and from many other places nearly as high, the views of hills and mountains are beautiful and grand beyond description.

The twin Uncanoonucs are near neighbors on the south, Monadnock, farther off on the south-west, and Kearsarge twenty miles to the north west. On the northern horizon are seen Mount Washington and other peaks of the White Mountains.

The longest hill in town is the mile-long Mills hill, and midway on its slope live descendants of Thomas Mills, one of the first settlers. Among other hills are Duncanowett, Hammond, Tenney, Grapevine, Harris, Legache, and Prospect Hills.

No rivers run through the town, but there are numerous brooks where trout fishing is pursued with more or less success.

No body of water is large enough to be called a lake, but Gorham Pond is a beautiful sheet of water and on its banks picnics are held. Stark's and Kimball's Ponds have furnished water power for mills, the latter, owned by Willie F. Paige, is still in use. Long Pond, in the south part of the town, was the scene of a tragedy in 1879, when Moses Merrill, an officer at the State Industrial School, Manchester, was drowned in an ineffectual attempt to save an inmate of that institution.

One portion of the south part of the town is called Skeeterboro, another Mountalona, so named by James Rogers, one of the first settlers, from the place in Ireland from whence he

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came.[1] East of the Center is Guinea, so called because some negroes once lived there. The village of North Dunbarton is also called Page's Corner; and not far away to the eastward is a hill known as Onestack, because one large stack of hay stood there for many years. A brook bears the same name.

Those who know Dunbarton only in the present can hardly realize that 1450 people ever lived there at one time, but that was the census in 1820. The first census, taken 1767, was 271. In 1840 it was 1067; in 1890, only 523. The last census gave about 575.

The first settlement was made in 1740[2] by James Rogers and Joseph Putney on the land known as the "Great Meadows," now owned by James M. Bailey. They were driven away by the Indians for a time. A stone now marks the spot where stood the only apple tree spared by the Indians. Probably the first boy born in town belonged to one of these families. James Rogers was shot by Ebenezer Ayer, who mistook him in the dark for a bear, as he wore a bearskin coat. He was the father of Major Robert Rogers, celebrated as the leader of the ranger corps of the French and Indian wars.

About 1751 William Stinson, John Hogg, and Thomas Mills settled in the west part of the town. Sarah, daughter of Thomas Mills, was the first girl born in town. Her birthplace was a log cabin on the farm now owned by John C. and George F. Mills.

For fourteen years the town was called Starkstown in honor of Archibald Stark, one of the first land owners (though not a resident), and father of General John Stark. In 1765 the town was incorporated, and was named, with a slight change,

1. The early writers generally credited James Rogers with being of Scotch-Irish nativity, owing to the fact that he was confused with another person of the same name, who lived in Londonderry. (See Drummond's "James Rogers of Dunbarton and James Rogers of Londonderry.") The Dunbarton Rogers was undoubtedly of English birth, in which case the term "Mountalona," or "Montelony," must have had some other derivation than that commonly ascribed to it. — EDITOR.

2. Probably 1739, and the Rogers family at least came from Massachusetts. This with the Putney or Pudney family seem to have been located in the winter of 1839-1840. — EDITOR.

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for Dumbarton[3] in Scotland near which place Stark and other emigrants had lived.

Dunbarton was one of the towns taken from Hillsborough County to form the County of Merrimack. Its centennial was duly celebrated and attended by a vast concourse of invited guests and towns-people. A report of its proceedings was compiled by Rev. Sylvanus Hayward. Though small in area and population, Dunbarton occupies a large place in the hearts of its sons and daughters. However dear our adopted homes may become, we still feel that "whatever skies above us rise the hills, the hills are home."

At the centennial Rev. George A. Putnam paid a glowing tribute to his native town, saying: "Dunbarton is one of the most intelligent and best educated communities in New England. I think it will be hard to find another place where, in proportion to its population, so many young men have been liberally educated and have entered some of the learned professions, where so many young men and women have become first-class teachers of common schools. My own observation has been altogether in favor of Dunbarton in this particular. And it is clear as any historic fact the superior education of Dunbarton's children has been largely due to her religious institutions and Christian teachers."

That the town is also honored by her neighbors is shown by the following instances: Many years ago it was said that a Dartmouth student from an adjoining town, when asked from what town he came, answered: "From the town next to Dunbarton." Recently the chairman of the school board in Goffstown, in his annual report, compared the town favorably to Dunbarton with regard to the number of college graduates.

Very soon after the permanent settlement of the town, a committe was appointed to build a meeting-house at Dunbarton Center. It was finished previous to 1767, and stood in the middle of the common. Before that time it is related that

3. From Dumbritton, the ancient name given to a fort raised by the Brittons on the north bank of the Clyde in early times. — EDITOR.

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"Mr. McGregor preached in the open air, on the spot now consecrated as the resting place of the dead." This first building was a low, frame structure, without pews, with seats of rough planks resting on chestnut logs, and a pulpit constructed of rough boards. It was replaced in about twenty years by the building now known as the Town House. This was used only for political purposes after the erection of the third church on the west side of the highway.

About thirty years ago the interior of the old building was greatly changed, the upper part being made into a hall while the square pews were removed from the lower part, only the high pulpit remaining. A selectmen's room was finished in one corner, and in 1892, a room for the public library. The outside remains practically unchanged.

The Rocky Hill Church at Amesbury, Mass., much like this at Dunbarton, is still used in summer only. There is no way of warming it, and people of the present day would not endure the hardships their ancestors bore without a murmur. The third church was built in 1836 on the site of a dwelling house owned by William Stark; in 1884 it was remodelled, the pews modernized and the ceiling frescoed.

The vestry formerly stood on the opposite of the common and contained two rooms; prayer meetings were held in the lower room, while up stairs was the only hall in town. There were held the singing schools, and the lyceum of long ago; also several fall terms of high schools; among the teachers were Mark Bailey, William E. Bunten, and Henry M. Putney. More than twenty-five years ago the vestry was removed to its present location near the church and made more convenient and attractive.

For about nineteen years the church had no settled pastor. In 1789 Walter Harris was called, and was ordained August 26. He preached more than forty years. Every man in town was required to contribute to his support for a time until some of the other religious societies rebelled. The "History of Dunbarton" says: "Dr. Harris appropriated the proprietors' grant for the

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first settled minister, and located himself on the ministerial lot. He also, by a vote of the town, obtained the use of the parsonage lot, with an addition of seventy pounds a year, one-half to be paid in cash, the other in corn and rye." His farm was in a beautiful location south of the center, and was afterwards owned for many years by the late Deacon John Paige; it is now the propery of his son, Lewis Paige.

In respect to his farm, buildings, fences, Dr. Harris was a model for the town. Two men once working for him were trying to move a heavy log. He told them how to manage according to philosophy; finally one said: "Well, Dr. Harris, if you and your philosophy will take hold of that end of the log while Jim and I take this end, I think we can move it."

Dr. Harris was sometimes called the "Broad-axe and sledge-hammer of the New Hampshire ministry." He was a man of more than ordinary intellectual endowments, and graduated from Dartmouth College with high honors. Prof. Charles G. Burnham said in his address at the Centennial: "The influence of the life and preaching of Dr. Harris is manifest today in every department of your material prosperity, as well as upon the moral and religious character of the people, and will be for generations to come."

Dr. Harris was dismissed July 7, 1830, and died December 25, 1843. His successor, Rev. John M. Putnam, was installed the day Dr. Harris was dismissed; both were remarkable extemporaneous speakers. Mr. Putnam was called one of the best platform speakers in his profession in the State.

At the close of his pastorate he went to reside with his son at Yarmouth, Maine; he died in Elyria, Ohio, in 1871. He was dismissed the day his successor, Sylvanus Hayward, was ordained. Thus for more than 77 years the church was not for one day without a settled pastor. Mr. Hayward was born in Gilsum, N. H., and has written a history of his native town; he was dismissed April, 1866. His successors were Revs. George I. Bard, William E. Spear, who is now a lawyer in

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Boston, and at present Secretary of the Spanish War Claim Commission, James Wells now deceased, Tilton C. H. Bouton, grandson of Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, for many years pastor of the North Church, Concord, N. H., George Sterling, Avery K. Gleason, and William A. Bushee. During Mr. Bouton's pastorate a parsonage was built in the north part of the village on land given by Deacon Daniel H. Parker.

The first deacons were chosen in 1790, and were James Clement and Edward Russell. Others were Samuel Burnham, David Alexander, John Church, Matthew S. McCurdy, John Wilson, John Mills, Samuel Burnham (a namesake of the first of the name), who with Daniel H. Parker served for many years. They were succeeded by Frederic L. Ireland and Frank C. Woodbury, the present incumbents.

Church discipline was very strict in ye olden time. What would the people of the present day think of being called to account for such a small matter as this? "A complaint was presented to the church by one brother against another for un-Christian-like behavior in suffering himself to be carried in a light and vain manner upon a man's shoulders to the length of a quarter of a mile. The church accepted the complaint, and summoned the brother before it. He appeared, confessed his fault and was pardoned."

Deacon McCurdy was noted for his strictness in keeping the Sabbath. No food could be cooked in the house on that day, and no work done at the barn except milking and feeding the stock. He once, however, mistook the day of the week, and took a grist to mill on Sunday, while his wife began the the Saturday's baking. On arriving at the mill, he, of course, found it closed, and on going to the miller's house, he learned his mistake. He was so shocked that he would not leave his grist, but carried it back home.

The Baptist Church was organized in Mountalona in 1828. The first meeting house was built by Aaron Elliot, and Isaac Westcott was the first pastor. In the Spring of 1847 meetings were held at the Center; Rev. John W. Poland (since fa-

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mous as the maker of "White Pine Compound") preached during that season. The next year a church was built.

The pastors were Revs. H. D. Hodges (who, with Rev. John Putnam, compiled a grammar), Samuel Cook, Horace Eaton, Jesse M. Coburn, Washington Coburn, John Peacock (as a supply), Stephen Pillsbury, Timothy B Eastman, Elias Whittemore, Samuel Woodbury, Adoniram J Hopkins, Dr. Lucien Hayden, J. J. Peck, Charles Willand, and the present incumbent, S. H. Buffam. This list may not be exactly correct. At intervals no services have been held. Nathaniel Wheeler, John O. Merrill and John Paige were deacons for many years. In 1899 the house was painted and otherwise improved.

The old house at Mountalona was used at times by the Baptists. Methodist services were also held there. It was burned about seventeen years ago.

A Universalist society was formed in 1830 by Nathan Gutterson, Joshua F. Hoyt, Silas Burnham, Alexander Gilchrist and others and services were held in the old Congregational Church. Rev. Nathan R. Wright preached here for four years and lived in a house near the late John C. Ray's which was burned about 30 years ago. It was afterwards known as the Hope house from Samuel B Hope, one of the owners. Mr. Wright was the father of Hon. Carroll D. Wright who was born in 1840. The family removed from town when he was three years of age.

In 1864 or 1865 Episcopal Church services were held by clergymen from St. Paul's School in school houses in the west part of the town, afterwards in the Hope house. In the summer of 1866 the corner stone of the church was laid on land given by the Misses Stark. The money to build the church was collected by their grand neice, Miss Mary Stark, a devoted churchwoman, who died in 1881. The church is a lasting memorial of her. It is a beautiful building with a seating capacity of 110. The fine chancel window was given by the father of the Rector of St. Paul's School. The church was consecrated in 1868, and named the Church of St John the Evangelist. For about fourteen years the services were in charge of Rev. Joseph H. Coit,

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the present rector of St. Paul's School. He was succeeded by Rev. Edward M. Parker, a master of the school, who with the assistance of Mr. William W. Flint, lay preacher, holds services in Dunbarton and East Weare. In 1890 the church was taken down and re-erected in North Dunbarton on land given by David Sargent south of the school-house, in front of a beautiful pine grove. A service of re-dedication was held december 15, 1890. Frank B. Mills was organist and leader of the singing with only a short interval until his removal from town in 1895. The organist at the present time is Miss Sara E. Perkins.

After the removal of the church, a brass tablet in memory of the Misses Harriet and Charlotte Stark was placed therein by Rev. Joseph H. Coit.

Dunbarton has had many fine musicians within her borders. Col. Samuel B. Hammond led the singing in the Congregational Church for a long term of years, resigning in 1875. The choir was formerly large and numbered among its members Mrs. Elizabeth (Whipple) Brown, her daughter, Mrs. Agnes French, Olive Caldwell, now Mrs. Morrill of Minnesota, the daughters of the late Deacon Parker, Mrs. Harris Wilson, Nathaniel T. Safford, William S. Twiss, and others.

Before the advent of the cabinet organ instrumental music was furnished by a double bass viol played by Harris Wilson, a single bass-viol played by Eben Kimball, a melodeon played by Andrew Twiss, and one or two violins. When the church was remodeled the organ and choir were removed from the gallery to a place beside the pulpit. Mrs. Mary (Wilson) Bunten is now organist. For several years a quartette, consisting of William S. Twiss, Frank B. Mills, Horace Caldwell, and Frederic L. Ireland sang most acceptably on many occasions, especially furnishing appropriate music at funerals, until the removal from town of Mr. Twiss in 1884. At various times signing schools were taught by Eben Kimball, Joseph C. Cram of Deerfield, "Uncle Ben" Davis of Concord, and at Page's Corner, by Frank B. Mills.

The first School houses in town were few and far between,

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with no free transportation as practiced at the present time.

Hon. Albert S. Batchellor, of Littleton, in searching the columns of a file of old newspapers recently, came across the following which will be of interest to Dunbarton people:

"Dunbarton May ye 15, 1787.

We the subscribers Promise to pay to Mrs. Sarah Ayers Young three shillings per week for five Months to Teach school seven or Eight Hours Each Day Except Sunday & Saturday half a day, to be paid in Butter at half Pifterreen per lb. flax the same or Rie at 4 shillings, Corn at 3s. Each. Persons to pay their Proportion to what scollers they sign for Witness Our Hands. Thomas Hannette 2 Scollers Thomas Husfe 1 Jameson Calley 2 Andrew fofter 1 John Bunton 3 John Fulton 2"

Before 1805 Dunbarton had three school districts. The first house was at the Center. Rev. Abraham W. Burnham, of Rindge, in response to the toast, "Our Early Inhabitants," at the Centennial, said: "My brother Samuel, when so young that my mother was actually afraid the bears would catch him, walked two miles to school." This same boy was the first college graduate from town, in the class of 1795. Robert Hogg, called Master Hogg, was the first male teacher, and Sarah Clement the first female teacher.

Another teacher of the long ago was Master John Fulton, who lived on the farm now owned by John W. Farrar. In those days pupils often tried to secure a holiday by "barring out" the teacher on New Year's Day. More than once Master John Fulton found himself in this situation. On one occasion he went to one of the neighbors where he borrowed a tall white hat and a long white coat with several capes. Thus disguised he mounted a white horse and rode rapidly to the school house. The unsuspecting pupils rushed to the door, when, quick as thought, Master Fulton sprang from the horse, entered the school house and called the school to order. At another time, while teaching in a private house in Bow, finding himself "barred out," he entered a chamber window by a ladder, removed some loose boards from the floor (the house being unfinished) and descended among his astonished

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pupils. Dr. Harris regularly visited the schools, and catechised the children; he prepared many young men for college and directed the theological studies of those fitting for the ministry.

Many clergymen of the town served on the school committee. Districts increased in number till there were eleven. In 1867 the town system was adopted, and the number of schools reduced to four or five. Notwithstanding the short terms, the long distances, and lack of text-books (now provided by the town), Dunbarton has produced many fine scholars, and has provided a large number of teachers for her own and other schools.

I think no family has furnished as many educated members as the Burnhams. A short time prior to 1775 Deacon Samuel Burnham came from Essex, Mass., to the south part of Dunbarton. Of his thirteen children, four sons graduated at Dartmouth College. In 1865 fourteen of his grand and great grand-children were college graduates. Not all of them lived in Dunbarton, but Samuel's son, Bradford, and most of his children lived here. Henry Larcom, son of Bradford, was a successful teacher and land surveyor; he represented the town in the Legislature and was also State Senator. The last years of his life were passed in Manchester where he died in 1893. His son, Henry Eben, is a lawyer in Manchester, and was for a time Judge of Probate. He was born November 8, 1844, in the Dr. Harris house, and is an honored son of Dunbarton. He was elected United States Senator by the Legislature of 1901, for the term of six years and succeeded Senator William E. Chandler.

Hannah, eldest daughter of Bradford Burnham, married Samuel Burnham from Essex, Mass; she died in November, 1901. Her two daughters were teachers for many years; the younger, Annie M., taught in Illinois and Oregon until recently. Two sons were college graduates, Josiah, at Amherst in 1867; William H., at Harvard in 1882. The latter is instructor in Clark University, Worcester, and a writer and lecturer of great ability. A daughter of his brother, Samuel G. Burnham of St. Louis, graduated from Washington University with high honors, ranking second in a class of eighty-two.

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Three sons of Henry Putney were students at Dartmouth College, though the second son, Frank, did not graduate, leaving college to enter the army in 1861.

Thirty or more of the sons of Dunbarton graduated at Dartmouth College, while ten or twelve others took a partial course. John Gould, Jr., and Abel K. Wilson, died at college. Three graduated at Wabash College, Indiana, two at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and one each at Yale, Harvard, and Amherst Colleges, and Brown University. It is said that at one time there were more students from Dunbarton in Dartmouth College than from any other town in the State.

There have been several graduates from Normal Schools, Ralph Ireland and Ethel Jameson from the school at Bridgewater, Mass. The former is now teaching in Gloucester, Mass., and the latter in Boston, Mass. Ella and Leannette L. Mills (the latter the daughter of Leroy R. Mills), graduated from the school at Salem, Mass. Lydia Marshall, now holding a government position in Washington, D. C., Mary Caldwell (now Mrs. Aaron C. Barnard), and Lizzie Bunten (now Mrs. James P. Tuttle, of Manchester), took a partial or whole course at the school at Plymouth, N. H. Louise Parker and Mary A. Stinson graduated at Kimball Academy, Meriden, N. H. Many others have been students at McCollom Institute, Mount Vernon, Pembroke, and other academies, and several have taken the course at the Concord High School. Among the teachers of the long ago may be named Antoinette Putnam, Lizzie and Ann Burnham, Jane Stinson, Nancy Stinson, Sarah and Marianne Parker, and Susan and Margaret Holmes. The list is too long for further mention.

Among college graduates who made teaching their life work were William Parker, who died in Winchester, Illinois, in 1865; Caleb Mills, who was connected with Wabash College, Indiana, from 1833 until his death in 1879. He was greatly interested in the cause of education, and was known as the father of public schools in Indiana; Joseph Gibson Hoyt, who was called the most brilliant son Dunbarton ever educated; he taught sev-

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eral years in Phillips Academy, Exeter, and was Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, taking charge February 4, 1859; inaugurated October 4, 1859; died November 26, 1862; Charles G. Burnham, orator at the Centennial, in 1865, who died in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1866; Mark Bailey, who has taught elocution at Yale since 1855, besides spending some weeks of each year in former times at Dartmouth, Princeton, and other places. Samuel Burnham, the first graduate, should have been mentioned earlier. He was principal of the academy at Derry for many years; William E. Bunten taught in Atkinson, N. H., Marblehead, Mass., and in New York, where he died in 1897; Matthew S. McCurdy, grandson and namesake of Deacon McCurdy, is instructor at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Although not a college student, John, brother of Thomas and James F. Mills, spent many years in teaching in Ohio and West Virginia; he died in 1879. Among those who have been both teachers and journalists are Amos Hadley of Concord, Henry M. Putney, now on the editorial staff of the Manchester *Daily* and *Weekly Mirror*; William A. (brother of Henry M.) who died some years ago in Fairmount, Nebraska; and John B. Mills, now at Grand Rapids, Michigan. George H. Twiss, of Columbus, Ohio, has been a teacher, superintendent of schools, and proprietor of a bookstore.

Of the native clergymen, Leonard S. Parker is probably the oldest now living. He has held several pastorates, and is now assistant pastor of the Shepard Memorial Church, Cambridge, Mass. One of the early college graduates was Isaac Garvin, son of Sam Garvin, whose name was a by-word among his neighbors; "as shiftless as Sam Garvin" was a common saying. Isaac obtained his education under difficulties which would have discouraged most men, and at first even Dr. Harris thinking it not worth while to help him. He probably studied divinity with Dr. Harris, and was ordained in the Congregational Church, but late in life took orders in the Episcopal Church in New York. There were two Rev. Abraham Burnhams, uncle and nephew, and Rev. Amos W. Burnham, whose

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only pastorate was Rindge where he preached forty-six years. Thomas Jameson held pastorates in Scarborough and Gorham, Maine ; he was blind during his last years. Charles H. Marshall preached in various places in Indiana, and died nearly thirty years ago. Ephraim O. Jameson held several pastorates ; he is now retired and living in Boston. He has compiled several genealogies and town histories. Rev. George A. Putnam, son of the second pastor of the church in Dunbarton, preached for several years in Yarmouth, Maine, then went to Millbury, Mass., in 1871, where he still resides — an unusually long pastorate in these times. John P. Mills is preaching in Michigan.

Of the native Baptist ministers were Hosea Wheeler, Harrison C. Page, who died at Newton Theological Seminary just before the completion of his course, and who gave promise of great ability; and the brothers Joel and Christie Wheeler who entered the ministry without a collegiate education, and both preached in Illinois.

Though the people of Dunbarton are too peaceable and honest to need the services of a lawyer, at least a dozen young men entered the legal profession. One of the earliest college graduates, Jeremiah Stinson, having studied law, opened an office in his native town, but devoted the most of his time to agriculture. He met with an accidental death at the age of thirty-six years. Among those who continued to practice law were John Burnham in Hillsborough, John Jameson in Maine, John Tenney in Methuen, Mass., Judge Joseph M. Cavis in California, David B. Kimball in Salem, Mass., Newton H. Wilson in Duluth, Minn., and Henry E. Burnham in Manchester. Only the three last named are now living.

The people of Dunbarton are proud of the fact that there has been no resident physician in town for more than forty years. The last, a Dr. Gilson, was here for a short time only. Dr. Dugall was probably the first ; while others were Doctors Symnes Sawyer, Clement, Mighill, Stearns, and Merrill.

True Morse was a seventh son ; so was Rev. Mr. Putnam, but he refused to use his supposed powers. Among the native

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physicians were Abram B. Story, who died not long since in Manchester, William Ryder, John L. Colby, Gilman Leach, David P. Goodhue, a surgeon in the Navy, John and Charles Mills. The two last named practiced in Champaign, Illinois, and were living there when last heard from. William Caldwell is well remembered as a veterinary surgeon.

Of dentists we may name John B. Prescott, D. D. S., of Manchester, a graduate of Pennsylvania Dental College, and the late Dr. Edward Ryder of Portsmouth.

Nothwithstanding this exodus of professional men and others, many good and wise men made the place their home. Deacon John Mills was town treasurer for thirty-five years, selectman twenty-two years, and representative eight years. He built the house afterwards owned by his son-in law, Deacon Daniel H. Parker, who was also a good citizen; as Justice of the Peace, he transacted much law business and settled many estates; he held many town offices, was a thrifty farmer, and accumulated a large fortune.

Henry Putney, of the fourth generation from the first settler of that name, was another strong man, who with Deacon Parker and Eliphalet Sargent formed a board of selectmen in the troubled times of the Civil War, that did good service for the town. His only daughter is the wife of Nahum J. Bachelder, secretary of State Board of Agriculture. He had six sons, five of whom are now living.

The name of Oliver Bailey has been known in town for several generations. The present representative of that name is one of the elder men of the town, a thrifty farmer, and was formerly in company with his son, George O. Bailey, a cattle dealer on a large scale. His brother, James M. Bailey, still owns part of the paternal acres. Their father, Oliver Bailey, removed late in life, to Bow Mills, where he died in 1889. John C. Ray owned a beautiful home in the west part of the town; he was superintendent of the State Industrial School in Manchester for about twenty-five years before his death in 1898.

The brothers, Captain Charles and William C. Stinson, were

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wealthy farmers in the south part of the town; the former removed to Goffstown, and his farm is owned by Philander Lord. The house is probably one of the oldest in town. The last years of William C. Stinson were spent in Manchester. Harris E. Ryder was the first Master of Stark Grange which was organized in October, 1874. His buildings were burned in 1875, and not long afterwards he located in Bedford, where he died. His brother, Charles G. B. Ryder, served on the school committee for several years. He removed to Manchester many years ago and was engaged in the real estate business for many years; he died there several years ago. The buildings on his farm were burned in July, 1899.

Major Caleb, son of General John Stark, built a house in the west part of the town which is still owned by the family and is filled with interesting relics. His son, Caleb, was the author of the "History of Dunbarton," published in 1860. He and two unmarried sisters spent much time here, the last survivor, Miss Charlotte, dying in 1889, aged about ninety years. She was a fine specimen of the old time gentlewoman, much given to hospitality. The place is now owned in part by her grand nephew, Charles F. M. Stark, a descendant on the mother's side from Robert Morris, the great financier of Revolutionary times. His only son, John McNiel Stark, graduated from Holderness School, June, 1900. The Stark cemetery is a beautiful and well-kept resting-place of the dead. Besides Stark, the names of Winslow, Newell, and McKinstry are seen on the headstones. Benjamin Marshall, and his son, Enoch, were prominent men in town. Many other names should be mentioned, but space forbids.

The daughters of Dunbarton are not less worthy of mention than her sons. Some of the teachers have already been mentioned. Another was Marianne, sister of Deacon Parker, who married a Doctor Dascomb and went with him to Oberlin, Ohio, where he became professor of chemistry in Oberlin College. She was lady principal. It was said that there were two saints in the Oberlin calendar, President Finney and Mrs. Dascomb.

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Three of her sisters married ministers. Ann married Rev. Isaac Bird, and went with him to Turkey as a missionary; and Emily married Rev. James Kimball of Oakham, Mass.; and Martha, Rev. Thomas Tenney; one of her daughters is the wife of the late Rev. Cyrus Hamlin. Two of Deacon Parker's daughters are the wives of ministers. Louise is Mrs. Lucien H. Frary of Pomona, California, and Abby is Mrs. John L. R. Trask of Springfield, Mass. Dr. Trask has been for many years trustee of Mt. Holyoke College.

Mary, daughter of Deacon John Mills, married Rev. Mr. William Patrick of Boscawen; Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, President of the American College for Girl sat Constantinople, is her step-daughter and namesake. Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Marshall, married Caleb Mills who studied theology, though his life work was teaching. Mary F., daughter of Deacon John Paige, married Rev. David Webster, now of Lebanon, Maine. Mary L., daughter of John Kimball of Milford, formerly of Dunbarton, has been for more than ten years the wife of Rev. Arthur Remington, now in Philadelphia. Perhaps the latest addition to the list is Hannah C., eldest daughter of Horace Caldwell, who, January, 1899, married Rev. Avery A. K. Gleason, then pastor of the Congregational Church in Dunbarton, now Raynham, Mass.

Mary A. daughter of Captain Charles Stinson, married Charles A. Pillsbury, known as the flour king of Minneapolis, who died more than a year ago.

Though the rough and rocky soil is poorly adapted to cultivation, Dunbarton is, and always has been, emphatically a farming town. Yet a long list of mechanics might be given. Carpenters, blacksmiths, painters and masons still ply their trades, but the mill-wrights, shoemakers, tanners, coopers, tailors, tailoresses, and pump makers are people of the past. Less than fifty years ago a tannery was in operation at the place owned by Benjamin Fitts, and a good sized pond covered the space opposite the house of Justus Lord. It was used on several occasions by the Baptists as a place of immersion.

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William Tenney was the carpenter who built the town hall; Captain Samuel Kimball, the present Congregational Church, and many dwelling-houses. Others were the work of John Leach. The man now living who has done more of this work than any other is John D. Bunten, whose work has always been done in a thorough manner.

The stone blacksmith shop of Jonathan Waite has been used by three generations, now only for the family work. John B. Ireland still uses the shop of his father, while Lauren P. Hadley's specialty is iron work on wagons. During the past few years much timber has been removed by the aid of portable steam mills.

The first store in town was kept by Major Caleb Stark at Page's Corner. He had several successors, among them being Jeremiah Page and John Kimball. At the Center I find, in the "History of Dunbarton," a long list of store-keepers, among whom was David Tenney, one of whose ledgers is still preserved, where the entries of New England rum sold to the most respectable citizens are as numerous as tea and coffee now-a-days.

Deacon Burnham kept the store for many years, and later Thomas Wilson and his son Oliver kept the store. The latter also did considerable business as a photographer for a time. His son in-law, John Bunten, is the present proprietor of the store. The business has increased greatly with the sending out of teams to take orders and deliver goods in various parts of the town.

Among the successful business men who have left town may be named Lyman W. Colby, who was a successful photographer in Manchester for more than thirty years, and whose recent sudden death is greatly to be deplored by his many friends; John C. Stinson, a merchant of Gloucester, N. J.; Samuel G. Burnham of St. Louis, Missouri; and the late Fred D. Sargent, owner of a restaurant in St. Paul, Minn., where he furnished meals to 500 people daily, and to many more on extra occasions. He had also a branch establishment at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, of

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which his brother, Frank H. Sargent is manager. For several years a newspaper was published by Oscar H. A. Chamberlen, called *The Snow-Flake*, afterwards *The Analecta*.

The first library in town was kept at the house of Benjamin Whipple, and was called the Dunbarton Social Library. Some of the books are still preserved. A parish library, containing many valuable works, was collected by Miss Mary Stark, and was for many years the source of pleasure and profit to the attendants at St. John's Church. Some years after her death the books were given to a Library Association, formed at the Center, which in turn was merged with the Public Library, founded in 1892, of which Miss Hannah K. Caldwell was, till her marriage, the efficient librarian. The position is now filled by Mabel Kelly. A library is also owned by Stark Grange.

For the past thirty years or more, many summer boarders have come to Dunbarton. The houses of James M. Bailey, William B. Burnham, and Peter Butterfield, were well filled for several years, while at many other places some people were accommodated. At the present time two houses at the Center, owned by Henry P. Kelly, are filled every summer; also the house of Frank C. Woodbury, the former home of Deacon Parker on the "hill beautiful," where "glorious golden summers wax and wane, where radiant autumns all their splendors shed."

The pure air of Dunbarton seems to be conducive to long life. Two citizens passed the century mark. Mrs. Joseph Leach died in 1849, aged 102 years, 9 months. Mrs. Achsah P. (Tenney) Whipplelived to the age of 100 years, 9 months. Her centennial birthday was celebrated June 28, 1886, by a large gathering of relatives and friends. Her only daughter married Joseph A Gilmore, for many years Superintendent of the Concord Railroad, and also Governor of New Hampshire. Her grand daughter was the first wife of Hon. William E. Chandler, who, doubtless, has pleasant recollections of his visits to his betrothed at the home of her grandparents.

Among the residents of the town who attained the age of 90 years or more were Mrs. Mary Story, 98 years, 4 months, 12

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days; Mrs. Ann C., widow of Deacon John Wilson, 98 years; Deacon John Church, 97 years; Mrs. Abigail (Burnham) Ireland, 94 years; There were several others whose ages I do not know. Mr. and Mrs. Guild, near the Bow line, I think were over 90 years. Many have passed the age of 80 years. Deacon Samuel Burnham is now 88 years; he and his wife lived together more than 63 years. Mr. and Mrs. James Stone lived together more than 65 years. Mrs. Stone survived her husband only a few weeks. Colonel Samuel B. Hammond and wife celebrated their golden wedding in 1892.

Stark Grange is the only secret society in town, though some individuals belong to societies in adjoining towns. The membership of Stark Grange is about ninety.

The patriotism of the town has always been unquestioned. Dunbarton has sent her sons to battle for the right in every war. Seventeen men took part in the French and Indian War, including Major Robert Rogers, and other men by the names of Rogers, Stark, McCurdy, and others.

In the Revolutionary Army were fifty-seven from Dunbarton, including the brothers John and Thomas Mills, William Beard, and others. Caleb Stark, afterwards a resident, though very young, was with his father at Bunker Hill.

Henry L. Burnham used to tell a story of a cave on the farm which was his home for many years (now owned by John Haynes) which once sheltered a deserter from the Revolutionary Army. The man afterwards went to the northern part of the State, and at the very hour of his death, during a heavy thunder shower, the entrance to the cave was closed so completely that the most diligent search has failed to discover any trace of it.

In the war of 1812, eleven enlisted, and twelve were drafted. Probably Benjamin Bailey was the last survivor. Among those who went to the Mexican War were Benjamin Whipple and Charles G. Clement.

Dunbarton sent more than fifty men to the Civil War; several sent substitutes. To three men were given captain's com-

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missions, namely, William E. Bunten, Henry M. Caldwell, who died of fever in Falmouth, Va., in 1862, and Andrew J. Stone, who was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness in 1864. Marcus M. Holmes returned a lieutenant and Horace Caldwell was orderly sargeant ; Wilbur F. Brown died of starvation at Andersonville, and Benjamin Twiss narrowly escaped a like fate at Libby Prison. He was suffocated in a mine in the Far West not very long ago.

Two young men went to the Spanish-American War who were born in Dunbarton, and had lived here the larger part of their lives, namely, William J. Sawyer, who enlisted in the New Hampshire Regiment from Concord, and Fred H Mills, who enlisted at Marlboro, Mass., in the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, He died in Goffstown, June 26, 1900, of disease contracted in the army.

No railroad touches the town, and probably never will, but an electric car route over the hill has been prophesied.

The mail has always come by way of Concord, and the carrier's wagon has furnished transportation for many people. Hon William E. Chandler drove the mail wagon for a time some fifty years ago. The postoffice was first established in 1817, at the Center; another at North Dunbarton in 1834 ; a third at East Dunbarton in 1883. In 1899 the free rural delivery system was adopted, giving general satisfaction to the residents.

I have written chiefly of the past history of the town, but I think I may say that the people of the presentday are endeavoring to maintain as good a reputation as their ancestors.

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Asiatic Cholera in Manchester, 1849-54.

CONTRIBUTED BY GEORGE C. GILMORE. (BEING EXTRACTS FROM "TTE RAMBLER," HENRY H. EVERETT, IN THE "MANCHESTER UNION," JULY 12, 1884.)

The first visitation made by the Asiatic cholera to this city was in 1849. The disease broke out in New Orleans in December, 1848, continuing through the entire winter, and extending throughout the greater part of the country the following year. The first cases in Manchester occurred about the middle of July, but owing to the lack of official records it is exceedingly difficult to secure details of the ravages of the epidemic. Hon. Jacob F. James was mayor, and the late Dr. John S. Elliot was city physician. To the best of Mr. James's recollection, the mother of James S. Cheney, the expressman, was among the earliest if not the first victim. She resided on Lowell street, between Birch and Chestnut streets. There were in all 25 or 30 deaths that summer, and among them some very touching cases. A family living on Manchester street consisted of a man and wife and three children. The husband was taken sick at breakfast time, dying within an hour or two, and before noon the wife lay beside him, a corpse. Only one of the children, a girl, was old enough to realize their loss, and her pleadings to see her papa and mamma once more were most pitiful. The mayor exerted himself in their behalf, and they were all three placed in good homes with relatives out of the city.

In a house near the one owned by the widow Wallace on Central street, an Irish woman died. The mayor went to Amherst that morning, having left directions for the immediate interment of the corpse. On his return later in the day he found

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the corpse still unburied, and in the street about the premises were gathered hundreds of her fellow countrymen, determined that the funeral should not take place until the corpse had been shrived by a priest. The mayor at once took the matter in charge. Entrance was made through the crowd into the house, and the coffin containing the body was being borne out by Major Ingham, then a police officer, and another officer named Knowlton, when a number of women threw themselves upon it forcing the bearers to drop their burden. It fell to the floor with a crash, emitting such a stench that it drove nearly every one from the house. The funeral then proceeded without interruption, though nearly a thousand people followed the corpse to the burial ground.

Another case occurred in the rear of Manchester street, and after death the friends of the victim proceeded to "wake" the corpse in the good old-fashioned way. Daniel L. Stevens, then city marshal, went to the house and was actually compelled to drive the "wakers" out of the room by force in order to get to the corpse and have it buried.

On a Saturday evening a man living at the corner of Elm and Manchester streets, where the Straw Block now stands, came into the market kept by Dustin Marshall, on the opposite corner, under what is now the Merchants National Bank, and purchased meat for his Sunday dinner. Before Sunday night the man and his wife both lay dead in the same room. Dr. Thomas Brown attended these cases, and here contracted the disease which was soon to end his own life. During the month of August a number of cholera patients were sent to the city farm or poor house, which then as now was also the house of correction. Between Saturday and Sunday, about the middle of the month, a number of deaths occurred at the institution, and about three o'clock Monday morning, Mayor James was awakened by a patrolman, who told him that Rundlett, the keeper, his wife, and Young, the assistant, had all run away, leaving the patients and criminals to take care of themselves. Mr. James arose and went in search of Dr. Elliot, whom he found sick

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and unable to go out, so he went alone to the poor farm, which he found in a horribly filthy condition, both indoors and out. All the day long the mayor labored to straighen out matters, and it was not until nine o'clock in the evening that he felt able to come away, leaving one of the prisoners in charge. He subsequently sent a man by the name of Sherburne to have the charge of the house, and requested Dr. D. F. Stark to attend to the patients. The Doctor sent word to the mayor to send him some Otard brandy, and two gallons were sent up. Under the Doctor's care the patients began to mend, and no more deaths occurred there during the epidemic. The fugitive keeper subsequently returned to the city, and after a rather bitter debate he was reinstated by the officials in charge.

The most wide-spread consternation was caused by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, a very popular physician. He was stoutly-built, of medium height, quite bald, the picture of rugged health, tipping the scales at 200 pounds. As stated before the Doctor attended the cases occurring at the corner of Elm and Manchester streets on a Sunday. The day was intensely hot, and Dr. Brown was accompanied by Dr. Thomas Wheat, now practising here. The odor of the room was very bad, and Dr. Brown went to an open window, and wiping the sweat from his brow he remarked, "This is the devil, ain't it?" an expression quite common with him when a little excited. The following Tuesday or Wednesday he was attacked by the disease and died before noon. The evening previous to his death the Doctor passed Daniel L. Stevens, who was sitting on the steps of his steam mill, on the site now occupied by David B. Varney's foundry. "How are you, Doctor?" queried Mr. Stevens, and receiving in reply the laconic expression, "Perfect," a common word with the Doctor. The next morning, about eight o'clock, Mayor James met him on Concord Square, and was greeted with, "Good morning, Mr. Mayor," from the Doctor, who immediately added, "For the first time in my life I am alarmed." The mayor looked at the Doctor, and saw plainly signs of the fatal scourge, mainly in the glazed appearance of his eyes

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which he described as much like the glare of a dead person. He told the Doctor to go into the house at once and he would send a physi cian. The Doctor lived near the common, and Drs. Gregg and Wheat went to him, but the disease had already done its fatal work, and he died in fearful agony about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. During his hours of suffering his shrieks could be heard away across the Square. The death of Dr. Brown caused more fright than anything that had preceded it, and a feeling of utter despair crept over the community. The afternoon following his death the streets of the city were deserted, and old residents say that from one end of Elm street to the other not a living person was to be seen. The epidemic spent its force in August, and with the advent of fall had entirely disappeared.

The second epidemic made its appearance in Manchester in 1854, as before breaking out in the south several months previous. As in the epidemic of 1849, no published data of any extent is attainable, the city officials, mill management and press combining to keep the matter quiet for fear of interrupting business and keeping operative help from coming to the city. But the scars left by the first visit had hardly healed, and the fears occasioned by it were still fresh in the memory of the people, and so upon the re-appearance of the disease the excitement approached very nearly to a panic. No report of a physician appears in the city report of 1854, and but few deaths are recorded in the papers of that year, but the number is variously estimated from one score to four score, the latter estimate by a gentleman who was Noble Grand of an Odd-Fellows lodge at the time and an overseer on the Stark corporation, so that his opportunities for obtaining facts were exceptionally good. Yet in view of all the facts obtainable it does not appear as if the mortality was as great as in 1849. Among others others there died, August 20, Elizabeth Duby, who worked for George C. Gilmore on the Stark corporation. She left the mill Saturday afternoon at the close of work, apparently as well as ever. Sunday night the poor girl was borne to her last resting place

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in the Valley cemetery. Another case was that of Thomas M Carr, who died the same month, the 30th of August. So wide. spread was the fear of contagion that it was almost impossible to procure any one to care for the sick. A Mr. Gardner was employed to nurse Mr. Carr at $10 a night, but he was taken sick and died, after which, although $20 a night was offered, no help could be hired, and the brotherhood of Odd-Fellows had to care for the stricken one, four of them, Charles C. Keniston, Abel M. Keniston, James M. Howe, and George C. Gilmore, taking turns, two at a time, until Mr. Carr died. All four of the watchers escaped the disease.

Several deaths occurred on Concord street, nearly opposite Vine street, among them a Mr. Fitts, or Fitz, residing in the "yellow block"; also a Mrs. Brown; close by lived Mrs. Richard Smith, the mother of Mrs. Gilman B. Fogg. Mrs. Smith was stricken down and with her aged mother fell victim to the disease. Mrs. George C. Batchelder, wife of the veteran hackman, nursed Mrs. Smith through her illness. Quite a number of deaths occurred in the same locality and also in the vicinity of Manchester street, and at the south end.

During the prevalence of both epidemics many fatal cases were marked by peculiar characteristics. Dysentery would first set in, without perceptibly weakening the subject; then the collapse would come like a stroke of lightning and in a few hours death ensued. Decomposition seemed to set in even before life was extinct, the flesh turned purple, emitting offensive odors, and mortification followed immediately after death, necessitating hasty burial. Many of the dead were buried at night, in the north east corner of the Valley cemetery, and now lie fully twenty feet below the surface, by reason of the filling up to grade.

Both in 1849 and 1854 the violence of the epidemic was expended on that part of the city lying between Elm back street and Chestnut street, isolated cases only occurring outside of those limits.

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Rock Rimmon.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY MOORE.

It is not known when the conspicuous rock, near the city of Manchester, rising from the high plateau, west of the Merrimack river, was named, nor by whom the name was conferred. It is, however, quite certain that it has been generally known as Rock Rimmon for not less than seventy years, and very probable for a much longer time. As is not unusual, this name has been more or less corrupted, and has sometimes taken the form of "Rock Raymond," commonly pronounced "Rock Raymon." One of the earlier charts of the city gives the name as Ray mond. Careful inquiry reveals no evidence that this latte name was correctly given, and it was so written without authority by the engineer in charge, in ignorance of the real name or a concession to a mispronunciation and orthography then somewhat common.

The writer has taken pains to interview some of the more scholarly and intelligent among our older citizens, with the result of an entire agreement as to the correctness of the form first given, as well as concerning the undoubtedly Old Testament origin of the name. In order to show the probability and practical certainty of its scriptural origin and application, we append such references as the Old Testament records afford.

We find, first, the name of one Rimmon, who was known as "Rimmon the Beerothite" (II Samuel iv, 5, 8). He had two sons, Rechab and Baanah, who are described as a pair of bloodthirsty scoundrels and assassins, of a type quite common in their day and generation. In the absence of direct evidence it is quite conceivable that this "Beerothite" was the first settler who preëmpted that particular claim and bestowed his name upon that locality.

We again find Rimmon under the form of "Ramon," meaning *exalted*, as an ancient idol, by which was represented the sun, or sun-worship, at Damascus.

We find further that at a later date the city of Rimmon first

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belonged to the Levites and was known as one of the cities of the priests; that it was afterwards reckoned as one of the cities of Judah, and that it was finally given to Simeon. At that time it is described as "Rimmon with her suburbs" (I Chronicles vi, 77); also as one of "the twenty-nine cities of Judah with their villages" (Joshua xv, 32). In Simeon's day it was spelled "Remmon." From these references we must conclude it was a place of considerable importance.

En-Rimmon, a city near Jerusalem, is referred to in Nehemiah xi, 29. Um er-Rummanim, meaning *mother of pomegranates*, is by biblical students identified as the same place, and is described as a village in ruins fifteen miles southeast of Hebron. Between two hills, both covered presumably with ancient ruins, and a mile south of the village, is a large fountain, the chief watering-place in that region. The word Rimmon means *pomegranate.*

Rimmon-parez, meaning *pomegranate of the breach*, was one of the camping-places of the Israelites, during the exodus, where they pitched their tents (Numbers xxxiii, 19, 20). Parez means *a breach in a wall or cliff.*

"The Rock of Rimmon" and "Rock Rimmon" are spoken of in Judges xx, 45, 47, and xxi, 13.

Finally, we find the scriptural Rock Rimmon to have been a high rock or hill ten miles north of Jerusalem, and four miles east of Bethel, on which there is now a modern village. After a loss of more than twenty five thousand fighting men, in a series of sanguinary battles in the great Jewish civil war, eighteen thousand men having fallen in one engagement, the remnant of the tribe of Benjamin, six hundred in number, held this Rock for four months against their enemies. The Rock appears to have constituted a natural fortress of great strength, as the warriors of Benjamin are several times spoken of as "in the Rock."

After the foregoing Old Testament record, and especially in view of the distinct and remarkable appropriateness of transferring the scriptural name of Rock Rimmon to our Merrimack valley rock or cliff, there appears no reasonable doubt as to its original appellation, and that it was and is and should remain Rock Rimmon, nothing appearing to the contrary.

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Narrative of James Johnson

A CAPTIVE DURING THE INDIAN WARS IN NEW ENGLAND.

COMPILED FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS ARCHIVES, VOL. 38 A, PAGE 329, AND ANNOTATED BY G. WALDO BROWNE.

SKETCH OF CAPTAIN JOHNSON.

Captain James Johnson was among the earlier settlers of Grant No. 4, now Charlestown, N. H., and came here from Massachusetts with others to help defend a post that was so favorably situated to guard one of the most common routes of the Indians on their way to and from Canada. The fort here was built by Massachusetts and was supposed to be in that province. On the morning of August 29, 1754, he and his family, consisting of his wife, three children and sister-in-law Miriam Willard, were surprised by the Indians, and with two men named Peter Larabee and Ebenezer Farnsworth, were carried off captives. The long journey proved extremely trying, the party at times suffering for food. On the second day Mrs. Johnson gave birth to a child, a daughter christened Captive, from the conditions surrounding her birth. The captors appear to have been very solicitous of the welfare of their captives, and upon reaching Montreal, Johnson was given a parole of two months to enable him to return and solicit aid to redeem himself and the others. Appealing to the assembly of New Hampshire, he obtained, after a vexatious delay, one hundred and fifty pounds sterling. But the season had been well advanced before he had returned, and it was then winter, and he was unable to get back to Montreal before another spring. This gave his captors grounds to claim that he had broken his parole, and after being robbed of considerable of his money he was seized and thrown

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in to prison, together with his wife, four children, and her sister. Remaining a year and a half in prison, Mrs. Johnson, two of her daughters, and her sister were sent to England, from whence they eventually reached Boston. Captain Johnson was kept in prison three years, when he was allowed to go to Boston, accompanied by his son. The other child, his eldest daughter, had been innured in a nunnery just out of Montreal, and he was unable to effect her release. He and his son fortunately reached Boston in season to meet the fugitives from England, and after having passed through a series of hardships, sufferings and misfortunes peculiar to pioneer life, the distressed family were reunited, with the exception of the daughter mentioned, who never rejoined her kindred. Still Captain Johnson's misfortunes were not entirely over, for he was soon arrested and thrown into prison charged with being in the employ of the French. Happily he soon disproved this charge, and there is nothing to show that he experienced any further harm.

This account of personal adventures is valuable mainly for the information it contains regarding the distances, physical features of the country, and the association of the French and Indians.

DEPOSITION OF CAPTAIN JOHNSON[1]

The Committee who was directed to examine James Johnson, a Late Captain in Canada, beg leave to Report that he gives ye following account of facts (viz.) that it is a hundred miles from No. 4 to Crown Point that in his Journey to Canada[2] he

1. November 14, 1757.

2. This was the most common route of the Indians in their passages to the valley of the Connecticut below what was known as "Moose Meadows," now included in Haverhill and Piermont. These highways of travel for the Indians always followed the most convenient waterways, and after following a stream to its fountain-head, if their course led as far, they loaded their burdens on their backs, including their canoes, and so crossed the country to the nearest river or pond lying in their course. In 1759, New Hampshire cut a road from the junction of Black River with the Connecticut at No. 4, across what is now the State of Vermont to the headwaters of Lake Champlain in order to open an easier route to Canada. This followed very closely the old Indian trail from Pocumtuck valley to Montreal.

Another trail of the red men was up the Connecticut River to Weld's, now

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passed a River Called black River ye first night that he Crossed White River Several times and for want of a canooe he travel'd by otter Creek that in General the travelling was good that he could not tell how high the Emminence of Crown Point was but that the Citadle is the opposite side & before (.) ye breastwork was Raised Shot would strike ye Door of ye Citadel from ye Emminence & the wall of the fort is twelve feet high & twelve feet thick & then abreast work about Two foot thickness — (the) heights & ye Cannon are planted nearly alike Round the fort Excepting on part of ye north Square where ye barracks are (&) that there is no out works (&) that he apprehends the Citadel is not tenable against proper battering pieces and that the place of unloading their vessell from the fort is about Sixty Rod & the Emminence is a hundred Rod from ye place of unloading & before ye vessell Can be Covered by ye fort She must be Exposed to a fire from ye Emminence & that ye powder house Stores exposed to ye Emminence that there is no no well in ye fort that ye Store house is next to the Emminence that there is but one outer Gate & that has a Drawbridge before it & a Gate within that, which may be drawn up (&) drop'd down as occasion Requires that there is no (? ,[3] in ye fort & but one vessel in ye lake[4] which is about 70 tons without guns & that from Crown Point he went to S Johns Fort at the other end of ye Lake and from there to Champlain River[5] & that from S Johns Fort to S[t] Francis is about fifty miles near north & from S Francis to S Lawrence[6]

Wells River, thence up that stream to its source in the Green Mountains, and through a gap in the highlands to the headwaters of the French now Lamoile River, after which a comparatively easy way was found to their destination. A third route, more broken than either of the others, was taken usually by the Indians visiting the Merrimack valley as f r south as Dunstable. This followed the Merrimack and Pemegiwassett and Baker's Rivers to the dividing ridge between the valleys. Thence by a "carrying-place," and small stream to the Connecticut, up that river to where is now the town of Dalton, thence striking across the western and northern country by small streams and lakes to the head of Lake Memphremagog, and down that body of water and outlet to the St. Francis River. Did they wish to keep on to Quebec the course was then down the St. Lawrence.

3. This word is written so poorly as not to be deciphered with any certainty.

4. Lake Champlain was called by the early French writers *Mer des Iroquois*, and *Lacus Irocoisionsis*. — *Jesuit Relations*. Winthrop, in 1666, referred to it as Lake Hiracoies. — *Winsor*, Vol. IV p. 391.

5. Richelieu River.

6. So named by Jacques Cartier, in 1535, but frequently called by early writers

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is about five miles & that ye Rout between S Johns and S Francis there are two Rows of houses one on each side ye River[7] in the whole about two hundred in some places pretty thick & a fort at Chamblain as Strong as Crown Point & that the whole village of S Francis Stands on an rise of Ground Mountains near fourty buildings of all Sorts that there is no fort in it but some stone houses and buildings no considerable Settlements within fifteen miles of S^{t} Francis neither did he hear of any & he apprehended there is no settlement near than Tres Riveres which is about fifteen miles from S^{t} Francis and that there is of S^{t} Francis[8] & Shatacooks[9] about one hundred & Twenty fighting men that S^{t} Francis Lyes on ye north side the River of that Name & her three great Guns not mounted which they fire on Some occasion that there is young woods about the Town on ye East & north sides & that he apprehends the Distance to Mount Royal from S^{t} Francis about fifty miles Southwest Southerly & that M Royal is Walled all Round about twelve feet high about Same thickness of Crown Point & and as is about as big as Charlestown that the Town is built Long & narrow and has many Gates to it that there are on that Island four or five hundred houses Twenty seven Cannon & two mortars all planted on a little hill within the walls and that he saw about Twenty vessels in Quebeck River at one time which were

"The Great River," "The River of the Great Bay." In an account of his second voyage Cartier styled it *le grand fleuve de Hochelaga*, It was also sometimes called the "The River Canada." This word seems to have come from the Iroquois vocabulary, and meant "Land of the Lakes." The Indians in the vicinity of Quebec — Kebec — were called *Canadis*, by the, French, or Canadacoa, in their own tongue, which became Canadian with the French, and was applied to the people of the valley of the St. Lawrence. The Indian name probably meant "People living near the water." This might mean both river and lake. The St. Lawrence was also known as the "river Saque." Quebec is the site of an Indian town known as Stadonica, and the word as accepted by the French was variously spelled as Kebec, Kebek, Quebeck, Quebec. The native word signified in that dialect "The narrowing of the water."

7. Richelieu River.

8. The history of St. Francis was a stormy one. It became the most noted mission in New France, as well as the strongest, until it was raided and laid in ruins by Major Rogers and his Rangers in 1759. But this expedition was not alone disastrous to the red men, who were taken completely by surprise by the whites, for many of the Rangers, as singular as it must seem, lost their way upon their return and perished in the great northern wilderness.

9. An Indian settlement below St. Francis sometimes given as Sagarac.

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a kind of Brigantines and that during his Tarrying at S^{t} Francis which was about three weeks the French carried meat at most Every day & Distributed it among the Indians and as they took no account of it nore made any Reconing about it he apprehended it Sent from the Government and also he saw five barrels of powder & some balls and Coats which the Indians told him the French gave them and that at Tres Riveres there is a Furnace where they Cast Great Guns & that fourty men were Sent from old France for that purpose. By order

JOHN CHOATE.

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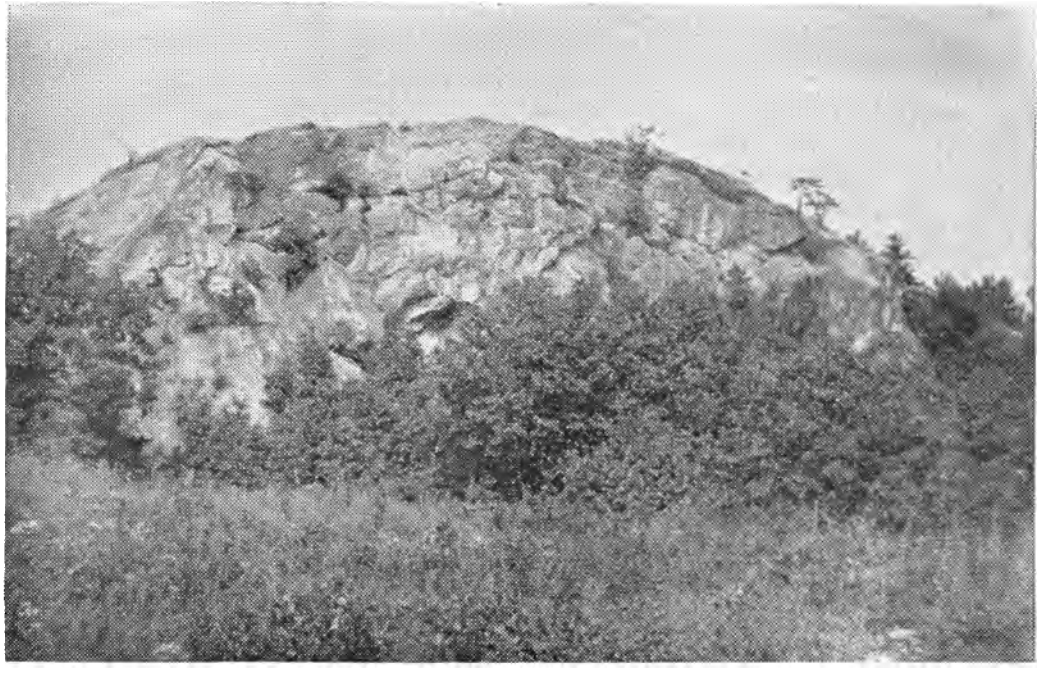

PHOTO BY G. H. TAUBERT. ENGRAVING BY THE COURTESY OF THE NOVELTY CO., 148 HANOVER ST.

ROCK RIMMON.

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Early Recollections of Manchester.

AN ADDRESS BY MR. JOSEPH KIDDER, DELIVERED BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, OCTOBER 16, 1901.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

I wish to say that I am laboring under some disadvantage in speaking before the society tonight. I am not here with a prepared article, and indeed it was not expected that I should have one, although I think it should be the purpose of every man who presents matter before this society to present it in such a way that it may be recorded and entered in the proceedings and printed records of the association.

I wish also to congratulate the President and society upon the success of the efforts that have been made by Mr. Perkins in behalf of the membership. We certainly are sure that there is a growing interest in the Historical society of Manchester, and we believe that our leading citizens generally ought to take a vital interest in this work because now is the time to preserve the history of our city and of our state. There are a great many things that have been lost simply because they have not been recorded. It was my fortune to be on intimate terms of friendship with the late Judge Nesmith of Franklin, and there probably was no man who was better informed with regard to the historic events of the last fifty or one hundred years than he was, and yet for some reason he did not commit his knowledge to writing, and when he died, of course it was lost.

Now what I have to say tonight will be mostly of a personal character, relating very largely to myself. It is not in manuscript, and indeed I do not know that anything that I shall say will be worthy of being put into print.

I think that the history of Manchester properly should be

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divided into three periods or epochs. I would divide it in this way: The first period should include the history, so far as we may be able to obtain it, of the aborigines who occupied this territory for so many years. In the second place, the history should extend (for reasons which perhaps I may state hereafter) from the period of the settlement of the town until about the year 1838. The third epoch should cover the time since for an indefinite period. My remarks will be made as relating more particularly to the latter part of the second period because that covers the time of my own early life, and especially the early history of Manchester as a corporate body.

Every man perhaps has a desire to recall as far as he can the first event in his life that he can remember. I have sometimes asked people, and a great many of them, how old they were at the time of the first event that they can recall, and I find the general statement to be that but few people (when they have reached fifty years of age or more) recall events occurring before they were five or six years of age. I do not know that I am an exception to that general rule, but I do recall two events that occurred when I was less than four years of age. The first event that comes to my recollection is the death of General John Stark, who was my great-grandfather on my mother's side. I do not remember anything distinctly in regard to him, except his funeral ceremony. I recall the fact that I was present, and that there were military men there, and we are told by the historian that the company from Bedford, possibly the Bedford Light Infantry, attended upon that occasion.

The second event that I recall in my life was the death of my own father which took place in the latter part of the same year, 1822. I recall this perhaps on account of a peculiar circumstance. I was then less than four years of age, and while I do not remember my father in his personal looks, and while I do not recall anything that he may have said, I do remember the sad day when his remains were laid away to their final rest. I recall the fact that there were gathered around his grave

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members of the Masonic fraternity, for he was a member of that organization, and then as now they were accustomed to bury their dead with ceremonies peculiar to the order, and I remember distinctly of seeing that strange sight (which was a strange sight indeed to me) of men standing around the grave wearing white aprons upon their person, and, it made a deep and lasting impression upon me. So I begin my little history or sketch of Manchester with the events of that year, and I wish to recall many things that I have been made familiar with from that date along down through a period of many years.

Of every individual and of every nation as well, on attaining to the age of responsibility the first thought is how to live and provide for the sustenance of the body, in which the soul or mind dwells and then perhaps beyond that is the thought of the beautiful. Every man to a greater or less degree has an idea of the beautiful. I have been asked why I think the Indians settled around the Amoskeag Falls, long ago. I think that they had this sense of utility or of self preservation, and how to provide for the sustenance of their bodies, and they saw at once that the Merrimack river, which in those days was full of fish, would provide them the means of living to a very large degree throughout the year. In the second place I think sometimes that they also had a clear idea of the beautiful. I remember that when I was a boy among the things that delighted me almost more than anything else was to walk upon the banks of the Merrimack river in the spring of the year when the mountain torrents came down from the north raging and roaring and foaming, as they did in those days, and as they do now in the time of a freshet, and I thought then, as I have also ever since thought, that there is no location in the state of New Hampshire, and I think I speak advisedly now, that there is no point in the state of New Hampshire more beautiful to the eye or more grand or stirring than may be found above Amoskeag Falls, looking down upon the Merrimack river and across to the hills and mountains of Goffstown and beyond. I have not lost

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my admiration of the scenery about Amoskeag Falls to this day, and I do not wonder that the Indians were attracted by its beauty and grandeur.

I recall now something of the roads of Manchester at that time. There were perhaps only two or three principal roads in that part of Manchester which now constitutes our city as a city. In the other and further parts of the town there were roads about which I shall not speak, but the principal road was the River road, running from Hooksett along the line of the river down towards Nashua. Another road ran from the vicinity of the falls, through Manchester Centre, or what is now known as Hallsville, to old Londonderry, while another somewhat to the north, over the hills, reached the same point. The town was then a farming community. The people were mostly farmers, and the town itself was covered almost entirely with a dense growth of forest. Hardly any of the land on the road from Hooksett along the line of the river was more than a few rods in width between the river and the forest. The woods came down to within thirty or forty rods of the house in which General Stark lived, and along the entire distance, except in a few places there was only a small space between the forests and the Merrimack river. Of course about the Centre and older settled districts the tracts of cleared land were larger, but the town itself was mostly in those days covered with a heavy growth of wood and timber.

I also remember among other things something about the bridges we had in those days. In the earlier times there was but one bridge across the Merrimack river at this point, and no other bridge between Hooksett and Nashua, so far as I now remember. That bridge finally went to ruin and was afterwards rebuilt, but I remember when it was in a dilapidated condition going across on the timbers, for much of the business of Manchester was done not in the town of Manchester, but in the village of Piscataquog, called Squog for short. There were two or three stores over there, while there was only one very small

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one, or possibly two, on this side of the river, so the people of Manchester were accustomed to cross on this old bridge or by the ferry, which was in existence at that time, sometimes crossing just below what was McGregor bridge, and sometimes crossing by Merrill's Falls, but most of the transportation was done by boats because the bridge was not in a safe condition.

I also remember well about the schools in those days. Manchester in very early times turned its attention to school matters. I am not able to give the dates in reference to the formation of the schools and many other matters as should be done in a historic lecture, but this is not of that character. It is only a little bit of a talk. I remember the little old school house at the Falls. There is a very fine picture of it in the history of Manchester as given by Judge Potter. I do not know but our President made the picture. I presume he did. It gives a very correct idea of the school house, and that is the first place where I attended school when a boy four or five years of age. I remember the first school master that ever taught in that school when I went there, and that was the late Judge Aaron Whittemore of Pembroke, whom I looked upon as a cold, indifferent, and hard-hearted man, but whom I later found to be cordial and genial, a very friendly man and a very excellent teacher. There were three schools in the town at the time. Besides all this, it was a common thing to have instruction for the smaller children in private schools. I remember that two of these schools were held, one in the house of John Stark, and the other in the house of Mr. Kennedy, a little above the Reform School. The people of Manchester in their earlier days were imbued with the idea that knowledge was essential not only to children, but essential to people of larger growth, and I believe that this has been a characteristic of Manchester ever since, that it has been devoted to the purposes of education and the development of the human mind.

I remember the locks and canals, and the canal that was built by Judge Blodget, although I do not know that I recall him. This

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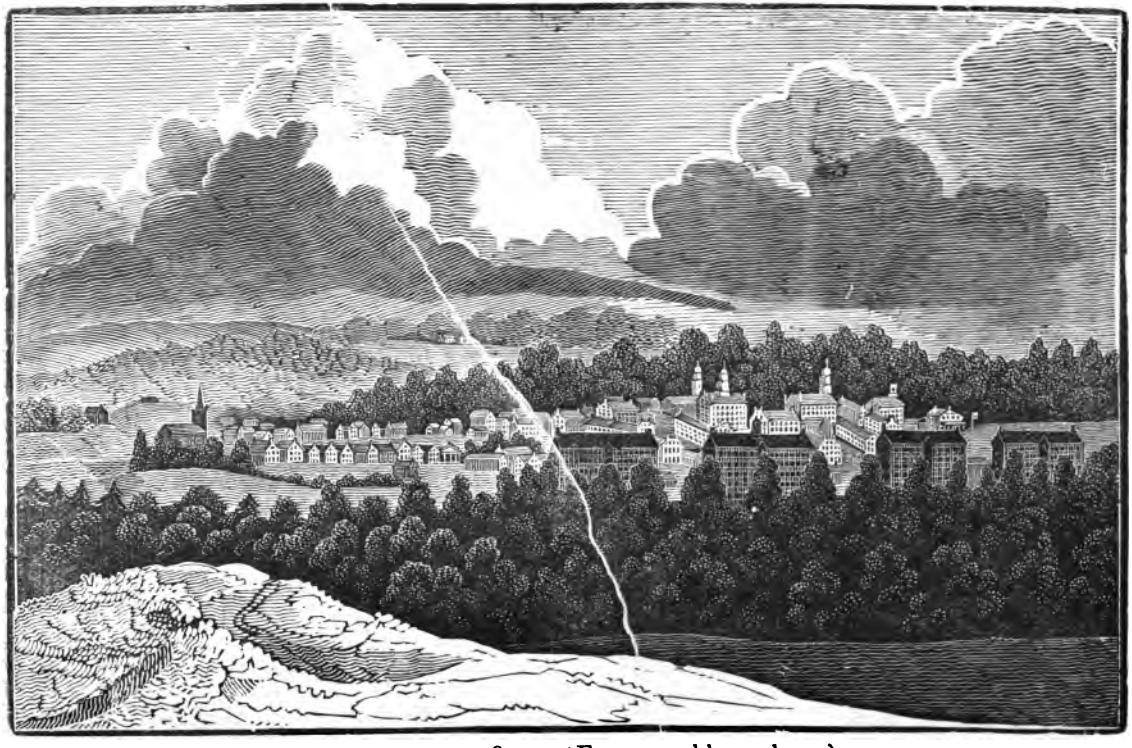

MANCHESTER IN 1843. (From an old wood cut.)

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enterprise was one quite remarkable in its character in those early times. We must remember in thinking of these things that it was long before the day of trolley cars, railroads and easy riding carriages with rubber tires on the wheels. In fact there was hardly anything but ox carts and carts made with the bodies resting upon solid axle trees of the cart itself, and so it was not an easy thing to ride in the carriages of that day. I also remember when the stone lock was built. As I recall now, at the point where the canal entered was a guard gate, or gate opening into a reservoir, and just below this gate and just at the lower extremity of this reservoir were two locks that were used for carrying through boats or rafts as the case might be, I will not now stop to describe these locks. Then there was a long canal extending nearly down to what is now the bridge across the river. From there, there were three locks that opened from the canal down into the river. In my early days, perhaps 1825, one of the locks gave out and they replaced it with a lock built entirely of stone, and it became a permanent structure. I remember very well the men who built the lock, indeed they occupied my father's house at the time, and we removed to a new house up the river. And this leads me to say just now in passing that at the time about which I am speaking, there were but ten houses in the whole of Manchester proper. I do not include the outskirts of the town, or the North End, or the South End, neither do I include Amoskeag or Squog, because these two villages were then, one in the town of Goffstown and the other in portions of Bedford. There may be some here who did not know that portions of Goffstown and Bedford were ever added to our city.

I remember one little instance that occurred when I was only four or five years old, or six years of age at the most. Although a boy I was on very familiar terms with the men on the river, both boatmen and raftmen. My father's house was a boarding house, and my mother after becoming a widow, con-

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tinued the house for the accommodation of the rivermen, whether boatmen or rafters, as they were called, and so I knew almost every boatman on the river. They usually stayed over night, or stopped at the house for dinner. During the time that goods were being carried by boats I remember that I was down at the locks one day to see what was being done, and I noticed quite a number of small packages. I called them little barrels in those days, and upon inquiry I found that they were packages of white lead. That was when white lead was first being used for painting houses. The merchants had bought these in Boston and were taking them up to Concord and other places for sale. I stooped down to lift up one of these packages and I was unable to do it; it was a little package weighing about twenty-five pounds, but I was unable to lift it because it was so heavy.

The rivermen call my attention now for a moment. There were two classes of rivermen, the raftmen and the boatmen, and they were quite unlike in their character and in their habits. The raftmen came down once a year on their way to Boston or Newburyport, as the case might be. I need not describe the rafts as I presume they are familiar to you all. In going over the falls they were obliged to have, as they usually had, a competent man to pilot the raft. He was upon the rear part of the timber, and acted as captain of the raft. On the forward end oftentimes were two men for the purpose of changing the direction of the raft as it was moving. The man in the rear gave directions which way to pull their oars in order to clear the rocks. This gave employment to a class of men who lived here in the spring. They were called captains and oftentimes were employed by the men who owned the rafts to take them down as far as Litchfield. These men demanded pretty extravagant wages; some used to charge $2.00 or $3.00 for taking a raft from here to Litchfield. In those days, however, the means of communication were not very good, and the men returned with their oars on their shoulders, because they had no other means

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of bringing them back. A heavy oar weighed from twelve to twenty-five pounds. The boatmen were a different class of people. While some were prominent citizens of this and other neighborhoods, yet there were writers who spoke of them as very common men. I esteem them highly for their character and great, good nature. The captains, or pilots of these boats, as I recall many of them, were charged with a high degree of responsibility. The freights in their charge often amounted to hundreds, perhaps thousands of dollars, and I never knew a captain of one of these boats during the entire time that they were upon the river to forfeit his honor. And so far as I know there was never a defalcation laid to their charge. I regard them now as men of character and standing. I could call the names of some who ranked as prominent men in this and other places where they lived.

As to railroads, I remember very well when the first railroad was built through this place, and I wish to relate a little incident that is very gratifying to me. I believe that I stand before you tonight as the first man, or rather boy, who was ever drawn by the power of steam in the state of New Hampshire. The circumstances were these. This was before a railroad was built in the state or perhaps in the country, for I think the first railroad was built about 1830, and this must have been in 1825 or 1826. A man who had learned something of the power of steam prepared a lecture and went about the country delivering it. I was a lad five or six years of age when he came to Amoskeag and gave his lecture in the hall upon the other side of the river. My family took me with them when they went to that lecture. This man set up a little tramway across the hall, possibly eight or ten inches in width and four or five inches from the floor, and upon that little track or frame work, he placed a little engine that was not more than a foot in length perhaps, and a small box car for a passenger to ride upon. He called for somebody to take a ride, and I remember that I responded. I stepped upon that little box car, he turned on the

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steam, and it began to puff and blow, and drew me round the hall. I think I was the first young man or boy ever drawn by the power of steam in the state of New Hampshire.

As to the occupation of the people in this city, they were, as I have said, mostly farmers. They depended perhaps upon the ground for a living, but like other people, they enjoyed the pleasure and profits of fishing at the falls.

Manchester in its earlier days bore an unsavory reputation on account of the men who gathered about the falls. Men came to Manchester from miles around, five, ten and fifteen miles, to fish at Amoskeag Falls, and they would spend days and possibly weeks fishing. I could describe their method of fishing but I will not take the time. These men who came here from out of town were more or less addicted to drinking, and in this way the Manchester people acquired the reputation of being accustomed to the free use of intoxicating liquors; hence, the early citizens suffered from the acts of others, as men oftentimes do. Most of the fishing was done in the night time. Shad and salmon fishing were done in the day time, but the fishing for lamper eels was mostly at night. The lamper eel is a kind of fish that we do not see much of in these days, but at that time the Merrimack river was full of them. These eels had a peculiarity about them. Their mouth was such that when they put it upon a log or stone, or anything they came in contact with, they could stick there and hold themselves for an indefinite period, with their tails flopping back and forth in the water. These fish came up the river in the springtime in great numbers. I remember a peculiar incident that occurred to a man by the name of McMurphy. He came up from Derry to fish. This man was acquainted with my father and stayed at his house during his fishing trip; once he went out and fished all night. He caught a wagon load of lamper eels and was covered with eel blood from head to foot. In the morning he concluded that he was pretty tired and weary and instead of returning directly to his home, he decided to wash up and go

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to bed and sleep awhile. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon he came down from the chamber and, looking around for a little while, somewhat dazed perhaps, he exclaimed to my father, "Squire Kidder, is it possible that the sun is rising in the west?" He had slept during the day, and being bewildered thought the sun was just rising in the west.

The people of Manchester in those days were peculiar in some respects. They had their means of amusement perhaps as people did in other places, but there was one peculiarity about them in this respect, that each and every man had a nickname. These names often held to them as long as they lived and sometimes it led to some embarrassment. I remember the nickname given to one of these eccentric men whose name was Baker. He was called "Cud Baker" because he was a great chewer of tobacco and used it in a very filthy kind of a way. Then there was another man by the name of Babson, who was perhaps as witty as any man in the town. He was called Corporal Babson. How he came by his name I do not know, as he never was a military man. He and others, prompted by their wit, got up a catechism. We all remember the old New England primer, a small book of a religious character which contained the shorter catechism. I suppose they derived the idea from that, and they prepared this catechism, in which they introduced the name of every man, and perhaps almost every woman in the place. I have seen that in my earlier days, and I do not know but it is in existence now. It was full of wit and wisdom.

I also remember the first menagerie or caravan of wild beasts that ever came to town. The exhibition was given over in Bedford, not in Manchester proper, and although on a small scale, it was quite a show for those days. I also remember the first circus which was held at Amoskeag. Although very much smaller, and with fewer men employed than now, it embraced many of the performances which are characteristic of the circus of today.

I also remember something about the library. I have spoken

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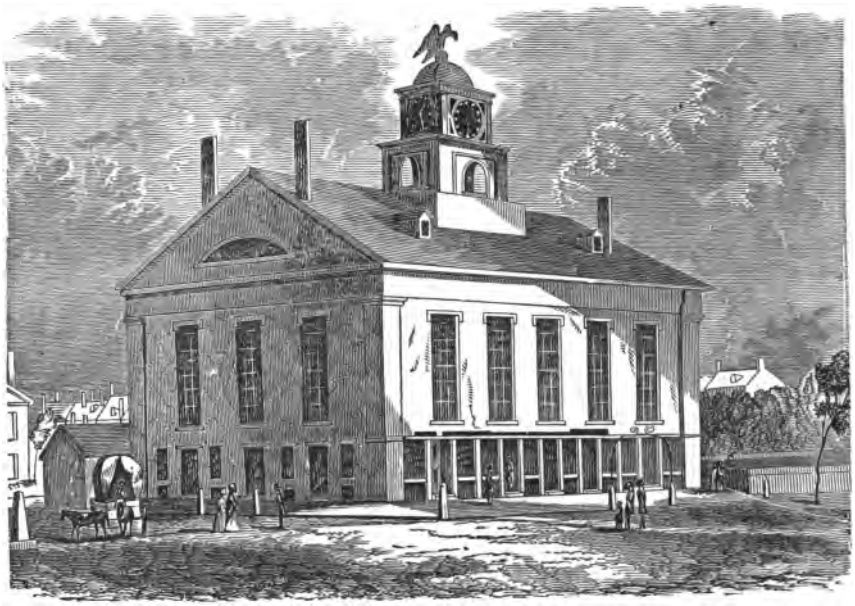

OLD TOWN HOUSE, 1840.

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before of the interest taken by the inhabitants in the matter of education. There was early established a library in the centre of the town which was maintained several years. Eventually, however, it was given up. There was also religious teaching as well. Not only was there preaching in the town, but the people supported a Sunday school. I obtained some of my early religious instruction possibly in that Sunday school. The Sunday school was held in the country school house, nearly opposite to Amoskeag Falls. A peculiarity about it was the method of teaching. We learned each Sunday a certain number of verses which were given to each scholar. I am not certain but that was a good way to teach religious truths. There are those who have learned in this way passages of Scripture that gave them comfort as long as they lived and strengthened their faith in the hour of dissolving nature. The members of the school were obliged to pay one cent a week for privileges of the school. I think the school was organized by the wife of the late Hon. F. G. Stark. She was a very religious and devoted woman, and when the boys and girls could not procure their penny to put in the contribution box upon the Sabbath, it was arranged to have them bring an egg and Mrs. Stark would take the egg and put a cent into the contribution box in place of the egg the child had brought. Following a little further along the line of religious services, Dr. Oliver Dean, who was a noble hearted man and did a great deal for the city of Manchester by his personal influence in about 1825, was instrumental in organizing the first religious society in Amoskeag. Subsequently this society was removed to this side of the river, and became the Lowell Street Universalist church. In the early days of Manchester a Congregational society was organized at the head of which stood Dr. C. W. Wallace, who in power for good and happy influence was excelled by no man in this vicinity. I believe that if Dr. Wallace had been educated in our schools as young men are today, he would have been the leading man of the state of New Hampshire. As it was, he had few equals and certainly no

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superiors as a public speaker. When he was moved by some local event I have heard such words of eloquence fall from his lips as perhaps I never heard from any other man. His great power for good in this community but few of us are able to appreciate.

I will detain you but a moment longer. There are other things that I desired to say a word about, but time will not allow. You have before you, from what I have said, something of the character of the early men of Manchester. They were sober men; industrious, prudent, and patriotic, excelled by no people in the state of New Hampshire. I believe that history records the fact that at one time every able bodied man in the town of Manchester was away in the army fighting the battles of the country, thus showing the patriotic character of these early men. I might name over family after family of noble citizens; and it is no wonder that Dr. Wallace, in his centennial address, spoke of these men as being among the very first of their class in this or any other country; and we believe that this was the true characteristic of the early inhabitants of Manchester. I thank you for the kind and cordial attention given to these broken remarks.

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The Water Supply of Manchester.

A PAPER BY WILLIAM B. BLAKE, READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, SEPTEMBER 17, 1902.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

While I am not a citizen of Manchester by birth, I have been familiar with most of its streets since a little boy, and having lived here for the past ten years, I have taken some interest in her growth and progress and much interest in the Manchester Historic Association and the valuable papers which have been presented. Like Mr. Leavitt in his paper on the old Bridge Street Pound, I believe we should not lose sight of those land-marks and points of interest which exist in the present but may not in the future, and so upon request I have written a short paper upon the springs and water supply of Manchester of to-day, and what I have been able to learn of the springs of the past. But before I discuss the springs and their uses, let me correct an error in the paper of our friend, Mr. Leavitt, where he speaks of the water of our city being taken from the muddiest portion of Massabesic. Surely the water pumped from the old pumping station has left the pond and entered Cohas brook, as clean a canal as any one could ask for, where it runs for about 4,800 feet before it is received into the pumps, and then travels one and one-half miles in iron pipe to the reservoir, where it is again forced to the air and sunlight before entering the city. The new station takes its water from a stand pipe seven feet from the bottom of the lake and the water does not come in contact with the mud, as it is a gravel bottom for a radius of 1,800 feet of the stand pipe, and the water is forced through iron pipe for a distance of five miles to the high service reservoir, where it again comes into contact with the air and sunlight

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before entering the city proper. The chemical analysis shows some of the finest of municipal drinking waters, as I shall show farther on. As to the city water being put in at the Oak Hill hospital, better known as the pest house, to avoid too much change when patients were carried there, I have this to say, and I think I speak with authority, having been connected with the Board of Health, as one of its inspectors for the past five years. In the winter of 1900 and 1901 the city found itself with an epidemic of smallpox, which was handled and under the immediate and sole care of the Board of Health. At one time there were fifty patients at the hospital, the ground frozen and our only supply of water a well on the premises, which entirely gave out, and we were obliged to hire Mr. Libby, at the City Farm, to haul water to supply the hospital during that winter. It was for that reason and to help the matron in charge, and also as a partial protection against fire, that city water was placed in the hospital, and NOT to avoid any change in the patient's diet as referred to.

As to the ponds, I leave it to your good judgment whether you prefer to have your children wading in, or inhaling the fumes from the filthy, mosquito-breeding, death-breeding germs of filthy pools, or running and playing on the green grass plots of our commons as they are today, with the air perfumed by the beds of beautiful flowers and shrubs. Let us hope that the changes which have taken place have been for the better upbuilding of our boys and girls, and may they still continue to skate on the water of Lake Massabesic as distributed on the commons by John Fullerton and his able corps of assistants, rather than Mile Brook with its open channel receiving the refuse and sewerage of two miles of drainage, through our most thickly populated part of the city.

Manchester might well have been called at one time, the city of springs, for turn which way you might, forty years ago, the thirsty man could have found clear, sparkling water gushing forth from the hills and plains. But Manchester THEN and

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TODAY are two vastly different cities, and some of the springs which then gave forth that life-giving, health invigorating fluid have become polluted and are, or would be, if allowed to flow, sending forth death-dealing germs which the Board of Health is so earnestly striving to destroy. I have collected samples of water from all the known springs that are allowed to be used today and have the analysis of the same on file at the office. Some of these are good and pure today and are used by hundreds of people; others are in use, but as shown by analysis, must shortly be closed and their water turned into the sewers, as they show more and more pollution as the territory surrounding becomes populated. Such is the Hanover spring, located on the east side of Hanover common and which supplies the fountains on Elm street from Bridge street to Lake avenue and Hanover street west of Chestnut street and the City hall corridor. This water has been constantly watched by the Board, and it has now reached the point where it is very near if not quite to the danger line.

Analysis of Hanover spring water stated in parts per 100,000.

DATES.	ANALYST.	FREE.	ALB.	NITRITES.	NITRATES.	CHL.	RES.
Aug. 9, 1894	Angell	.001	.002			3.70	25.42
June 18, 1895	Morse	.0034	.0046	.0002	1 00	2.415	22.2
May 12, 1896	Morse	.0006	.0146		.24	3.20	29.8
May 27, 1896	Morse	.001	.0044			2.98	
June 10, 1896	Morse	.001	.0048		1.20	3.00	26.0
June 10, 1897	Robbins	.0016	.0024	.0002	1.10	4.00	22.4
*Aug. 21, 1901	Barnard	.0014	.0022	.0000	1.200	4.0572	
*Aug. 23, 1902	Barnard	.0006	.0038		.800	3.450	
Aug. 24, 1901	Barnard	.0012	.0044	.0000	1.200	3.724	
Aug. 23, 1902	Barnard	.0000	.0000	.0007	.600	2.900	

*City hall corridor.

All organic matter contains nitrogen, whether of vegetable or animal origin. This nitrogen forms various combinations which indicate conditions of the organic matter in which it occurs. Thus, free ammonia is a product of the first stage of decomposition, while albumenoid ammonia is the ammonia formed from the organic matters present and undecomposed in the water,

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but decomposed in the process of analysis as the best way of measuring the organic matter present.

Nitrites is the second stage of the natural decomposition of organic matter and when found with large amounts of free ammonia it indicates decomposition going on and usually the presence of micro-organisms for natural decomposition or rotting is now known to be the work of such organisms.

Nitrates indicate that the organic matter is wholly changed to mineral matter and is no longer in a state to support life of micro-organisms. This may be taken up by plant roots and thus all trace of the original organic matter be removed.

Chlorine usually is present in the form of common salt, a perfectly harmless substance, but it serves as a tell-tale to show what sort of company the water has kept in the past. It is very soluble and is neither decomposed nor taken up by plants. It, therefore, stays with the water through filter-beds of earth or anything. The amount of it in natural waters is very small but varies with different localities though it is very constant for a given place. Thus, in and about Manchester, it is not far from four-tenths part per 100,000th. Salt is present in large quantities in all animal dejections and if the chlorine of a water is perceptibly above the normal for that locality, it indicates past animal pollution. Hardness has the same indication, lime being a part of all animal dejections and if found above the local normal indicates animal pollution.

Then there is the spring on the West Side near the junction of Main and McGregor streets and the Eddy road. The record of this spring has been kept by Mr. William K. Robbins, the clerk of the Board of Health, and chemist for the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. When first he tested this water there were but few houses within a radius of one-third of a mile, and the water was remarkably pure, but now there are houses thickly settled nearly to its edges, and the constant building of dwellings and the increased number of people constantly hemming it in, has just so constantly kept the water showing more contam-

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ination, until it also has come very near to the danger line, and in a short time will have to become a thing of the past.

So it would have been with the springs of which Mr. Leavitt speaks. Think, my friends, of drinking water from springs located near a fill for a street and knowing that those streets were made from street sweepings, cess-pool cleanings, and the refuse from 60,000 people, as you know that most of our filled streets have been made. Go to the North End where once was the old fair ground, where our soldiers of the Civil War camped. See the number of houses with their richly fertilized lawns and numberless barn cellars, and would you drink from the old spring if there? I think not.

But we have some springs which you may stoop down to and drink with safety, the finest of which, according to analysis, is known as the Stark spring, situated at the north side of our beautiful Stark park, and which from its location will probably remain pure for many years. Then there are two springs located in Derryfield park which are nearly as good as the one at Stark park. There is another at the northwest corner of Valley and Beech streets, which is used a great deal. That is good. There is another on the land of A. D. Gooden that supplies the family of Capt. David Perkins at the corner of Lake avenue and Milton street, which is also very good.

In my younger days, I can remember of watering the horse at this latter spring as we drove in from Raymond. Still another spring of note, and which shows fine water, is the one which supplies the watering trough about one mile this side of Goffe's Falls. There are two other springs which have long since gone by, and which once quenched the thirst of the hard laboring man and many families. One was located just at the rear of Horatio Fradd's store and the other, which was unearthed this summer by the workmen building the new mill on the West Side, was on the land of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

Other springs which are now in existence, and some of them in actual use, include the following: One at the corner of Val-

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ley and Elm streets, just west of Valley cemetery, one at the south end of the gas house and just east of the Elm Street bridge, one on land of John Porter at the south end of Jewett street, one opposite the Kimball shoe factory and north of cemetery brook on land of the Elliot Hospital, one just north of Blood's Locomotive works, one on the east side of Canal street opposite the Olzendam hosiery, and used for years by the employees of the bag mill, one at the northwest corner of Beech and Summer streets, which used to be used by hundreds, but has now been destroyed to make room for a house, one about 200 feet west of Beech street on old Park street, now Lake avenue.

All these springs have in their day done yeoman service but have had to give way to old Massabesic, as they have grown foul by the increase of population or the erection of buildings. Many people will miss these cool waters, but the pride of them all, the water which will stand by us for ages and of which we may with safety drink freely, is the soft, clear water of Massabesic which flows constantly and faithfully into nearly every household in the city. The area of this lake is 2500 acres, and its twenty-eight miles of shore is lined with noble pines, oaks and pretty cottages, constantly watched over by an officer of the health board. Of the purity of this supply there can be no doubt, as is shown by the following analysis :

DIFFERENT SPRINGS.

		FREE.	ALB.	NITRI.	NITRA.	CHL.
McGregorville Spring,	Aug. 26, '89	.0013	.0013			.60
McGregorville Spring,	June '97	.0024	.0012	trace	.50	1.70
McGregorville Spring,	May 12, '00	.0006	.0062	tracc	cq Han Sp	1.72
McGregorville Spring,	July 26, '01	.0012	.0000	.00008	.60	2.0697
Stark Spring,	Aug. 24, '01	.0006	.0016	.0000	.0170	.2940
Derryfield Spring,	July 26, '01	.0014	.0034	.0000	.0800,	.4928
Spring, Valley and Beech Streets,	Aug. 21, '01	.0000	.0044		.5000	.8428
Spring, Amoskeag Reservoir yard,	Sept. 5, '01	.0014	.0106			.1078
Spring, Cor. Valley and Elm Streets,	Nov. 23, '01		.0028		.3226	1.5876
Goffs Falls Spring,	Nov. 23, '01	.0010	.0026			.1470
Spring, Manchester Gas House,	Nov. 23, '01	.0080	.0036		1.2500	1.803

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ANALYSIS OF LAKE MASSABESIC WATER.

		FREE.	ALB.	NITRI.	NITRA.	CHL.
High Service Intake,	Jan. 1, '97	.0042	.0114			.30
High Service Intake,	May 12, '96	.0046	.0210			.30
High Service Intake,	Aug. 16, '97	.0066	.0152			.28
High Service Intake,	Jan. 23, '02	.0054	.0204			.125
Low Service Intake,	May 12, '96	.0056	.0144			.32
Low Service Intake,	Aug. 16, '97	.0054	.0146			.30
Low Service at Bd. Health office,	Aug. 23, '02	.0000	.0106			.175
Mouth of Brook, Auburn,	May 12, '96	.0038	.0206			.29
Mouth of Brook, Auburn,	Jan. 1, '97	.0044	.0166			.30
Mouth of Brook, Auburn,	Jan. 24, '02	.0012	.0156			.175
Front Pond, Battery Point,	May 12, '96	.0078	.0176			.31
Front Pond, Battery Point,	Aug. 16, '97	.0040	.0200			.28
Front Pond, Battery Point,	Dec. 20, '01	.0020	.0374			.120
Front Pond, Battery Point,	Jan. 24, '02	.0020	.0188			.210
Deer Neck Bog,	May 12, '96	.0042	.0058			.31
Deer Neck Bog,	Aug. 16, '97	.0100	.0210			.30
Deer Neck Bog,	Jan. 23, '02	.0044	.0228			.160
City Faucet,	May 12, '96	.0048	.0132			.31
Outlet,	May 12, '96	.0016	.0144			.29
Center of Back Pond,	May 12, '96	.0022	.0142			.30
Center of Front Pond,	May 12, '96	.0018	.0132			.30
Bog, north new station,	May 12, '96	.0036	.0146			.30

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The Story of a Private Soldier in the Revolution

AN ADDRESS BY JOHN FOSTER, DELIVERED BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, JUNE 18, 1902.

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Historic Association:—The morning sun of the twentieth century shines upon a magnificent era. Civilization has made wonderful strides in the past hundred years. The arts of war, no less than those of peace, have reached in our minds the plane of perfection. Our armies on the land, and our navy on the sea, are perfect in discipline and equipment. We have an arm that has a deadly range at a distance of two and one-half miles. We have an ordinance that will send a 1000-pound ball through an 11-inch armor plate, at a distance of 12 miles. Our military and naval commanders are trained in the best schools in the world, and the rank and file are disciplined by that training. Contemplating these facts, let us draw a comparison.

Let us turn from the conditions of today, back to the situation of a century and a quarter ago. From the drilled and skilled professional soldier, to the untrained yeomen of 1775, who stood behind those clumsy flintlock muskets, grimly waiting the approach of the best drilled soldiers of Europe.

History tells us much of brave deeds of commanding officers, of how they fought and won; but of the sturdy fellows who stood behind the guns, poorly paid, miserably fed, and scantily equipped, and fought through that dreary period of seven years, we have left but little individual record.

It is of one, who as a private soldier in the Revolution, bore an honorable part, that I wish to tell you tonight.

Moses Fellows, my mother's grandfather, was born in Plais-

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tow, N. H., Aug. 9, 1755. He removed to Salisbury, N. H., with his parents, when 11 years of age, and settled on a tract of wild land on the slopes of Kearsarge mountain.

Their life was full of frontier incidents. Occasionally an Indian scare, now and then, a bear or deer was hunted, and killed, to replenish the larder. At the age of 18 he killed a moose on the Kearsarge.

Under such conditions the youth developed into a young man of rugged constitution and iron nerve, and when the news of Lexington and Concord came up the valley of the Merrimack, he, with eight others from Salisbury, hastened to enlist in Captain Baldwin's Company, of John Stark's Regiment, and hurried to the scene of action.

At the Battle of Bunker Hill, Stark's command and a body of 200 Connecticut men were stationed at the rail fence, the line extending to Mystic river. Their ammunition was limited to twelve rounds to a man. The stern order ran along the line, "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes, and then aim at their waistbands." Thus the New Hampshire boys waited the approach of the British regulars on the morning of June 17, 1775.

When the enemy had reached a certain point, the order to fire was given, and the 800 men under Stark, went to work as coolly as though they were hoeing corn on their native hills, firing slowly and deliberately, seeking to make every shot tell. Captain Baldwin went down, but the Salisbury men fought on till the last round had been exhausted, and Moses Fellows found himself with a single charge of powder, and no ball left; but the boy from Kearsarge rammed home the powder, left the ramrod in the barrel, and blazed away at close range. The discharge was effective, for a Redcoat was spitted by the novel projectile.

The result of the fight at Bunker Hill, is history. Though in fact it was gained by the British, the moral effect was a victory for the Americans. The colonists demonstrated to themselves

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and the world that they could *fight*, that they were in earnest, and that their colors were up to stay.

After the battle, Colonel Stark's regiment was stationed at Winter Hill, near Boston.

On the 8th of September, 1775, Moses Fellows, and one of his Salisbury mates, secured a transfer to Captain Dearborn's Company, which was to join an expedition up the Kennebec river, through the wilderness, with Quebec as an objective point, under Benedict Arnold.

And, as I reach the name of Arnold in this narrative, I am constrained to diverge slightly from my topic.

Benedict Arnold—history has said little of him, but what it has said, has been spoken in words of ignominy and shame, and in a great measure justly.

What I have to say is this: What a dismal collapse of a brilliant career was Arnold's downfall. He had a grievance, and in a certain measure a just one. For reasons that have not been fully explained, he was jumped in rank by another officer. So was Stark, who retired from the service upon his dignity. But instead of following Stark's example, Arnold, who might have figured in history as the Sheridan of the Revolution, sacrificed his honor and his name, and disappeared forever.

We return to the Quebec expedition. They went aboard the vessel at Newburyport, on Sept. 19, 1775, and sailed up the Kennebec river, to Fort Western, now Augusta. Two women, wives of soldiers, accompanied the expedition throughout; a Mrs. Greer and a Mrs. Warner. At Fort Western they disembarked, and took to boats with their provisions and stores, went up the river to the Great Carrying Place, so called, where they landed, and went 12 miles over land, to Dead river, carrying their boats and provisions, four men bearing a barrel of flour hung on two poles by ropes. The boats were turned bottom up, and carried upon the men's shoulders. Thus they traveled to the head of Dead river, through the trackless forest of Maine; arriving at that point, they divided their provisions, and each

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man took his share. Then they traveled five miles over the Highlands, to a river that runs into Skedack pond, followed down the river to the pond, went around the east and north sides of the pond, until they came to the Chaudire river, in Canada, the outlet of the pond. They traveled down the east side of the river, ten or twelve days, to the French settlements, which they reached the 9th day of November, 1775, followed down the St. Lawrence river to Point Levi. On the 13th of November they crossed the river, and went to the Plains of Abraham, but not having a force strong enough to attack the enemy, they went back up the river, eleven miles to Point Au-trembles, and stayed there until General Montgomery came down from Montreal, with his cannon and mortars.

During their journey through the wilderness, their provisions were exhausted, which caused much suffering from hunger.

After their provisions were divided at the head of Dead river many of the men were not economical with their food, consequently, were soon without anything to eat. He was prudent of his, and was fortunate enough to kill a partridge, which he boiled, made a supper and breakfast out of the broth, carrying the meat with him for future use. By so doing, he did not suffer as much as some less prudent. The men were compelled to dig roots, cook and eat them. An old dog that had followed the army, was killed, and eaten by the hungry men, even to his feet, nose and tail.

Their shoes gave out and many made moccasins out of raw moose hide. He secured the skin off the hind legs of a moose, and by using the joint skins for the heel of his moccasin, made quite a comfortable article of footwear. Others made them Indian fashion.

Before they got through the wilderness, some of the men boiled their moose hide moccasins, ate them and drank the broth. The last two or three days many of them had absolutely nothing to eat.

After they reached the French settlements, they were well

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treated, and everything was supplied them that the Frenchmen could provide for so many men.

In after life, when relating his war experiences, he said, "The French were good to the American soldiers."

On the 31st day of December, 1775, they moved down to Quebec, starting at two o'clock in the morning, and by daylight began the attack on the British stronghold, General Montgomery, leading the attack, fell at the first fire. General Morgan, his successor, kept up the fight, until unable to advance in the face of such tremendous odds. He took refuge in the neighboring houses, where he was finally compelled to surrender.

Arnold, on the other side of the city, was severely wounded in his leg, while bravely fighting at the head of his troops, and was borne to the rear. Cagtain Morgan, with sixty men, of whom Moses Fellows was one, went to within twenty rods of the Palace Gate, and discharged five mortars at the city. They were fired upon from the castle, with double-headed shot. This was about the last of the batttle. Arnold's command then retreated.

Smallpox broke out among the troops before the battte, and from this cause. the little army was badly disabled.

About the middle of January, 1776, all of Arnold's men who were not taken prisoners, left for Montreal.

On arriving there, the time for which he enlisted having expired, he was discharged. They left with their baggage, for Fort Chambly, where he enlisted for two and one half months, after serving his time out. He was detained in the service four weeks, then discharged.

He and his Salisbury comrade, John Bowen, with others, started for home, a distance of about 500 miles; on the journey, someone killed a partridge; another killed a crow; they skinned them and put the partridge's skin on the crow's body, and exchanged the false partridge at the first tavern they came to, for some rum to cheer them up.

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He arrived home about the first of June, 1776, having been gone a little over a year, he resumed his labors on the farm.

In April, 1777, he re-enlisted for three years' service as Orderly-Sergeant, in Captain Gray's Company; along with him enlisted eight other Salisbury men, at this time.

This Company was assigned to Colonel Scammel's Regiment, known as the Third New Hampshire, and immediately went to Ticonderoga, where they kept garrison, until the night of the 5th of July following, when they evacuated the Fort, and it fell into the hands of the British, under General Burgoyne.

From there they went to Fort Ann, and were in the battle of the Blockhouse. From Fort Ann they went to Fort Edward, ariving about midnight, and camped without tents. He was taken sick there with fever and ague, and taken to the hospital at Albany, New York.

He next joined the army at Bemis Heights, near Stillwater, where they fortified.

On the 19th of September, 1777, about 10 o'clock in the morning, the British army advanced to attack in three columns. General Burgoyne commanded the centre, General Fraser, the right, and Generals Phillips and Riedesel the left wing. Upon the front, and flanks of the columns, hung Indians, Tories and Canadians.

General Gates sent out Captain Morgan, with his riflemen, and Major Dearborn with his infantry.

Captain Morgan passed unobserved, through a piece of woods, and drove back a party of Canadians and Indians, and unexpectedly came upon the main body of the British troops. His men were scattered. For a moment he was left alone, but a shrill whistle brought his sharp shooters around him. At this moment, Colonels Cilley and Scammel, coming to his aid with the New Hampshire Regiments, a sharp contest ensued for a time. Then a lull followed. The British brought up their cannon, and the patriots, the Connecticut militia under General Cook. At 3 o'clock p. m., the fight began with great vigor.

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The patriots captured the British cannon, who, in turn, rallied and recaptured them. This was done several times. The battle raged with great fury, until darkness compelled the patriots to quietly withdraw to their intrenchments. Twice during the evening there was sharp skirmishing, and the last American did not leave the field until 11 o'clock p. m. The losses in this battle were heavy, on both sides.

The armies lay within cannon shot of each other until the 7th of October, when the British marched out and formed in double ranks within a mile of the American camp, and waited events. Morgan, with his riflemen, Poor's New Hampshire brigade, and Dearborn's Light Infantry were ordered to attack. Steadily the New Hampshire men mounted up the slope, reciving one volley, and then with a yell, charged for the guns. So fierce was the fight that one piece was taken and retaken several times. The British lines finally broke. At the second charge of the impetuous Arnold, leading a part of Learned's Brigade, the British centres gave way, and the Americans urged the pursuit to the very intrenchments of the enemy.

At night, General Burgoyne evacuated a part of his intrenchments and the next day renewed his retreat, but being hemmed in on all sides, he finally surrendered his army, with arms and stores, on the 17th of October, 1777. Thus ended the battle of Saratoga.

After this fight, they went to Fishkill, and from there, marched to Whitemarsh, to join General Washington. From Whitemarsh they went to Valley Forge, starting Dec. 11, 1777. It was a long and painful march of eight days.

On reaching Valley Forge, they had to build their own hut encampments, cutting down trees, and erecting log houses for their winter quarters. Their sufferings at Valley Forge have hardly been equalled in the history of any war. They were without food, without clothes, and without fuel. Straw could not be obtained. Soldiers who were enfeebled by hunger, benumbed with cold, were obliged to sleep on the bare ground.

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Sickness followed, and within three weeks 2000 men were unfit for duty.

While Washington was walking with a distinguished foreign officer one day along the streets, among the huts, they heard voices through the open crevices between the logs, saying, "No pay, no clothes, no medicine, no food, no rum."

Meat was not seen for weeks at a time, and frequently when it did appear, the rib bones would be round, indicating "horse beef." The terrible hardships at Valley Forge caused the death of four men in Captain Gray's Company, who enlisted from Salisbury when he did. Their names were: Ephraim Heath, Reuben Greeley, Philip Lufkins, and William Bayley.

They died in March and April, 1778.

Early in February, 1778, Baron Steuben arrived in camp, and was received with great enthusiasm. He soon had the army drilling under his supervision. He was very particular in every detail, himself inspecting each soldier's musket and accoutrements. He was obliged to use an interpreter to explain what he wanted to do, or have done. When things did not go to suit him he would swear in the French, German and Russian languages, all at once, to the no slight amusement of the soldiers.

Towards spring a new quartermaster was appointed, in the person of General Greene, and he soon changed the condition of affairs. Provisions began to appear in camp, and the half-starved soldiers, when well fed, wore a smile. Everything began to improve, and the men began to tell stories and crack jokes.

The American army left Valley Forge, crossed the Delaware river, and was ordered to pursue the enemy in the Jerseys. On the 27th of June, 1778, his detachment was ordered to Monmouth, and the next day, the 28th, a hot and sultry morning, they met the enemy, and a severe engagement was fought, with indecisive results. In the midst of the battle he saw a British officer with a horse. He took possession of them, conducted them to the rear, and delivered the officer to the proper guards, and eventually sold the horse for $40.00.

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Many men died from the effects of the heat alone, during the battle, the mercury standing at 96 above zero, in the shade.

A few days after the Battle of Monmouth, they were ordered to White Plains. They moved very slowly, it being very warm, and numbers died from the heat on the march. Some of the men were so thirsty that when they came to a well or spring of water, they drank so much they died almost instantly. He drank sparingly until his thirst was quenched.

While at White Plains he was taken sick, and removed to the hospital at Tarrytown. After his recovery he returned to his regiment, which soon went into winter quarters at Middlebrook, New Jersey.

In the spring of 1779 his regiment was assigned to General Sullivan's army, under orders to march against the Indians in the western part of New York, to avenge the Wyoming and Cherry Valley massacres. This expedition was planned and ordered by General Washington.

It was late in August when they started from Wyoming, Pennsylvania, going northward, up the Susquehanna river, drawing their stores and artillery up the river in 150 boats. At Tioga, New York, they were joined by General Clinton, with 1000 New York troops, who had marched from Albany, up the Mohawk river and Canajoharie creek, to Otsego lake; thence down the Susquehana to Tioga.

The result of this expedition was almost the total annihilation of the Six Nations; their homes and crops were destroyed; many of their braves were slain, and whole tribes were scattered.

After they returned from this campaign they went into quarters at Morristown, New Jersey, where they suffered nearly, if not quite, as much as they did at Valley Forge.

The lack of bread, meat and clothes, formed the burden of their story. They went thirty-six days on half rations, and less.

The Continental money was so depreciated that $40.00 in bills was worth only $1.00 in silver. A soldier's pay for six months would hardly buy a dinner. A pair of boots cost $600.00

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in bills, and a glass of rum, when it could be found at all, could not be purchased for less than $25.00. Washington was forced to make requsition upon the surrounding country, for food and raiment for his men. The farmers voluntarily sent in provisions, shoes, coats and blankets, while the women, ever loyal, met together to knit stockings and sew garments for the needy troops.

Spring came at last, and the time for which he enlisted having expired, he was honorabiy discharged as an Orderly-Sergeant, at West Point, on the 20th day of April, 1780, and returned to his home at Salisbury.

Upon his discharge, the orders were to turn in to the Government all arms that passed inspection. Moses Fellows hated to part with his dear old gun, which he had carried for five years, and so it happened that when the inspecting officer came around to examine his weapons the lock of his gun was missing, but after the officer had passed on, it was fortunately discovered in the tail of his coat.

During his long life after the war, the old gun occupied a conspicuous position, hanging on hooks, over the fireplace, in his Salisbury home, and is now preserved as a much-treasured relic by one of his descendants. (His name further appears in the records of Salisbury, as enlisting again in the spring of 1780, and again the record says he enlisted in November, 1781, for three years' service, and his name was returned to Colonel Stickney. These enlistments might have been as minute man, or home guard, but after his discharge in 1780, he did not return to active service.)

After retiring from the army he gave his attention to clearing and developing the farm, where he lived, until his death. After March 4, 1831, he drew a pension from the Government of $100.00 a year, until his decease, which occurred Jan. 30, 1846, aged 90 years, 5 months and 21 days. In his declining years it was a pleasure for him to meet his old comrades in arms, around his fireside, and talk over the scenes of army life, and the children of the neighborhood would gather around the old man, and learn

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from him, lessons of patriotism, as illustrated by his stirring experiences in the past. Before their eager, wondering eyes, he would develop his old campaigns; he would don his faded Continental regalia, and explain the manual of army drill as taught him by Baron Steuben sixty years before: with a trail of lighted powder he would illustrate the blaze of Continental fire, which met the Red Coats at Bunker Hill, and the young lads, some of whom were to act in similar scenes at Little Round Top and Cemetery Ridge, would raise a boyish cheer for the brave old veteran.

He lies buried in the old cemetery, at Salisbury South Road, and a substantial granite monument, recently erected by his descendants, marks his honored grave.

I have given you the story of one who bore an humble but honorable part in the struggle which fixed the destiny of a mighty nation. Imperfect, and inaccurate, in a measure. no doubt, for it has been handed down, without authentic record, through four generations, but I have desired to do it, so far as able, to the end that in some century to come, when some other Gilmore, or Gould, or Brown, may be poring over the musty records of an ancient, and long since defunct Historical Society, they may find there in the catacombs of a remote period, the story of a private soldier in the American Revolution. I believe sincerely in the aim of this Association: That we should perpetuate the record of those who have aided in building the substantial structure of our great Republic, that we should profit from their stern example.

"Remembering still the rugged road our venerable fathers trod.
When they, through toil and danger pressed, to gain their glorious bequest,
And from each lip, the watchword fell,
To those who followed,—GUARD IT WELL."

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The Two James Rogers.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE HON. JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, PORTLAND, ME., AND REPRINTED FROM A PAMPHLET PUBLISHED BY S. C. GOULD, IN 1897, WITH NOTES AND REVISION BY THE AUTHOR.

It has been quite generally assumed that James Rogers, who was one of the earliest settlers of Londonderry, was the same man as James Rogers, who was one of the earliest settlers of Dunbarton and the father of Col. Robert Rogers "the Ranger;" but the records show the contrary. It is the purpose of this article to give so much of the history of each as to show that there were two of the same name and give some account of their families.

I. JAMES ROGERS OF LONDONDERRY.

Among the Scotch-Irish (1) who in 1717 petitioned for a plantation in New Hampshire, were Hugh and James Rogers.

This petition being denied, John Wheelwright, Oct. 20, 1719, gave the Scotch-Irish a deed of a tract of land ten miles square, called Nutfield.

One half a lot was laid out to James Rogers, July 14, 1721, with an interest in the undivided lands. William Campbell sold to James Rogers of Billerica thirty acres of land in Nutfield, March 8, 1721 2. (Bk. 17, p. 316.)

On June 21, 1722, the State granted to John Moore and others (subject to the claims of the Province of Massachusetts Bay and those claiming under that authority) one hundred and sixteen shares to persons named in a schedule annexed, (with 850 shares additional to some of them), and on the same day the proprietors admitted eight others with one share each, and granted to Gov. Shute and Gov. Wentworth a house lot and 500 acres each. This grant is known as the charter of Londonderry.

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In this schedule, James Rogers is put down for one half a share, and "Wm. Cambel" for one share; but Hugh Rogers is not named. (N. H. State Papers, Vol. XXV, pp. 272 277.)

I give memoranda of deeds showing the continuous residence of James Rogers in Londonderry up to the time of his death.

July 20, 1727, James Rogers of Londonderry conveyed to James Calderwood half a lot of land in Londonderry, and his wife joins to release dower.

James Rogers of Londonderry and Jean, his wife (but she did not sign) are named in deed dated Oct. 10, 1732, as conveying to William Dickey land in Londonderry described as "part of mendment and addition lands" * * "and one-half of meadow land laid out to James Rogers and James Gilmore." (Book 19. p. 1.)

And on the fifteenth of the next January, he conveyed one half of the Leverett meadow in Londonderry. (Book 19, p. 260.)

By deed dated Dec. 30, 1736, James Rogers of Londonderry, yeoman, conveyed to Samuel Allison, land in L., "being part of a larger tract of land laid out to me as a proprietor of said Londonderry." His wife, Jean, joined to release dower.

Other deeds of James Rogers *of Londonderry*, in several of which his wife, Jean, joined are dated Dec. 21, 1739, (Bk. 42, p. 330); July 31, 1749, (Bk. 39, p. 260); July 31, 1749, (Bk. 39, p. 261); April 4, 1749, (Bk. 46, p. 128); Aug. 3, 1749, (Bk. 38, p. 283); and May 24, 1751. ("being part of my second division mendment and addition"), (Bk. 39, p. 251).

On Feb'y 3, 1746-7, James Lindsay, blacksmith, of Londonderry, (his wife Margaret joining to release dower) conveyed to James Rogers of L., yeoman, all rights in common lands as proprietor. (Bk. 34, p. 117).

[In 1722 schedule, James Lindsay is credited with one share.]

July 23, 1751, Abraham Cochran conveyed to James Rogers of Londonderry land in L., "laid out to the right of Henry Greene" (who had one share in 1722). (Bk. 38, p. 467.)

James Rogers of Londonderry conveyed to Thomas Burnside sixty-three acres of land in L. This deed was dated Dec. 2,

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1754, but was not acknowledged till Sept. 17, 1755, two days after the date of his will, five days before his own death and twelve days after the death of his wife. (Bk. 47, p. 206.)

James Rogers of Londonderry took the oath of allegiance in 1727; signed the "Proposals for Peace" in the famous church dissension in 1737, and served on various committees in town affairs.

The surname of his wife is not known; she died Sept. 5, 1755, aged 62, and he, Sept. 22, 1755, aged 69; his older brother, Hugh (2) survived him, dying March 4, 1763, aged 80, and his wife (also named Jean) Feb'y 28, 1756, aged 63.

The children of James and Jean Rogers, as given in the Londonderry record, were:

2. Martha[2], b. May 3, 1723; m. Robert McClure.
3. Thomas[2], b. July 7, 1724.
4. William[2], b. Sept. 15, 1726.
5. John[2], b. June 25, 1729.
6. James[2], b. Feb'y 22, 1731-2; d. young.

But his will shows that he had others, viz:

7. Margaret[2], b. ; m. Samuel Thompson.
8. Mary[2], b. ; m. Joseph Scobey.
9. Jean[2], b. ; m. William Morrison.
10. Esther[2], b. ; m. Samuel Huston.

It is also quite certain that Samuel Rogers, who died July 4, 1755, aged 16, and was buried near James and Jean, was their son.

James[2] is not mentioned in the will and undoubtedly died young.

The order in which the daughters are named in the will, indicates that Margaret, Mary and Jean were older than Martha.

His will, dated September 15, 1755, gives small legacies to several parties, and then divides the residue into eight parts, and gives one eighth each to son, Thomas; son, William; son, John; son, Samuel Thompson, and wife, Margaret; son, Joseph Scobey, and wife, Mary; son, William Morrison, and wife, Jean;

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son, Robert McClure, and wife, Martha; and Esther Rogers. (Vol. XIII, p. 406.)

On Feb'y 6, 1759, Thomas Rogers of Chester, William Rogers, John Rogers, Samuel Thompson, Margaret Thompson, Joseph Scobey, Mary Scobey, William Morrison, Jean Morrison, Robert McClure, Martha McClure, Samuel Huston, and Esther Huston, "all of Londonderry, yeomen and spinsters," conveyed to Hugh Gregg the half lot which James Rogers bought of William Campbell; and Elizabeth Rogers, wife of Thomas, Jeanet, wife of William, and Jean, wife of John, join to release dower. (Bk. 100, p. 149.)

This deed shows that the "James Rogers" of Billerica to whom Campbell conveyed was the same James Rogers who was an original proprietor of Londonderry.

Robert McClure, who married Martha[2], was born in Ireland in 1718, and came to this country in his ninth year with his father, Richard, who was a ruling Elder in Rev. Mr. Morehead's church in Boston; they had a son, James, who married Mary Nesmith of Londonderry, "and they were my grand parents." (MSS. of A. B. Otis.)

Samuel Huston, who married Esther[2] (as his second wife), was one of the original proprietors of Belfast, Maine. He moved there in 1771, and spent the rest of his life there, dying in 1819. (Williamson's Belfast, p. 96.)

John is the only other child of James. whose family I have even partially traced. He was well known as "Lieutenant Rogers;" he married Jean Ewins, daughter of James; he settled first in Londonderry, but moved to Acworth in 1768; he died in 1776, of "camp fever" contracted in bringing home Robert McClure from the continental army; his widow died in 1798.

Children born in Londonderry and Acworth:

James[3], b. June 5, 1754.
Jonathan[3], b.
John[3], b.
Agnes[3], b. ; m. Abner Gage.
Samuel[3], b.

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Peter[3], b.
Baptiste[3], b.
Susanna[3], b. ; m. Joseph Hemphill.
Hannah[3], b.
Elizabeth[3], b. ; m. Stephen Thornton.
Esther[3], b. ; m. (1) Benjamin Hobbs; (2) George Clark; (3) M. Temple.

These names are not given in the order of births.

His will (d. Nov. 11, 1776, p. Jan'y 1777) mentions "deare wife"; "two eldest daughters, Agnes and Elizabeth"; "two eldest sons, James and Jonathan"; and "the rest of my children."

Administration on estate of Jean Rogers, late of Ackworth, granted to Jonathan and John Rogers, Oct. 9, 1798.

Will of James Ewins (d. May 1, 1780, p. Aug. 29, 1781) mentions daughter, Jeane Rogers and her husband. John Rogers, and gives to "grandson, John Rogers, one lot of land which I bought in Ackworth." Vol. XXVI, p 170.)

James[3], son of Lt. John, married, Aug. 16, 1784, Mary Markham, daughter of Joseph and Mehitable [Spencer] Markham, born April 21, 1768; he died June 5, 1819, and she, Aug. 8, 1842.

Children born in Ackworth:

Jonathan[4], b. Nov. 18, 1785.
John[4], b. Dec. 21, 1786.
Joseph[4], b. Mar. 15, 1788.
Nancy[4], b. Feb'y 4, 1789; d. Feb'y 3, 1813.
Tamsen[4], b. Jan'y 2, 1791.
Ralph[4], b. Dec. 25, 1792.
Samuel[4], b. Dec. 26, 1794.
Mary[4], b. Dec. 28, 1796; d. Aug. 6, 1818.
Lucy[4], b. Feb'y, 1798.
Drusilla[4], b. Aug. 3. 1800; d. Mar. 1, 1815.
Teressa[4], b. Mar. 11, 1803.
Ann[4], b. June 1, 1806.
Eliza[4], b. Sept. 1, 1808.

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Jonathan[3], son of Lt. John, married twice: (1) Polly Maes, by whom he had Polly[4]; (2) Elizabeth Rogers (?), by whom he had Maes[4], Ephraim[4], Nancy[4], and Alvah[4].

John[3], son of Lt. John, married Polly, daughter of Daniel Reynolds; he is said to have moved to Lempster, but died in Lexington, Mass., Sept. 2, 1832; they had Daniel[4] (d. young), Maria[4], Hannah Ophelia[4], John Adams[4], Eliza Jane[4], (d. young), Melvina Bardwell[4], Stephen Reynolds[4] (b. Jan'y 24, 1813), Susan Hemphill[4] (b. Feb'y 28, 1814), Harriet Eliza[4], and Daniel[4] (d. young.)

Samuel[3], son of Lt. John, is said to have married Anna Dodge of Syracuse, N. Y., and that he died there, leaving one son, Charles.

II. JAMES ROGERS OF DUNBARTON.

The first mention which I find of this James Rogers (and it is sufficient for the main purpose of this paper) is in the deed by which Zaccheus Lovewell of Nottingham conveyed, November 24, 1738, to James Rogers of *Methuen*, Mass, husbandman, land on westerly side of Suncook township, part of grant to said Lovewell and others, soldiers under Capt. John Lovewell. (Bk. 38, p. 20.)

This grant was made by Massachusetts, June 19, 1735, to Capt. John Gorham's men, and was called Gorhamtown.

James Rogers in 1739, moved with his family to this lot and lived there till April, 1748, when he was driven away by the Indians and his improvements destroyed.

Later in 1748, Rev. David McGregor, John Stark, Archibald Stark and three others of "Amos Ceeg," thirty-three others of Londonderry, (among whom were James Rogers, Joseph Scobey and Matthew Thornton), six others of Chester, six of Haverhill, two of Kingston, and eight of Litchfield petitioned the Masonian Proprietors for the grant of a township, six miles square.

(N. H. State papers, Vol. XXV. p. 187.)

On the eighth of October, 1748, these petitioners were author-

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ized to make a survey, but on the twelfth they were notified that their grant must be second to that of John Goffe. (*Ibid*, p. 188.)

On the twenty-sixth of the same month, James Rogers, "now resident in Bow," and James Pudney, now resident in Penicook," by their Attorney, represented to the Proprietors, that whereas said James Rogers, and six sons, David, Samuel, James, Robert, Richard and John, the said Joseph and six sons, John, Joseph, William, Henry, Asa, and Obadiah, had purchased a lot of land, 2190 acres, and had improved jointly about 98 acres of meadow and about 100 acres of up land and "had two dwelling-houses, two barns and two orchards," the houses "built about nine years past": and that "in April last ye Indians burnt and destroyed said houses and barns and cut down ye orchards, and killed a heifer and a steer belonging to said James Rogers," etc., "wherefore (referring to deed from Lovewell) they prayed to be included as fourteen persons among the grantees and the 2190 acres assigned to them as their full share." (*Ibid.*)

However, others claimed a part of the 2190 acres, claimed by Rogers and Pudney. (*Ibid*, 192.)

On Dec. 17, 1748, the Proprietors granted a township to the petitioners, among them:

James Rogers of Londonderry, who had No. 10, R. 4, and the north half of No. 1, in the same range.

James Rogers of Bow, who had No. 7, R. 6, and the north half of No. 6, R. 5.

Joseph Pudney of Pennicook, who had No. 6, R. 6, and the north half of No. 6, R. 5.

"And the eldest sons of said Joseph Pudney and James Rogers, both one share equally," and they had No. 8, R. 6, and the south half of No. 8, R. 5. (*Ibid*, pp. 198-208.)

Some of the grantees having forfeited their shares, the tract was regranted March 2, 1752, among others to James Rogers of Londonderry * * * * and "to Joseph Pudney, James Rogers and their eldest sons for one right, all

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living on the tract of land hereby granted," etc. (*Ibid*, p. 205.)

On Jan'y 1, 1748-9, James Rogers of Londonderry conveyed to James McGregor all his right in this township. (Bk. 38, p. 175.)

On June 10, 1752, Joseph Pudney of Starkstown conveyed to James Rogers of Starkstown his one-half of lot 6, R. 5; and by another deed on the same day "all our possessions" (described in detail). (Bk. 43, pp. 124-125.)

And on the same day Rogers conveyed land in Starkstown to Pudney. (Bk. 41, p. 477.)

On April 7, 1852, Matthew Thornton of Londonderry, and on the next day James Ewins of L. conveyed land in Starkstown to "James Rodgers of Starkstown."

As James Rodgers went from Methuen, Mass., in 1739, to Starkstown (now Dunbarton) with his six sons, it is quite probable that his children, or some of them, were born in Methuen. He lived in S. till his death, except about a year when he lived in Bow. He was accidentally shot and killed late in 1752, or early in 1753; his widow, Mary, was appointed administratrix on his estate, June 25, 1753, (Vol. XIII, p. 67.)

Their children were Daniel, Samuel, James, Robert, Richard, John and Catherine, (3).

Daniel removed to Dunbarton; he was appointed chairman of a committee of the proprietors, Dec. 29, 1773.

Samuel settled in Bow, about 1758.

Robert was the celebrated "Ranger," who did great service in the French and Indian war; in the Revolution he became a loyalist and went to England in 1777; in 1778, he was banished from New Hampshire by an act of the Legislature; and on Mar. 4, 1778, his wife was divorced from him by the same authority; he died in England about 1800;* his son Arthur (his only child as far as I have ascertained) "lived with his mother many years on the family farm near Concord," and died in Portsmouth, in 1841. In a deed dated in 1754, Robert is de-

*Major Rogers doubtless died several years before that date, probably in 1784. See "Roger's Ranger and Loyalist," by Walter Rogers, Esq., London. The Editor.

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scribed as of Merrimack, and in one in 1762 as of Portsmouth.

Richard was also in the "Ranger" service; he was First Lieutenant under his brother Robert in 1756, and was sent to Boston with despatches; later in the same year, Richard was appointed Captain of a second company of Rangers, which did efficient service during that fall and winter; he was later stationed at Fort William Henry and died there of small-pox a few days betore it was attacked by the French and Indians; his brother (Major Robert) in his diary says, that after the capture of the Fort, Richard's body was dug up and scalped.

James was also in the service as a "Ranger;" he was Ensign in one of the new companies formed in 1756; was in the famous expedition to Fort George, in Jan'y, 1757, under Major Robert, his brother; was promoted to a captaincy, and in a letter, dated in 1775, Major Robert speaks of him as "Colonel."

Deeds (B 59, p. 486, and B. 61, p. 547) show that in 1760 and 1761, he was at Starkstown; but May 6, 1760, he purchased land in Londonderry (B. 61, p. 549) and soon moved there, for in deeds dated March 24, 1762, and July 7, 1762, he is described as of Londonderry. (B. 64, pp. 502-529.)

And on Dec. 10, 1762, James Rogers of Londonderry conveyed to Robert Rogers of Portsmouth, land in Suncook conveyed to James Rogers of Starktown by Abraham Kimball, by deed dated March 2, 1761, and recorded in Book 61, p. 547. (B. 70, p. 311.)

He married Margaret, daughter of Rev. David McGregor, and had born in Londonderry (as shown by the records):

David, b. Nov. 7, 1762; d. Nov. 2, 1766.

James, b. Nov. 22, 1764; d. young. (4).

Whether he had other children or not I have not ascertained. He is said to have moved to Kent, now Londonderry, Vermont, in 1774. I have given this detailed account of James Rogers because it has been assumed that he belonged to the Londonderry family.

There is no occasion to recapitulate the evidence to satisfy the reader that the original James Rogers of Londonderry and

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the first James Rogers of Starktown (Dunbarton) were two different men.

NOTES.

1. Page 97. The term "Scotch-Irish" has of late been objected to very vehemently; but it has been in use so long and to such an extent with a well-understood meaning, that it is too late to object to it; the objectors seem to forget that the people make words and give them their meaning and that the sole office of the dictionary-maker is simply to record what the people have done in this respect. As early as 1708, in the record of Glasgow University, Rev. Robert Rutherford is styled a "Scotch-Irishman"

2. Page 99. I have no evidence that Hugh was the brother of James, except circumstantial.

3. Page 104. Since the first publication of this article, I have had correspondence with Dr. Edmund J. A. Rogers of Colorado, a descendant of James 1, of Dunbarton, through James, 2, and born on the homestead established by the latter in Ontario, who says that the first James Rogers of Dunbarton and his wife, Mary McPhartridge, had two daughters in addition to those given by me, Mary who married James Blair, and Martha, who married John Miller. He says further that Daniel went to sea and was drowned off Cuba, leaving a family in New Hampshire, and that Catherine married Frank Miller.

I also find a deed on record in Hillsborough County (Book 21, p. 342) dated April 16, 1787, by which David, Robert, James and Alexander Blair, all of Londonderry, conveyed all their interest in the estate of *their grandfather, James Rogers of Dunbarton*.

4. Page 105. These two children of James and Margaret [McGregor] Rogers died young, but they had at least one other son, David McGregor Rogers, born about 1771, who died in 1824, aged 53, whose tombstone is still standing on the homestead in Ontario.

Col. James removed to Vermont before 1770, and lived there until 1784, when he moved to Fredericksburgh, Ontario, which had been allotted to him and the loyalists under his command, where he settled and spent the remainder of his life, dying in 1792. He was succeeded by his son, David McGregor Rogers, who represented his district twenty-four years in the Assembly of Upper Canada.

I am indebted also to Dr. Rogers for a pamphlet containing an article prepared by his brother, Walter Rogers, Esq., Barrister of the Queen's Temple, London, England, published in the Transactions of the Roger Society of Canada, and also published separately.

Josiah H. Drummond

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Josiah H. Drummond.

HON. JOSIAH HAYDEN DRUMMOND, LL. D., the author of the preceding article, "The Two James Rogers," which imparts certain facts not known to previous historians regarding one of the most important of the early families in this vicinity, was born in Winslow, Me., August 30, 1827, and died very suddenly of heart trouble in Portland, October 25, 1902. He was educated in the Waterville College, now Colby University, graduating in 1846 at the age of nineteen. He taught school in different towns, and studied law with Hon. Timothy Boutelle of Waterville, and was admitted to the bar in 1850. After taking a trip to California, he began the practice of law in Waterville, where he remained until he removed to Portland in 1860, entering upon a practice here which became extensive and lucrative. Meanwhile he had become prominent in politics, and serving as city solicitor, he was elected to the state legislature in 1857, from which body he was chosen speaker. In 1860 he was elected to the state senate, but resigned before he had completed his term of office that he might accept the position of Attorney General. He held this office for four years. He was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions in 1864,

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1876, 1884. In 1865 he was chosen a director of the Maine Central Railroad, which position he held until his death, and since 1876 he was director and general counsellor of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, giving much of his time to perfecting the work of this association. His Alma Mater, in 1871, conferred upon him the degree of LL. D.

Besides becoming prominent in legal and political circles he became one of America's most widely known Masons, attaining possibly greater Masonic distinction than any other man. Ever wielding a fluent and incisive pen he won for himself a place in the front ranks of the writers of the order, and was acknowledged to be the greatest living authority on Masonry. To enumerate his Masonic honors would be to name nearly every title known to the craft, for "since the Deacon's rod was placed in his hands he has never been free from office."

He was an industrious collector of books, not only those pertaining to his cherished order, but his library was filled with works upon history and genealogy. In this field he showed the same faithfulness and painstaking care that he did in the others, and his writings have proved both accurate and complete. Among his works of this nature may be mentioned "John Rogers of Marshfield," "John Rogers of Plymouth," and "The Descendants of John Bean of Exeter," besides many others, not the least among which is "The Two James Rogers," written a few years since for Gould's Notes and Queries, and from which we republish it with the author's revisions and notes.

The Masonic Journal in summing up his character says: "He was an eminent citizen, a distinguished member of the bar, an active politician; he was more—he was better than a lawyer, better than a politician; he was a born leader. There was to his life a fullness and completeness seldom seen; he held high official positions, and might have held more; twice he declined a seat on the Supreme bench and once a nomination of candidate for governor of the state, when the nomination was equivalent to election, but he chose to pass them by, preferring the practice of his profession, in which he stood in the front

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rank. His disposition was destitute of vindictiveness and incapable of malice. His life was devoted to the work of making others happy. His home life was especially beautiful; in the bonds of sincere affection all of his household were united in seeking, not only to be happy, but to contribute happiness. His golden wedding was celebrated December 10, 1900. The celebration did not, however, differ materially from the preceding anniversaries, for it had been his invariable custom to devote the 10th day of December to his family, making no appointments that would prevent his so doing. He had a rule "not to carry shop to his home," and the happiest moment of his office hours was the time for gathering the accumulated Masonic, genealogic and social correspondence of the day into a bundle for evening consideration. The number of his parcels was usually increased by a call at the confectioner's on his way home, where at his table near the east window of the living room, he found that rest of mind that comes from change of labor. His evenings were usually spent at home, never in idleness, but occupied in solving some intricate mathematical problem, genealogic compilation or Masonic correspondence, ever, apparently, cheerfully willing to lay all aside for a game of whist with the children or to entertain a visitor. His versatility was so great that interruption never appeared to be an annoyance."

The funeral services, which were both religious and Masonic, were held at the ancient First Parish Church of Portland, and his body was borne to its final resting place in Evergreen Cemetery of that city under conditions both fitting and impressive.

"The good deeds left behind him
Will form a chain to bind him
To us who linger here."

G. W. BROWNE.

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Derryfield in the Revolution.

A PAPER BY G. WALDO BROWNE, READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, MARCH 19, 1902.

If difference in religious beliefs had divided the early inhabitants of Derryfield and made them anything but peaceful neighbors, there was no lack of harmony shown upon the question of their civil liberty. Scotch Presbyterian and English Puritan had alike suffered at the hands of the aggressive Royalists, and each had been driven from his native land to seek in the wilderness of New England that long-sought privilege of living according to the rigid doctrines of his theological teacher. Something of the irony of fate may have been felt by them in unexpectedly meeting in the new world the stern, combatative elements of a rival denomination, but future generations were to prove that it was the divine working of that same mysterious Providence which had guided them to this shore. The happy combination of the rugged traits possessed by them has produced a race that has been a most important factor in the making of the history of the foremost country of the twentieth century.

However bitter personal controversies may have risen they did not blind them to the menace of common danger, and each from his standpoint watched with a zealous eye the steady encroachments of his universal rights by the oppressive sovereign of a government that had never known what opposition really meant. Derryfield, without any disunion of sentiment, was among the first towns in the province to vote to help carry on the cost of preparing to meet the enemy hand to hand should the worst come.

At a special meeting held January 16, 1775, the town voted unanimously to raise "their equal propoicion of money that shall

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hereafter arise towards paying the cost of the General Court as aney other town in the Province." It is difficult to see what more Derryfield could do. The 15th of the following May it was voted to send a man to the convention to be held the 17th. At the same meeting it was voted that Captain Alexander MacMurphy, Lieutenant James McCalley, Ensign Samuel Moore, Eleazer Stevens and John Perham be a "commetty in behalf of us." This committee was the original of the Committees of Safety that soon followed.

When the crisis came, suddenly and prematurely, the men of Derryfield quickly proved that they were as faithful and prompt to act as they had been to promise, and the echoes of the guns at Lexington had not ceased their reverberations up and down the valleys of the Granite hills before they were on the march to cope with the invaders. Stark left the mill log on its carriage and seizing his musket and powder horn, without stopping to put on his coat, started for the scene of war. Robert McKnight left his ax sticking in the body of the tree he was felling and barely stopping to bid his loved ones good bye hastened to the defence of his country. Another, whose identity is not plain in the mixed accounts of the exciting times, unyoked his oxen in the road and followed on the heels of Stark. Others at work in their clearings, about their homes or wherever their duties had called them, immediately gave up all else and joined in this grand rally to help drive from the land the foes of liberty.

The latest official record at the time credited Derryfield with thirty-six able-bodied men, and of that number only TWO remained behind with the old men and decrepit ones to look after affairs at home. The history of the Granite State is a proud one, but she has not a town which can match this record. It is a pity the names of these patriots have not been preserved, except as they are to be found on the tax list for that year, and which is copied from the records, vol. 1, page 284, as follows:

TAX-PAYERS IN DERRYFIELD FOR 1775–6.

Conl.	John Goffe,		John Yand, Esqr.
Maj.	John Moors,	Ensin.	Samuel Moors,

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	James McKnight,	Capt.	Nathaniel Merton,
	William Nutt,		timothy Merton,
	John Griffen,		John Griffen, Junr.
	Benjemin Baker,		Benjemin Baker, Junr.
	Johnathan Merrell,		Jesse Baker,
	Joseph Gorge,		Abrham Merrell,
	Abrham Merrell, Junr.,		David Merrell,
	Jospeh Griffen,		Ezekiel Stavens,
	Joseph farmer,		Isaac farmer,
Widow	Sarah Russ,		Robert Clark,
	John Reay,	Coal.	John Stark,
	David farmer,	Levt.	James McCalley,
Ensin.	Samuel Stark,		Robert McNight,
	David McNight,		Daniel Blodget,
	Joshua Blodget, Litchfield,		John Parham, Litchfield,
Capt.	William Parham,		John Parham,
	Ebenezer Coster,		Charles Eamerson,
	Charles Eamerson, Junr.		Gorge Eamerson,
	John Harvey.		William Parham, Junr.
	Micheal Mc Clintock,		James Pairces,
Capt.	Alexander mc Murphey,		Benjmen Crombie,
	Moses Crombie,	Ensin.	Samuel Boyd,
Ensin.	Nathaniel Boyd,	Widow	Margret Boyd,
	John Dickey.		William Gemble,
	Robert Cuningham,		David Starret,
	John Hall,		Daniel Hall,
Sergt.	Ebnezer Stivns,		Hugh thompson,
	Benjmen Pilsbury,		thomas Numan,
	Josep Masten, Bakerstown,		James Lagon, Londonderry,
	Robrt mc Clouer. Londonderry,		Alexander Irwing,
	Ceaser Griffen,		Joseph George Select Samuel Stark Men.

Recorded this 24th day of Decemher, 1775.

JOHN HALL, Town Clerk.

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An analysis of this list shows that of the 64 names five were those of non-residents, and two of women, leaving 57 tax-payers, many of whom must have been old men and those who were unfitted by disability to bear arms.

Of the thirty four men who rushed to the front at the first alarm twenty-three participated in the battle of Bunker Hill under Stark in Captain John Moore's company which was made up principally of men from Derryfield, Bedford and Londonderry

It is one of the singular records of war that though in the thickest of the fight not one was killed. As a witness of the stern work they did on that memorable day ninety-six of the enemy were found dead or disabled on the battlefield in front of their position.

During the cessation of hostilities which succeeded this sanguinary battle about half of these men returned to their homes, but it proved even then not enough of the town officers were present to transact business. At a special meeting on August 11, two selectmen, David Starrett and Samuel Stark, were chosen "in room of those gone to the war." At the same meeting it was voted not to send a delegate to the congress at Exeter. The report of the selectmen to the Committee on Safety made in September of that year shows that there were still sixteen men in the army. These, says Potter, were doubtless at Winter's Hill. There were twenty firelocks in town at the time, but no ammunition. The report adds, "There is 20 more men in Said Town fit to Bare Arms."

June 1, 1776, every man in Derryfield able to perform military duty signed the declaration of fidelity to the cause of the colonists demanded by the Committee of Safety, while at this time the following men were in the army: Colonel John Stark, Captain John Moore, Captain James McCalley, Captain Alexander MacMurphy, Captain Nathaniel Martin, Nathaniel Baker, Timothy Dow, Benjamin Baker, Samuel Harvey and Ebeneezer Costa. Colonel Stark was with his regiment on the expedition to Canada, and following the retreat of this disastrous campaign, General Gates placed him at the head of a brigade.

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Soon after he was ordered to join Washington in Philadelphia with his regiment. There he was assigned to Sullivan's division and in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, as they had at Bunker Hill, it was the men of the Merrimack valley who bore the brunt of battle and won more than their share of the results, and foremost among them were the sons of Derryfield. General Sullivan in a letter to Hon. Mesech Weare, Chairman of the Committee on Safety, said: "Believe me, sir, the Yankees took Trenton before the other troops knew anything of the matter!" The Derryfield soldiers belonged to the company of Capt. Eben Frye of Pembroke, but were assigned to the command of Sergt. Ephraim Stevens of this town, under whose lead a mere handful of sixteen men captured sixty Hessians and marched them triumphantly to headquarters.

In the necessity of obtaining more men for the colonial service immediately after the battle of Princeton Stark returned to New Hampshire to recruit another regiment from a field already so closely culled that only he could have succeeded. But in the midst of his heroic efforts his enemies were at work against him and the trouble followed which caused him to leave the army and retire to his home at Amoskeag, until at the urgent request of his friends, and fellow patriots he consented to lead our troops in the rescue at Bennington. These scenes have been so fully described in the life sketch of Stark and the battle of Bennington given elsewhere in these collections that it is not necessary to enter into the details here. The biography of John Stark and the history of Derryfield for those years are very closely interwoven.

While her soldiers were battling at the front so manfully for the cause of independence, those at home were having scarcely less serious efforts toward help carrying on the war. Relative to the matter of bounty for soldiers the records show the following warrant and action in regard to the same:

"These are to notify and warn all the inhabitants of the town of Derryfield lawfully qualified to vote in Town Meetings to assemble and meet at the meeting house in said Derryfield upon

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Monday the second day of April next at ten of the clock before noon, then and there to act on the following particulars, viz.:

"1 ly to choose a Moderator for the regulating said meet.

"2 ly to consult and agree upon some effectual method to raise the proportion of men required by authority to be raised by said town, for carrying on the present war in which we are engaged, &c, &c.

March the 31th day, 1777.

"Benjamin Crombie,
"Ebenezer Stevens,
"Selectmen."

Derryfield, April the 2d day, 1777.

Then meet agreeable to the above notification and voted Col. John Stark Moderator of said Meeting. then voted to pay men that engages into the Conteneentel Services for sd Town as a Bounty fifty dollars per man. Afterwards voted eighty dollars per man in lue of fifty.

"Voted the present Selectmen collect the above money of the free holders in said Town or borrow the above money if demanded before it can be collected.

"Recorded this 3d day of April, 1777.

"David Starrett,
"Town Clerk."

At a special meeting June 2, 1777, a movement "failed to settle and give credit to those persons that has done duty and advanced some money towards carrying on this unnatural war since beginning of Hostilities to this, so that the whole costs of said ware may be squarely proportioned according to pols and Estates." At this meeting it was voted Col. John Stark, Captain William Perham, John Harvey, David Starret and James Pierce a committee to regulate and state the prices of things not mentioned in the Regulation Act. Agreeable to vote we find that a tax was levied upon the male polls amounting to 1321lbs. 13s. 4d. "to discharge the bounty of five men who enlisted in the Continental Army for three years." Again it was voted at a special meeting "to care for the family of Robert McKnight," who was a three years' soldier. May 26, 1778, it was voted "to have the one-half of fifty two Pounds of Powder from

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David Starrett for a Town Stock of Powder which the said Starrett purchased on his own cost in Exeter at nine shillings per pound." In the stress of obtaining recruits in the closing years of the war we find it voted, May 22, 1780, that "the Militia Officers together with the Selectmen shall provide or git by hier sutch Soldiers as shall frum time to time be called for as our cota towards carrying on the war. as cheap and in the best manner they can and the charge of said hier. if they cannot be got by Enlistment to be paid by a rate that shall be levied on the polls and estates of the inhabitants of the Town."

"Feb. 13, 1781, voted that the expense of the war shall be defrayed by a town tax levied on the polls and Estates.

"Voted that a committee consisting of Samuel Moore, John Hall, Joseph Sanders to hire such men to serve in the Continental army for 3 years as called for and secure them for such pay as they may engage as soldiers.

"Voted all who engage in the public Survice be cleared from paing aney poll tax for the space of one year after there return.

March 22. 1781.

"Voted on 3d article in the warrant to allow six hard dollars per Month, for three months that they sent a Soldier into the service the year past or the value thereof in paper money.

"Voted on 5th article in the warrant not to have any Scouting this year."

The value of money for this year is illustrated in the allowance of $1000. to John Hall for "extraordinay services as constable." In the warrant for a special meeting called for July 12, 1781, the second article runs:

In as mutch as there hath bin a very suden and unexpected revelution respecting the old Continantal money sence the Rates were made. and the money raised to purchas Beef for the Army doth not answare the eand desired, there fore to see what we the Town will vote to make of said money raised to purchas Beef and also to see what method the town will take to purchas said Beef for the Army, which is wanted immediately.

Voted upon this article that the three Selectmen shall divide the Town into three classes in order to provide the Beef for the

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Army, and that eatch class shall furnish there equiel proportion of said Beef and each person shall be equielly assed according to Pole and estate, and that said Beef shall be delivered to the Selectmen who is head of his class.

Voted that eatch man that hath paid this Beef tax to Mr, Joseph Farmer Constable may have leave to take his money back again when demanded, providing this was done within 7 days.

The weight of the beef purchased for the army for this year. 1781, is recorded as 3105 pounds, and the cost of purchasing said beef 108 pounds. The amount bought for 1780 was 3720 pounds and the cost paid Jonathan Russ for buying same was 294 pounds. The rates for 1782 were as follows: Soldier rate 89lbs. 10s. 4d., which was doubled before the year ended, town rate, 491lbs. 2s. 11d., continental and state rate, 249lbs. 2s. 3d., minister rate, 16lbs. os. 3d., Silver rate for interest, 5lbs. os. 11d., New Emission rate, 92lbs. 8s. 3d., a burden of taxation the inhabitants bore with commendable fortitude. There was still a backwardness in paying the soldiers the money due them and on March 16, 1784, we find it voted to pay them "the money they have not received." December 8, 1794, it is recorded that the bounty of the Minute Men "be $1. when enlisted, $1. when passed muster, $1 when they march and $8. per month with cong. amt." Once more and for the last time the records refer to the matter, when, October 13, 1807, it was voted to raise one hundred dollars if the soldiers be called for as bounty. Voted the town give the Soldiers two Gallons of West India Rum who turned out in defense of the country." It goes without saying that through all the vicissitudes of the long and sanguinary struggle for the country's independence, whether with the men whom she sent to the brunt of battle or those who met the arduous duties at home, old Derryfield was never for a moment faithless to her trust.

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Major John Webster.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE SEBASTIAN S. GRIFFIN, AUBURN, N. H., AND REPRINTED FROM THE MANCHESTER DAILY UNION, DECEMBER 11, 1888.

"Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river, swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vale where gathered waters sleep,
Send up the strong and bold."

Among many obscure individuals whose names are not inscribed on marble tablets, or placed conspicuously in the archives of state, the name of Major John Webster should occupy a prominent position. Israel Webster, the father of John, came to this country from England and settled in the town of Atkinson, where John was born, in the year 1736. Inured to the privations and hardships of a pioneer life, in his early manhood having seen service in the French and Indian wars, he was well fitted for those arduous duties which devolved upon him afterwards, during the American revolution. As it would be impossible in the brief space allotted me to give an extended account of our hero, however, if I should succeed in calling the attention of any person to a more complete explanation of a character so full of the love of liberty, or should refresh the memory of a generation who have almost passed away, and who was personally conversant with Mr. Webster, then, indeed, this slight epitome may not prove wholly in vain.

When the news reached Atkinson of the advance of the British to Concord, Mr. Webster was at work in his field plowing. Unlike the noble Roman Cincinnatus, who left his plow at rest in the furrow, he said to his eldest son, a youth of thirteen years,

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"Israel, you take the handles of the plow," and to the next youngest son, "David, you take the goad and drive the oxen. I must go, for my country calls for me." Mr. Webster went to the house and informed his wife of the resolution, who immediately furnished him with a knapsack, and filled it with provision, and other articles he would want, and then he started for Boston with some of his townsmen, and reported for duty. Many outrages were committed by the British soldiers upon the defenseless inhabitants, which he witnessed, and years afterwards he would relate to his friends and those about him, how his blood boiled in his veins for vengeance against such atrocious acts of the enemy.

Mr. Webster continued for a short period near Boston, when he returned home to enlist men for the American army. He was a lieutenant in a company of militia in his native town, commanded by Captain Poor, who was a tory and would not call his company together. But Lieutenant Webster took the responsibility upon himself and enlisted many soldiers for the war He was in the Battle of Bunker Hill, under General Stark, and occupied a prominent position. He was on terms of intimacy with the general, who put much confidence in him and entrusted him with many important commissions. He was also at the battle of Bennington with his company in 1777, and rendered efficient service; was offered a commission by congress, but on account of his family affairs, he could not accept it. In all the campaigns against General Burgoyne he took an active part, witnessed his surrender at Saratoga, and was present when Burgoyne delivered his sword to the American general. In after years he often related the incident that the tears ran down the cheeks of the haughty Briton on that occasion.

Major Webster was with our army in its encampment in New Jersey when the soldiers suffered so much from the inclemency of the weather and endured many privations, and witnessed many trying scenes which never faded from his memory. He participated in many of the battles in that region. Near the close of the war, or in 1782, Major Webster bought in Derry-

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field, or what is now Manchester, some land and mill privileges, since known as the Webster mills, on the outlet of Lake Massabesic, but a short distance from the present pumping station of the Manchester water works. Here he lived many years, surrounded by his children and grandchildren. Some of his his descendants of the fourth generation served their country in the late rebellion, and gave their lives as a sacrifice on our country's altar for liberty. As Major Webster lived but a short distance from General Stark and in the same town they often exchanged visits with each other, and related the scenes through which they passed; of the hair-breadth escapes and privations, interspersed with anecdotes full of mirth.

Major Webster was a kind, genial Christian gentleman Like one of old, he erected an altar where he went three times a day and offered his prayers to Almighty God. This altar was under some large trees near his residence, and for many years when the weather would permit, he was seen to go and offer his petitions. Major Webster lived to be a nonogenarian and died in the year 1827, aged 91 years.

In one of the suburban cemeteries of the city of Manchester may be seen the grave of the departed hero, beneath the humble mound covered with grass he rests. If the name of Major Webster is not inscribed on monumental shaft or obelisk, still the principles he espoused will be handed down in history in all coming time, and we should do honor to all those worthy heroes by remembering their noble deeds.

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LAKE MASSABESIC.

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THE STORY OF LAKE MASSABESIC.

BY FRANCIS B. EATON.

At the beginning, so far as white folks are concerned, it was a pond and nothing more, defined by Webster as a body of water somewhat less than a lake. The Indians, who probably first discovered and appreciated its uses, may have called it "great water," which may well be interpreted "lake." Potter in his history of Manchester gives it thus: "Massa nipe sauke," and Charles Bell, in the history of Chester, writing previous to 1856, has "Massa peseag"—great water. A writer in Willey's Book of Nutfield says Massabesic is from "*Massa*, or, as it is sometimes expressed, *msi* (large) or *mamsi* (vast), and *nebe* (lake or pond) and *ik*, which gives it its local term." Thus the historians all profess to derive their interpretation from Rolle's dictionary of the Abernaque tongue.

Mr. William Graham of Auburn, born in 1776, and familiarly known as "Old Grimes," writing in 1860, says: "Indians plenty round the great pond. Deacon Leach of the Presbyterian church in Cheshire sold rum in those days. One little Indian came out from great island, called Deer island, wanted some *occupee*. 'Who for?' said the deacon. 'Massa be sick, want it for him.' That's the origin of the name to the great and little pond." It is said that Massa died and was buried on the island.

This story seemed probable enough to be adopted by the popular fancy. As there are, however, several ponds by that name in other states of the Union, and as "Massabeseck" is found on old deeds much antedating the time of Mr. Grimes's story, it will have to be thrown out of court.

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At all events, Massabesic is a good name, as sings our well-known local poetess, Mrs. Clara B. Heath, who has lived near its beautiful shores.

"One legacy they left thee, was it chance?
A quaintly sounding name most dear to me,
That seems to whisper of some old romance,
Some pleasant tale blown over from far seas.

. . . . . .

Two broad blue bays, that stretch out east and west,
Dotted with fairy isles of living green,
And midway where the waters seem to rest
In narrow bed two curving shores between
A time-worn bridge that long has stood the test
Of stormy winds and restless tides is seen."

That this admiration is not a mere matter of local pride, the words of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford in a story written for the *Atlantic Monthly* some years since will show. She says: "Among the many lakes in New Hampshire there is one of extreme beauty. A broad shadowy water some nine miles in length, with steep thickly wooded banks, and here and there as if moored on its calm surface an island, fit for a bower of bliss."

Other than this little or nothing of legendary lore has come down to us from its shores. Thoreau once came within reach of the Massabesic, but his ship passed by, just lapping the waters of the Cohas, and he spun no web about its unconscious waves. The two well-defined sheets of which the lake consists are very irregular in shape, and if joined end to end would measure about seven miles in length by one mile in width. The eastern division, with about one half of the other, is within the boundaries of Auburn. The shores are varied and picturesque. Numerous beaches strewn with fine white sand furnish material much prized by housewives in old time for

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scouring purposes, and until superseded by modern invention, for the finish of plastered walls. Chase remarks that these beaches were much prized as places for bleaching the fine Irish linen woven by the early settlers. Several years since, perhaps fifty or more, a glass factory was built at Suncook and sand drawn from the Massabesic for the manufacture of window glass, and I remember well how astonished we academy scholars were to see the distended cheek of the blowers and the

COHAS BROOK.

molten globes of red hot glass swinging over their heads This was probably not a paying venture and was soon discontinued.

Connecting the beaches rocky shores extend, piled high with boulders indicative of old-time storms and winds, echoes of which to this day greet the luckless voyager who happens to be out in his frail canoe or cranky sailboat. Wooded slopes

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run down to the water's edge; luxuriant vines cluster on fine old trees; the scent of the wild grape perfumes the autumn groves. The bear found his favorite high blueberry in sheltered dells; wild geese rested here in their long fights hither and yon, and great flocks of ducks found free ports of entry in many a safe retreat. Deer browsed in the surrounding forests; the lordly loon trumpeted his defiance in the lee of his chosen islands or disappeared with lightning celerity at the crack of the rifle. Acres of flooded marshlands furnished

BROWN'S ISLAND.

feeding grounds for pickerel or perch. Alewives crowded in shoals up the Cohas in the season, and suckers abounded when the winter snows moved off.

There are numerous islands, but only one of any great value. The largest, Deer island, seventy acres in extent, was sold to Joseph Brown of Auburn by the late Judge Samuel D. Bell in 1820, and until the present year was owned by Dr. James F.

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BROWN HOMESTEAD.

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Brown of this city. Judge Bell claimed ownership of the pond and its beaches to high-water mark. The claim was found not to be good in law, but to avoid litigation the city, by its water board, paid $2,000 for whatever right Judge Bell had. An Indian tribe is said to have lived on the island and left marks of occupation visible fifty years since (Bell, History of Chester). In the middle of the last century or thereabout valuable pine lumber was drawn by sled across the lake in winter to await the opening of navigation on the Merrimack.

Opposite Deer island is a triangular piece of land of considerable extent called in early times Papoose island, later known as Fletcher's. It was, however, a part of the main land, but when the water commission built a dam at the outlet of the lake, the low lands about were so flooded that it had to be reached by a bridge. This bridge was built by the brothers Fletcher, who also built a carriage way from the Proctor road and fitted the grounds for pleasure resorts.

The larger of the two sheets comprising the lake contains 1,370 acres, and the smaller 1,130. In depth it is rather shallow, and is said on no particular authority to measure 50 feet off Battery point. The sources of supply to so large a body of water are not at first sight visible. It will be noticed, however, that the surrounding territory is of considerable height. The lake, according the Hitchcock's survey, being 256 feet above the level of the sea, and at Maple falls mill dam in Candia, 407, and in other affluents in Manchester and Hooksett still higher. More recent surveys by the United States government make this estimate seven or eight feet too high.

The watershed line runs through Northwood to Saddleback mountain, south of west through Deerfield to Allenstown line near Shingle ponds, then on a course through southwest part of Candia to Patten's hill. According to the survey in Eaton's history of Candia and the map prepared by the late ex-Governor Weston and Joseph B. Sawyer, C. E., the visible sources are as follows: One stream rises at summit on the dis-

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used track of the Portsmouth & Concord railway in Candia, runs nearly northwest to Hooksett line, thence southwest and south to Tower hill pond, supplying in its course Maple falls and Genessee mills Leaving Tower hill, the stream runs through Clark's pond, after which it is augmented by a stream from little Massabesic, bringing water from Murray and Preston's mill brooks in Candia. In addition to the above named, a small stream rising in Hooksett discharges into the back pond, and still another small stream, rising in two sources west of the railroad, finds its way into the lake through the Proctor estate.

It is estimated to drain a territory of forty square miles, and to have a circumference of twenty-nine miles Tradition has it that the first settlers learned to use fish manure from the Indians, and that a thousand shad or alewives put on to an acre of ground would increase the crop fourfold. The practice was followed to such an extent that in 1739 the general court of Massachusetts ordered that no bass or cod should be taken for manure "except their heads and offals." The next year an article was inserted in the town meeting warrant of Chester, "to see if the town would take measures to prevent the killing of fish as they come into Massabesic pond any more than what is for family support." The use of fish manure seems to have caused no little trouble. It is told that a certain good woman in the Massabesic region was so scandalized at what she considered the inordinate greed of the farmers who planted a whole fish with each hill of corn that she prayed for the punishment of such waste, whereupon dogs and wolves came and dug up corn and all. In connecton with this legend it is worthy of notice that the selectmen of Ipswich about the same time passed the following: "It is ordered that all dogs for the space of three weeks after the publishing hereof shall have one legg tied up. If a man refuse to tie up his doggs leggs, and he be found scraping fish in the corn field the owner shall pay 12s. besides whatever damage the dogge doeth."

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PROCTOR HOUSE.

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THE THREE TAVERNS.

In the history of the lake there have been during the last century three taverns at pleasant points along its shores, each occupied by guests, and conducted by one proprietor for a sufficient length of time to be distinguished from the temporary eating and drinking resorts by the name of tavern. In the

THE OLD COGSWELL HOUSE.

year 1800 Mr. Wade Cogswell came from Ipswich, bought a lot at the north end of the lake where the turnpike crossed the Candia road, and built what was known in those days as the Cogswell house. It was a substantial strongly framed building without pretention to any architectural beauty, as will be seen from our engraving herewith given. How long it retained that name does not appear, but in 1844 it was owned by Mr. Daniel Merrill and was sold by him in 1845 to Mr. Edward P. Offutt. Mr. Merrill is said to have began some

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changes and improvements in the building, but by reason of unsteady habits was unable to complete his plans. He died soon after, leaving two daughters named Hannah and Ruhama, estimable members of the First Congregational church who boarded for awhile in the family of our president, Mr. Herrick. Mr. Offutt came to Manchester from Lowell, Mass., in 1839, and established a furniture and crockery establishment at 31 Elm street, now 959 (?). He began changes and improvements in the house, stables were added, a hall for parties, for Sunday services and for political meetings was built, a miniature park was laid out on the approach to the lake, trees set, the low lands about drained and brought under cultivation, and a small steamer called the "Gem of the Lake" was launched. A zoo was started for the amusement of the children wherein was a mother goat and her sportive kids, a sober and sagacious donkey, sundry strange fowls, parrots in cages, and an occasional melancholy monkey.

Mr. Offutt was an enterprising man, and in addition to his hotel property acquired the place known as the Oswego mill, where machinery was introduced for sawing shingles and for planing, and houses were erected for the use of workmen. This was where the stream from Tower hill pond crosses the Candia road. The dam, however, which was some years previous washed away in a freshet, again gave out, and no vestige of the settlement now remains. It is probable that Mr. Offutt had too many kinds of business on his hands to make a successful landlord. At any rate, the Massabesic house is not supposed to have proved a profitable investment, though well patronized at times. Mr. Offutt died February 2, 1870, survived by his widow and five children, now living. His widow, a most estimable lady, at this time of writing ninety-one years of age, is held in kindly remembrance by dwellers about this lake shore for her interest in Sunday school work and for her compositions in poetic form with which she entertained her

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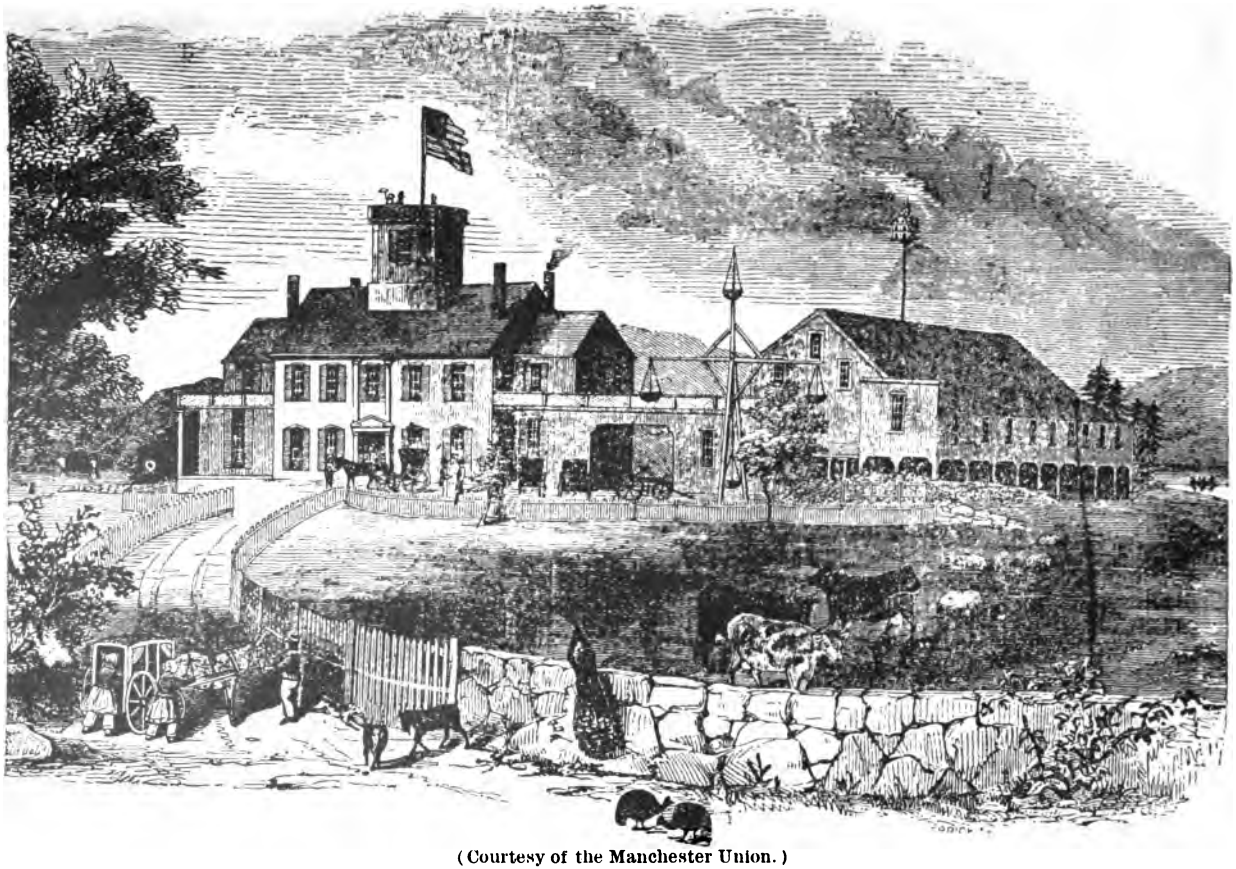

(Courtesy of the Manchester Union.)

THE ORIGINAL MASSABESIC HOTEL.

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classes. She has since occasionally sent to her friends a birthday poem.*

In 1882 the house and accompanying land was sold to Charles Williams and is still owned by his heirs. It was leased by various parties at different times, but failed to recover any great amount of patronage, and on the 14th of May, 1903, the Massabesic house was totally destroyed by fire, undoubtedly the work of an incendiary, as it had been closed all the previous season for the first time in many years.

Next in point of time and first in its commanding view of the lake was Folsom's in Auburn, on the Londonderry turnpike. From the rear of the house the land sloped gradually to the water's edge. Off the shore at no great distance the green forests of Deer Isle were in full sight, and across the deep blue of the waters the view reaches on to the mountain heights, northwest of Manchester.

This tavern, as shown in our half-tone, was built by John Folsom in 1806. Mr. Folsom was born in Newmarket March 11, 1776. The family soon after moved to Harrisburg, Pa., where the father engaged in nail making. In 1792 they returned to New Hampshire and settled in Chester, near the chief affluent of the lake. Here Mr. Folsom bought the fulling mill of Joseph Blanchard and installed his machinery for nail making. In 1805 John Folsom and John Melvin took a contract to build fifteen miles of turnpike from Hooksett bridge, and also the bridge at the straits, or Deer neck. For the bridge Mr. Folsom was allowed one thousand dollars. At this time he bought lot ninety-eight, second part, second divison, upon which the tavern was built. The picture given here is a very good representation of the house as it appeared fifty years ago, as the writer can testify, having experienced its hospitality

*Mrs. Ann M. Offutt died at her home, 319 Chestnut Street, February 20, 1904. She was the oldest member of the Merrimack-street Baptist church and was a member of the Manchester Old Residents association and of the W. C. T. U. She leaves three sons, Willard C. Offutt of Savannah, Ga., and E. Howard and Albert E. Offutt of this city; two daughters, Mrs. Annie M. French of Hazardville, Ct., and Mrs. Ella J. Wheeler of this city; eight grandchildren and a great-granddaughter.

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SECOND MASSABESIC HOTEL

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OLD FOLSOM TAVERN.

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while teaching a winter school in that district. Judge Folsom was a man of mark in that day, standing for much that is strongest and best in our New England character. He was one of the judges of a court of sessions established in 1820, laying out roads, auditing accounts, etc. He was made a deacon or elder in the Presbyterian church in 1833, represented Chester in the legislature of 1809, and later removed to Derry, from which town he was representative several years. He died August 9, 1850.

The hotel ceased to be profitable when the railroad took off the up-country freight from the turnpike, and its decayed and falling timbers have long disappeared. The estate is now owned by Mr. Walter M. Parker, who has added to the beauty of the original site by extensive improvements. A fine stable of brick with stone trimmings is completed, and a summer residence to be shortly occupied is well under way. The fine photographic view which accompanies this paper will give a good idea of the situation as it is today. Mr. Parker, whose ample wealth allows him to indulge his taste for the beautiful land and water scenery of this region, owns about four hundred acres on the lake shores, including Battery point.

The next largest owner of land on the shores of Lake Massabesic in Auburn is Mr. Andrew F. Fox, who has been many times a selectman in that town, moderator of town meetings, and was representative to the general court in 1852-53.

The Island Pond house was built early in the forties by Bradford Beals and Henry C. Joy. They purchased a lot on Caesar's beach, an interesting locality, which received its name from one Caesar Harvey, of whom more anon. This is one of the best beaches about the lake, a quiet, sequestered spot with abundant forest growth about, inviting to cool drives in summer time and commanding an uninterrupted view northward across the lake with Birch and Deer or Brown's island on the right, and Fletcher's on the left, for nearly three miles to the Massabesic house. Not far from the site of the tavern

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may be seen remains of a cellar, and the foundations of what is said to have been the birthplace and residence of the composer of the music of the "Sweet Bye and Bye," interesting account of which may be found on page eighty-one, volume 1, of the Manchester Historical Collections.

Before the completion of the tavern Beals sold to Joy, who finished and conducted the establishment successfully for eight years. He maintained a fleet of sail and row boats, gave famous fish dinners, and was well patronized by city residents, who were wont to temper their hard work with occasional relaxation. The fact that there was a rigorous prohibition law probably added to the zest of these occasions, and it not infrequently happened that some who zealously voted for the law cheerfully assisted in breaking it. There were no electric cars at that time and it was the heyday of the livery stables. On Sundays and holidays teams were in great demand. Mr. Joy died May 2, 1868, and the place was sold to C. M. Hubbard, during whose ownership the house was burned. Later it was rebuilt and owned by Capt. David Perkins, but was finally again destroyed by fire, and was purchased by the water commission of the city of Manchester.

In following up and tracing out the old stories that hang about the shores of the lake like last year's robin's nests, it is interesting to observe how a tale grows in length and breadth until the party who set it in motion would no longer recognize it as his own. I had heard, for instance, of Caesar's beach, but not where or why. Several persons knew so much but no more. After awhile some one said Caesar was a negro. I might have inferred that, but said, "Good! we are progressing." Another said he was a slave who escaped from Salem before slavery was abolished in Massachusetts, which would make the time of his coming before 1780. A third said that he was brought over by one Captain Harvey from whose name he was known as Caesar Harvey, and on escaping from his master's control became a squatter at the tail end of the Massabesic.

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FOX HOMESTEAD.

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WALTER M. PARKER'S STABLE.

Near Site of Old Folsom Tavern.

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Interesting but not conclusive. A fourth (a member of our association and therefore entitled to credence) said that Caesar built a cabin not far from the site of the Island Pond house, married a light colored woman, and had children, one of whom was a daughter named Ginger. Now Ginger is said to have been at work in a family in that part of the chestnut country known as Londonderry, where nothing was known against her character except that she was a Methodist, but as she regularly attended the Presbyterian meeting, that was overlooked. On warm summer days, the doors of the meeting-house stood wide open, and while the preacher did his best to keep his congregation awake, the dogs who had accompanied their owners from home occasionally came in, up one aisle, around in front of the pulpit, and out at the door by the other. Ginger declared this sacrilege, and failing to make the elders take heed to her remonstrance, provided herself with a long supple sprout from the wood nearby, which she deposited unobserved at the end of her seat, a modest plank reserved for colored sisters. In due time the canine procession entered. As it passed Ginger she laid her stick over the backs of the intruders with a resounding whack. The yelping that followed thoroughly awakened the congregation. The preacher, who from his coigne of vantage observed the whole affair, paused for a moment "while ceased the dreadful din," and then went calmly on with his sixthly.

Now this seems on the face of it satisfactory, but a *fourth* appears on the scene more extraordinary still. Caesar Harvey escaped from Capt. John Smith, presumably at the Isles of Shoals, as this is the nearest point that venturous navigator ever approached these shores, and he is certainly not reported to have ventured on the turbulent waves of the Massabesic. I am told that this view of the origin of Caesar Harvey was supported by many plausible arguments. Now if this theory be true, Caesar Harvey at the time of his advent here must have been lively and living in 1614, so that by the time

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the first settlers reached this locality Caesar must have been about one hundred and fifty years of age. It is perhaps as well to stop here for at this rate we shall get back to the original Caesar and imperial Rome.

At an early date, probably in 1738 or thereabout, John Proctor came from Ipswich, Mass., to Londonderry. In 1806 his son John moved to Derryfield and bought six hundred acres in the fourth division south of Cogswell's place, on the west shore of the Massabesic. Here he built a house suitable to his present requirements which, as family and means increased, was enlarged and improved until the present commodious home, a view of which is herewith given, was completed. The late Mr. Luther S. Proctor, son of the above-named John 2d, was a member of the Manchester Historic association, and a notice of his life is given, with portrait on page xxxv, volume 3, of the HISTORIC QUARTERLY.

As a matter of course those approaches to the Massabesic which afforded mill privileges were taken first. The history of mills in the region has been partially given by Mr. Huse in a previous number of this quarterly, and is fully set forth in Chase's "History of Chester" and in Potter's "History of Manchester." For the common use of settlers sawmills, grist and fulling mills were needed and soon provided. The late S. C. Griffin of Auburn claims that one James Horner built a fulling mill on the site where the Griffin sawmill now is in 1720, but as the earliest recorded meeting of the proprietors of Chester was in that year it does not seem probable that Horner could have purchased a lot and had a mill in operation so soon. Moreover, Chase says that the first settlers came not much before 1735. "At an adjourned meeting of the proprietors held Dec. 11, 1735, voted, the land which the Lotlayers Laid out at the request of John Calfe for an amendment to two home lots and a half held by him, which transcript was read at the last Proprietors meeting and put to vote for confermation and past

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PARKER'S FARM HOUSE.

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in the Negative, was reconsidered and read at this meeting and put to vote & Passed in the Effermative."

This tract of eighty acres lay upon the brook flowing from little Massabesic into the lake. At the same time it was voted that Mr. John Calfe have liberty to build a fulling mill at Massabeecek brook between the two ponds agreeable to his own proposals.*

At the same meeting it was voted that Mr. John Calfe have liberty to build a fulling mill at Massabeecek brook, between the two ponds, agreeable to his own proposals. The mill was accordingly built, and was said for a long time to have been the only fulling mill within a hundred miles. It is among the writer's remembrances of a country store that customers had to wait for a consignment of full cloth. Twenty-four years later Robert Calfe, son of the above, was granted by vote of the proprietors the right to build a sawmill on the "supposed" privilege granted to his father. For nearly a hundred years these mills appear to have answered all demands, until the nail factory was started by Folsom, and in 1835 two brothers, Jay T. and Flag T. Underhill, built a shop for the manufacture of edge tools. For about thirty years the Underhills, with various additions and changes in the firm, conducted a prosperous business until 1865, when the property was sold to Mr. George C. Griffin, and the edge tool business ceased in Auburn. Deacon William Leatch, as the name is spelled in the old records, came to Chester as early as 1742 and settled on lot number seventy-four, second part, second division, which is the Emery farm. He will be remembered from his alleged connection with the popular origin of the name Massabesic. His name also appears on the muster roll of Capt. Joseph Dearborn's company, Colonel Wyman's regiment, in the campaign against Canada in 1776.

In addition to the places described as taverns earliest in be-

*In the spelling of this name is there not some probable attempt to imitate the Indian pronunciation of the name, as in Bell "Massapeseag"?

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ginning and longest in occupation, are many others in which refreshments of various kinds are kept, but which hardly have a name in history as taverns. There are also numerous cottages occupied in summer by lessees, or used by families most of the season. The house at Kimball's point, built by Weeks and Currier at an early date, has been occupied for many summers by the veteran ex-chief of the fire department, who has added to the original lot purchased of Severance, and maintains a beautiful grove of maple and oak between the highway and the lake shore. From this point the view is particularly pleasing by day and equally fine by night, when the lights of the cottagers around many miles of shore are reflected in a hundred placid gleams from the Indian mirror, the great water. On the whole the story of Lake Massabesic may be said to have been singularly peaceful. The white settlers were mostly men of thrift and industrious habits, and the aborigines, if any were seen as late as 1720, do not appear to have been particularly blood-thirsty. Mr. Griffin, the local antiquarian, indeed relates a story of murder in which a French officer is mixed up with an unhappy Indian bride, who suffers death in consequence. It is undoubtedly true, however, that one Leret Smith and his brother-in-law, John Carr, a youth of eighteen years, was captured while building brush fence by a party of Indians. They were carried three days' march northward into the wilderness, and made their escape, returning unharmed to Chester. The scene of this capture is said to have been on Mount Misery, an elevation between the two ponds or wings of the lake.

As another instance of the unreliable nature of the evidence to be had of these early affairs it may be noticed that Charles Bell, in his history of Chester, on the authority of Deacon Smith of New Boston, a grandson of Lieutenant Smith, who was captured, and who told the story to Rev. Mr. Kellog of that town, says that the Indian party making the capture was led by Capt. Joe English. As the story of Joe English and his

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devotion to the white settlers is tolerably well known, there is evidently a mistake somewhere.

Our Massabesic is a beautiful lake, even though it has no charm like the older lakes of the world, and is not sung by bards so many or so great, yet it has come to fill a mission more divine, if cleanliness be next to godliness, and health of more

THE WILLOWS, ON THE PARKER ESTATE.

importance than wealth. It may be regarded as nothing less than a Providential gift that a body of water so chemically pure and so easy of access is found within reach of a growing population, whose wants in this direction began to be manifest as early as 1844. The story in this regard has been well told by Dr. Maurice Clark in his history of Manchester, and need not be repeated here. It may be said, however, that the matter of a pure water supply had been thoroughly discussed from 1844 to 1871. The city was then authorized to construct water works, at an expense not exceeding six hundred thou-

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sand dollars. The work was undertaken July, 1872, and water was conveyed to the city July 4, 1874. In this story there remains to be struck a note of sadness. Like all things beautiful or sublime in Nature, there lurks somewhere death to him who woos too closely. The adventurous swimmer, the careless canoeist, the daring skater, have year by year gone down to death beneath those peaceful waves, and such will doubtless continue to be the case until it is possible to exercise stricter watch over the lake and its habitués. I am told, however, by experienced observers, that the number of lives lost here has been much less than in most resorts of the kind.

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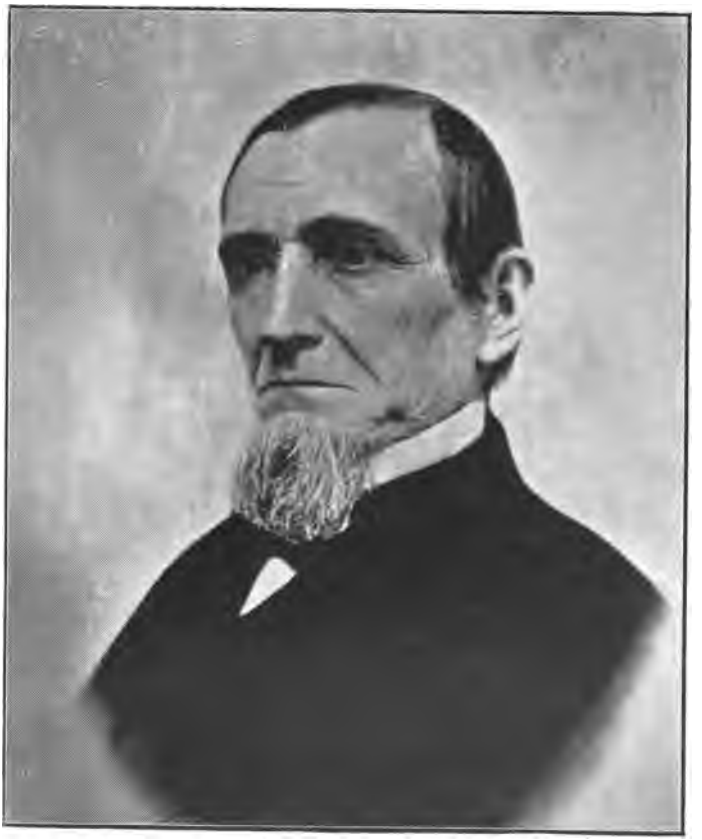

GEORGE W. MORRISON.

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GEORGE W. MORRISON.

A PAPER BY HON. JOSEPH W. FELLOWS, READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, DECEMBER 17, 1902.

George Washington Morrison was the second son of James and Martha Pelton Morrison and was born at Fairlee, Vermont, October 16, 1809. There were ten children in his father's family, seven sons and three daughters; not any of them are living at the present time, the last one, a daughter, having deceased at Fairlee about two or three years ago.

Mr. Morrison was of the fourth generation born in this country, and came from a noble lineage, which undoubtedly transmitted its characteristics from generation to generation in a remarkable degree. I have not followed his ancestry beyond its immigration to this country.

Mr. Samuel Morrison, the progenitor of the family who came in the early part of the eighteenth century, was one of the colony which settled in Derryfield.

Hon. James W. Patterson says in his address on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Nutfield or Londonderry: "The Scotch-Irish settlers of this country were a somewhat peculiar people, and unmistakable traces of the original traits survive in their children. The warp of their character was Scotch, and the threads were as close twisted and strong as hemp; but a hard and varied experience under changing governments and fortunes had filled in the web with a texture of Celtic die and pattern. They had the stern grip and endurance of the old covenanter, mellowed by something of the flexibility of the merry-making Irishman.

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They were equally prepared to defend a natural right or a point in theology, to 'the last of their kith and their kin,' or to make the welkin ring till morning with their broad but pungent wit. . . .

"Mental and physical qualities are transmitted, but these are modified, and special peculiarities created by the conditions and events of life. The strength or weakness of the father is likely to be the inheritance of the child, and the remembrance of a great ancestral achievement will ennoble a whole family. The law holds good of races. National health is an element of national strength. But the forces which more than all others impart greatness to a people are purely moral. The earnest and lofty enthusiasm inspired by heroic deeds and high endeavor in those whose renown they inherit, the songs they sing, the works of art they look upon, the labor of their hands, and, above all, the faith in which they worship—determine their distinctive characteristics. The songs of Æschylus and Homer and the glory of Marathon and Thermopylæ were the seeds of fame which ripened in the peerless intellectual products and military achievements of the age of Pericles.

"The English at Waterloo could not break in the tempestuous charge of Ney, for they had the integrity of English history to maintain. It was not simply the responsibilities of that day, but of all the past of their people, which pressed upon and held them like ranks of iron against the impetuous valor of France. . . .

"The substratum of the Scotch-Irish character was laid in the stern and stormy life of early Scotch history; but its distinctive traits were brought out and confirmed in the long and bloody conflicts which they waged in Ireland against ecclesiastical and royal tyranny, after their emigration in 1612. Profound convictions, an inflexible will, and strong sensibilities, were the natural inheritance of those people. They have been transmitted from sires into whose mental constitution they were wrought by the bitter experience of centuries."

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It is familiar history that the people of our Londonderry are descendants of the Scotch Presbyterians, who emigrated from Scotland to Ulster, north of Ireland, about the time that the Puritans left England for America and for substantially the same reasons. In the early part of the eighteenth century they came to this country. They have been called Scotch-Irish, but were in no sense Irishmen. They were "among them but not of them." The two races were entirely distinct and separate. The Presbyterians left Scotland as the Puritans left England, that they might enjoy religious freedom and that they might escape the persecutions which they were suffering.

The terrible experience through which they had passed in their country in the struggle for power between the Episcopal Church and the Church of Rome for the supremacy had prepared them to enlist in the conflict which came for American independence, and they were among the first to engage in the war of the Revolution. The staunch patriotism and inflexible adherence to the cause of freedom which characterized the men at Bunker Hill and Bennington came from a noble ancestry, and was transmitted to their descendants with unerring certainty, and have marked every generation of these people.

David P. Perkins, Esq., in his excellent sketch of Mr. Morrison, says that Samuel Morrison was one of the signers for the charter for Derryfield, granted September 3, 1751, and was known as "Charter Sam." It is certain that he was in Londonderry very early in its settlement, which began in 1719. I find him taking an active part in the meetings before the town proprietors during the years near the date of its charter, and there is ground for believing that he was one of the leading men of his time.

"The Morrisons, the McGregors, the Bells, the Pattersons, and the Dinsmores" are spoken of as the people who were the foremost in settling that part of the country.

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The subject of our sketch was proud of his ancestry, and was wont to speak with much feeling of the old Scotch blood of which his family was born.

Mr. Morrison resided with his parents in Fairlee, and his life run much the same as other country boys until he was about twenty-one years of age. He enjoyed the usual educational advantages which the district school of his place afforded, and a little later entered the Thetford academy, where he remained some four or five months. He was not a very healthy or athletic young man, and at times had been somewhat incapacitated from performing manual labor upon his father's farm. It is probable that his delicate health had something to do with the decision as to the business in which he should engage.

In 1830 he entered the office of Hon. Simeon Short of Thetford and commenced the study of law. After a time he went into the office of Judge Presbury West of that place, with whom he remained about four years. In reply to an inquiry of a lawyer in that vicinity, I received the statement that Mr. Morrison very readily acquired a knowledge of office practice in Orange county, and was accustomed to take charge of Judge West's business in the justice's courts, and to some extent, in the county circuit during the time that he was a student, and it was understood that he was very well fitted to begin the practice of law at the time he asked for admission to the bar.

There arose an objection to his examination by reason of the fact that he lacked a few months time under the Vermont rule, but the committee knowing of his proficiency, decided to give him the examination and that he should be admitted when the time limit had been reached, which was done.

Subsequently, he traveled quite extensively in New York, Pennsylvania, and the New England states with a view of selecting a location for business On his way home, he stopped at Amoskeag village in this city for a day or two and became impressed with the importance of that place, especially consid-

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ering the water-power as a foundation for the development of a large and prosperous town. Learning that a corporation had been organized by capitalists in Boston and that it was their intention to erect mills at Amoskeag, he decided to locate there. In the summer of 1836 he came to Amoskeag and opened an office in what has been called the "old school-house," situated on the road connecting Amoskeag and Piscataquog villages, a little north of the road leading up from McGregor bridge. That section was then a part of Goffstown, and I find him spoken of in the New Hampshire registers as having resided there until 1841.

He taught two winter schools and possibly three while living there, and it is interesting to know that one of our distinguished fellow citizens and antiquarians, Col. G. C. Gilmore, was one of his pupils. You will not be surprised that Mr. Morrison, in speaking of Colonel Gilmore, said that he was a very bright and intelligent boy about whom there was nothing vicious or wrong, but he was somewhat mischievous, nevertheless.

In 1841 he moved to this side of the river and took an office in what was known as the "Old Ark," on the corner of Amherst and Elm streets, a building which was originally erected in Goffstown, and taken down and moved to Manchester by Mr. John B. Goodwin, and finished into offices and tenements.

It is well known in the history of Manchester that the first sale of lots by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company took place October 24, 1838, and that quite an impetus was given to the settlements and business in this section. Mr Morrison began to receive a very considerable patronage about that time, which increased and probably induced him to come over the river.

He formed a partnership with Hon. Moody Currier in 1841 under the style of Morrison & Currier. Their office was in the "Old Ark," and their business was quite successful, but the partnership lasted only about two years. In 1845, Judge

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Presbury West, with whom he had been a student as suggested, came to Manchester and was associated with him as a partner under the name of West & Morrison. They continued together in business about five years. Mr. West was a very able and eminent lawyer in the true sense of the word. His practice, however, was almost wholly confined to office and advisory work, which consisted in the examination of cases, bringing suits and preparing them for trial, and giving advice with reference to all business matters.

Sometime in 1847 Mr. West withdrew from the firm and moved to Jefferson, N. H. Mr. Morrison soon after formed a partnership with John Langdon Fitch under the style of Morrison & Fitch, which continued until 1853, at which time the late Judge C. W. Stanley, who had been a student in the office of Morrison & Fitch, became a member of the firm under the name of Morrison, Fitch & Stanley. This continued until November, 1857. During that time they moved into Patten's block, but in 1856 the building was burned and the firm lost nearly everything in the shape of books, records, and all the accumulation which comes to a lawyer's office, and they suffered very severely.

During the interim, while Patten's block was being rebuilt, their office was in the Union block. They had also an office in old Town Hall building, over the postoffice, which stood about where the city hall now stands. They returned to the offices in Patten block, where the various firms with which Mr. Morrison was connected remained until his decease. Mr. Fitch withdrew in November, 1857, from the firm, by reason of ill health. It continued in the name of Morrison & Stanley until April, 1860, when Judge Lewis W. Clark, who had been located at Pittsfield, came and united with them and the partnership became Morrison, Stanley & Clark. That arrangement continued until 1866, when Judge Clark withdrew and it again became Morrison & Stanley. That style of business continued until 1872, when Frank Hiland, who had been a

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student in the office, became a member of the firm under the name of Morrison, Stanley & Hiland.

In 1874 Judge Stanley was appointed one of the justices of the Circuit Court of New Hampshire, and retired from the firm, which became Morrison & Hiland.

In 1876 Roland Rowell, Esq., who had been a student in the office, became a member of the firm under name of Morrison, Hiland & Rowell. Mr. Hiland died in the latter part of 1878, and the firm was then dissolved.

In 1879 Hon. John P. Bartlett became a member of the firm and the name was Morrison & Bartlett; that firm continued until 1881, when Judge Bartlett retired, and from that time Mr. Morrison had no partner and did but very little work. He was accustomed to come to his old office daily and kept along in a way, but his health was declining and he was unable to transact business. It is a somewhat interesting fact that during the time he was engaged in business, the different firms in which Mr. Morrison was the senior partner entered in the court in Hillsborough county somewhere about three thousand two hundred cases, and appeared for the defendant in about twenty-six hundred cases, besides all the criminal business that they had and besides all the cases that they had in other counties, which were quite considerable in number. I might state also in this connection that Mr. Morrison was appointed solicitor of Hillsborough county in 1845, which position he held about four years, resigning in 1849 for the reason that the remuneration that he received for transacting the business of the state was so small he could not afford to continue in the office. Every lawyer will understand, it prevented the firms with which he was connected from engaging in the defense of any state action, his salary was very small, and it necessarily deprived him and his partners of a considerable volume of business which they would otherwise have been likely to receive.

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In town affairs Mr. Morrison took quite an active part, and generally joined with those who were outside the "village" in the controversies in matters of taxes and making appropriations for the town improvements and the like. It is well known that for a time the people who were in the "village" of Manchester, as it was then called, were asking for these improvements and appropriations, whereas, those in the outskirts of the town were opposed to that practice. Mr. Morrison, being a Democrat and having sympathies in that direction, generally took up the causes of the outsiders, and in their controversies and by his speeches and adroit management in the parliamentary point of view, defeated the measures which were before the town meetings, and succeeded in gaining the favor of the outside people. He became quite popular with the Democrats and to a certain extent with the Whig party. He gained more friends among the Whigs than he lost among the Democrats by his management in these matters.

He was moderator of the town meeting in 1840 or 1841 and 1844, and was also a member of the committee of arrangements with reference to procuring some legislation which the city desired. He took a lively interest in the matter of a site for the town hall and was one of the committee to decide finally upon its selection.

In 1856, he was retained in the famous controversy before the New Hampshire legislature relating to the proposed railroad legislation. It will be remembered that there was an effort made at that time to procure the passage of a bill for the consolidation of the Manchester & Lawrence railroad and the Concord railroad.

Mr. Spaulding, Judge Upham, Col. Joseph A. Gilmore, and others interested, made a great effort to procure this legislation. Mr. Morrison, Hon. Benjamin F. Ayer, Hon. Daniel Clarke, and Hon. James U. Parker, were among the counsel who opposed it. On the other side, the counsel were Col. John

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H. George, Hon. Josiah Quincy, and several distinguished members of the Boston bar.

At that time the opinion of the great majority of the people in New Hampshire was opposed to the consolidation of railroads. Notwithstanding the unfavorable outlook which those who favored the measure had, they engaged in this undertaking with great earnestness, and brought to bear every means that the corporation influence could obtain.

Mr. Morrison, Mr. Ayer, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Parker all made arguments in opposition to the proposed legislation. The subject was divided, and each one occupied his own field without encroaching upon the others. It is not well to make comparisons under such circumstances. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Morrison's argument certainly ranked as high as either of the other eminent gentlemen, and that the bill was defeated by a decisive majority.

Mr. Morrison was always an ardent and out-spoken Democrat, and participated in the politics of the state quite actively from some time in 1839 or 1840 down to 1862 or 1863. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1840, 1841, 1849, and 1850. He was also a member of the 31st and 33d Congress.

While in the New Hampshire legislature he was prominent and influential, and although not given to frequent speeches he occasionally addressed the house upon important measures, and was generally successful, and did much in the work of shaping legislation. He was regarded as a very able and adroit debater and shrewd in parliamentary tactics. One quite celebrated discussion in which he took part has been spoken of, and it is said that the speech which he made on that occasion was one of the ablest legal arguments ever made before the legislature. It was in relation to an amendment of the charter of the city of Portsmouth which provided that the different wards in the city should have the same authority in various matters as the towns throughout the state. It is said that Mr.

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Morrison drew the bill and that the constitutionality of the measure was the subject of contention

The opponents selected Mr. Christy, of Dover, who was one of the most noted lawyers of the state, to manage the debate on their side, and he was naturally looked to for an answer to Mr. Morrison's argument. The story runs that during the first part of Mr. Morrison's speech, Mr. Christy took notes as he passed along and paid particular attention to what was being said. After a time he laid down his pencil and listened attentively to what Mr. Morrison was saying. When Mr. Morrison closed his argument, Mr. Christy was expected to respond, but he failed to do so, and when asked why he did not reply, said that there was no reply to be made; that Mr. Morrison's argument had convinced him that the bill was constitutional and he declined to make any further contention.

In the political elections of New Hampshire he always took a deep interest, and occasionally went upon the stump. I remember hearing him in the canvass for the election of General Pierce in the town of Warner. There was a flag-raising and a mass meeting and the people from the various surrounding towns were very well represented. Dr. Jason H. Ames, a very distinguished physician from the neighboring town of Bradford, presided. Mr. Morrison was the principal speaker and occupied the most of the afternoon. I remember that the meeting was very large and enthusiastic and that his speech was regarded as a wonderful effort. I find in the files of the *Patriot* an allusion to it as one of the most remarkable addresses of the time, but no abstract is given of its contents.

On another occasion, a mass meeting was being held in the old city hall of Manchester; Hon. B. F. Ayer was president of the meeting and made an address. Mr. Morrison delivered the principal speech of the occasion. There was an excursion along the Northern railroad to Manchester to attend this meeting, and quite a large number of people came. I was among them, and I recollect that there was some disturbance by the

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opponents during Mr. Ayer's speech and he called for the police to restore order. Mr. Morrison immediately objected to sending for the police and said that he would be responsible for the good order of the meeting. He was immediately introduced, and commenced his address, and I recollect very well the fact that in his preliminary remarks, calling upon them to preserve the good name of the city for order and proper conduct, he brought the meeting to a respectful silence, and there was no further trouble or annoyance.

As I remember his reputation and as I have heard it spoken of recently, he was eminently adroit and tactful and was capable of meeting emergencies and obtaining control of his audience as few men could do. The most prominent feature of his political life, however, was his action in Congress in opposing the passage of the Nebraska and Kansas bill. Indeed, viewing it from the present standpoint, it was among the grandest efforts in the history of our national legislation, and entitles him to the highest gratitude and admiration of succeeding generations. It is not consistent to go into the history of those times any further than to say it was a struggle for supremacy between slavery and anti-slavery, and that it was one of the most prominent and far-reaching events in a long and bitter controversy between those contending forces.

Mr. Morrison was a personal friend and admirer of President Pierce and was regarded as an able supporter of his administration, but he could not favor the Nebraska and Kansas bill, and arrayed himself with the opponents of that legislation.

His speech upon the passage of the measure was delivered May 19, 1854, before the house as a committee of the whole. It may be found in the appendix of Congressional Globe of the 33d Congress, page 49. He reviewed very carefully the whole subject of the history of the Missouri Compromise and the legislation connected with it, and also discussed with wonderful ability the two questions as they were styled in the report, one of domain, and one of empire or sovereignty.

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The substance of it was whether Congress or the people should govern the territories before they became states. The legal argument which he made, the authorities which he cited and the position which he took are very interesting indeed. At the time, Mr. Benton and Mr. Chase of Ohio and others commented upon Mr. Morrison's speech in a most favorable manner and pronounced it one of the ablest efforts in connection with the whole subject. There is no question but that it took courage and profound ability to take the position and make the address that Mr. Morrison delivered on that occasion. He was very severely criticised by his own party and lost some political and personal friends thereby.

In writing home under date of May 31, 1854, he speaks of this matter and says that he is entirely satisfied with the position which he had taken, although he understands that it will bring upon his head a great deal of adverse criticism and personal abuse. To quote his own language, he says: "I am satisfied with my vote and could not and would not change it if it were in my power to do so. I know I have done my duty, and when sustained by a consciousness of right, boisterous clamors of those who do not understand it, will not disturb me. I prefer to have the approbation of my own conscience rather than any other tribunal." In another letter written to the same person, dated June 5, 1854, he says: "I have already told you that I have no regrets for my course or vote on the Nebraska bill. I expected some of the Democrats of Manchester and other parts of New Hampshire would raise an outcry, but, as was said of Biddle, I am as calm as the summer morning and wait with patience for a full development of their schemes. I shall then make up my mind what course duty to myself and the country requires me to take, and pursue it."

Mr. Morrison realized full well that his course would be subjected to severe criticism, and he was willing to take the chances of the venture. He lived long enough to have it universally approved, and had the satisfaction of knowing that he

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was a prominent factor in the great controversy which settled for all time the permanency of our government and eliminated from it the only dangerous element in its constitution.

When the war came on, Mr. Morrison took a position in support of the government and lent his influence in common with the people here in approval of the steps which the administration took to meet the rebellion.

In 1861, when the first call for troops was made, Mr. Morrison, in company with Hon. Daniel Clarke, addressed a union meeting held for the purpose of supplying certain things for the soldiers who were to go to the front, and later he made a speech on a similar occasion in connection with the 10th regiment. In both of these addresses he took strong ground in favor of maintaining the Union at whatever cost it might require, and that the government should sustain the President until the war should be fought out. I think that was always his position, but at times he criticised various measures which were taken in the progress of the war, deeming them unwise and subversive of the liberties of the people.

He was a good citizen, sincere and earnest, and imbued with a love for his country and an obedience to its laws, and possessed a full appreciation of their value. It was an intelligent patriotism and a reasonable devotion.

It is not wholly without interest to know where Mr. Morrison resided here in the city. He lived about a year after his marriage in Amoskeag village, in a small tenement just below the Goffstown line, and in 1839 moved into the brick building on the corner of Amherst and Vine streets, in the upper story.

After a few years he moved into the brick tenement house directly east of Concord square on Pine street, and into the south end of the block. From that place, after some six or seven years, he moved into the double house on Amherst street, where he lived the remainder of his life. Hon. Moses Morris resided in the eastern part of the house for many years, but later it was occupied by Mr. D. P. Perkins, who was one of Mr.

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Morrison's nearest friends during the last twenty-five or more years of his life. Mr. Morrison lived in a modest and inexpensive style and spent very little time in connection with society or elsewhere except in his business circles and his own house.

He married Miss Mariah L. Fitch of Thetford, Vermont, November 15, 1838. She was the daughter of the Hon. Lyman Fitch, who for many years was judge of Orange County Court, Vermont.

Mr. Morrison in early times took much interest in Masonic matters and gave considerable attention to their support. He became a member of Lafayette Lodge June, 1853, Mt. Horeb Chapter, November, 1853, and Trinity Commandery May, 1855.

He was High Priest of the Chapter from September 28, 1855, to September 28, 1856. It will be remembered that when the corner-stone of the Court House was laid July 4, 1864, he delivered the address, and it was regarded with great favor by the fraternity especially, as well as the public. I have been unable to find it in any of the papers, and infer that it was not published.

But the greatest accomplishments and the highest renown of Mr. Morrison's life was his character, ability, and success as a jury lawyer and advocate. In that department of professional labor he was eminent and distinguished in a very great degree. His work was of high order, he ranked among the first lawyers of the state, so it has been said of him by an eminent eulogist, that if his lines had been cast in some great city like Boston or New York, he would have been the peer of the best jury advocates in the country.

I am aware that the opinion of the professon is that one who ranks high as a lawyer in the best sense of the term, or perhaps more properly as a jurist, is really in the most eminent position. That is undoubtedly a well-founded opinion, having in view the broader and more important interests of the country and the enforcement of the law for the body politic, but

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when considering the ability of the individual and judging of the lawyer in his personal capacity by his own merits and achievements in a professional point of view, the jury advocate justly and properly ranks among the highest and most important class in the profession.

The logic of the bench is easily worked out, the reasoning which the jurist applies in the discharge of his duty has the advantage of study, reflection and under favorable conditions, but the marshaling of facts and analysis of evidence, the application of the rules of law and the enforcing of the conclusions which exigencies of the situation demand, all together require a grade of ability, a strength of mind and a clearness of mental vision unequaled by any other duty which the practice demands.

In this department of the legal profession, Mr. Morrison excelled and was the peer of any of those eminent men who occupied a commanding position during the last quarter of a century, in the history of the bar in New Hampshire.

The common judgment of mankind is influenced and controlled more by comparison than by intrinsic value. The highest ideal or the most complete personification of character is fixed by some standard, and by it actual value and personal merit are judged and determined. The most eloquent of men, the most profound reasoners, the most accomplished scholars, are chosen as examples, and by such, the ability, scholarship, and learning of men who are in actual life are compared and measured. It may not be the most just manner, but it is the most practical and perhaps the surest guide for intelligent judgment.

It is difficult to handle ideas or to fully comprehend even the ideal creations of one's own mind, but it is easy to see the actual demonstration of ability and the working out of the highest character in real life, and those who are compared with the most renowned in personal achievements, or grandest in

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ability are brought out in clear and well defined relief justly and properly understood.

Mr. Morrison lived during a period of our history which was marked by men, the most renowned, the ablest and most influential that ever existed in the state. With a few exceptions such as Mr. Webster, Mr. Mason, and their contemporaries, no age produced such a remarkable class of men as that in which Mr. Morrison lived. Their names have become household words of the profession, and their eminent position and acknowledged superiority have become the pride and glory of the New Hampshire bar.

The Athertons, General Pierce, Judge George Y. Sawyer, Mark Farley, Mr. Daniel M. Christy, John S. Wells, Gen. Gilman Marston, Albert R. Hatch, Judge Ira Perley, Judge Josiah Minot, Hon. Mason W. Tappan, Judge H. A. Bellows, Judge W. H. Bartlett, and in later days, Col. J. H. George, Judge William S. Foster, Judge Asa Fowler, Hon. Harry Hibbard, the Binghams, Austin F. Pike, Judge Ira A. Eastman, Hon. Daniel Clark, Gen. A. F. Stevens, Senator Bainbridge Wadleigh, Judge Samuel D. Bell, Hon. Samuel N. Bell, and others, were the lawyers with whom Mr. Morrison practiced during the greater part of his professional life, and at one time or another met and crossed swords with nearly all of them. Truly he might say, as Spartacus of old: "Ye do well to call him Chief who hath met upon the bloody arena every form of man and beast which the broad empire of Rome could produce and never yet lowered his arm."

For about twenty-five or thirty years he was accustomed to try causes with those of whom I have spoken whenever occasion brought them together, and they always found him a "foeman worthy of their steel." It is probable that he tried more causes by jury than any other man in the state of New Hampshire, and it is a well-known fact that his success was far beyond the average. He won more than his share, and in view of the wonderful talent which was arrayed against him,

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the giants of the profession with whom he contended and the importance of the causes in which he was engaged, the history of his professional life is one of the most remarkable and interesting of any lawyer within our state.

Mr. Morrison's inclinations led him frequently to assist in causes of those who were unable to furnish sufficient means to properly maintain their rights. As a rule he was opposed to corporations, and was frequently engaged to prosecute cases of a damage character. This position of things, of course, made him counsel for the plaintiff and gave him an advantage in the management of suits of that character.

Some discount should be made on account of the favorable position which the plaintiff has, but he was almost universally successful in that kind of suits. The laws were such that the towns at that time were liable for damages happening to a traveler by reason of imperfect highways, and a large volume of business arose out of that condition of things.

Mr. Morrison was usually found with the plaintiff in all of that class of cases, and his success was very remarkable, but he was not always against the corporations. He was for a long time retained as counsel for the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, and tried their most important and far-reaching suit, which settled forever much of the law relating to the right on the part of the company to maintain flashboards upon its dam. A great number of cases in the interest of the riparian owners were brought and upon the Hillsborough docket; the whole trouble eventually culminated in the prosecution of Mr. Goodale of Hooksett for removing the flashboards. Mr. Morrison had charge of the case for the company. It was the hinge of the whole controversy and meant hundreds of thousands of dollars to the corporation and to the interests of those who depend upon the business done by means of the Merrimack water-power. The cause lasted some ten days and was very earnestly and tenaciously defended.

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He was successful, and gained a victory which inured very largely to the benefit of the company and the prosperity of the surrounding community, while it did not injure the riparian owners in any appreciable way. One circumstance in connection with that is somewhat interesting, the charge which he made for his services. It was at the rate of twenty-five dollars a day for the ten days in trial and one hundred dollars for the argument, which consumed one half a day.

Mr. Morrison, in remarking upon it, said that he feared the company would object to paying him so large a bill, but he thought he had earned the money. Mr. E. A. Straw, who was then agent, not only paid the bill cheerfully, but warmly complimented Mr. Morrison for his success and his reasonable charges. He was frequently retained in criminal causes, and tried some of the most important cases in the history of our state. One especially notorious was where he defended the Rev. Mr. Dudley, who was accused of murdering his wife by strangling. The case was tried at Plymouth, and although the evidence was overwhelming, he succeeded in dividing the jury and defeated an agreement at the first trial; the case was again tried and Dudley was convicted. There was no doubt about the guilt of the accused, and it was a matter of astonishment that he was not convicted at the first trial. It is said that some of the jurors would not consent to the verdict for the state because, while they believed the evidence was all right to sustain his guilt, the lawyer's argument convinced them the other way. That would seem rather a strange position for the jurors to take, but in the light of the history of the jury trials it is probable that it was correct.

He was engaged in the defense of the Wentworths in the celebrated Parker murder case in company with Mr. Pierce and General Butler. Mr. Morrison had the preparation of that case, and while the success of it was attributed to the eloquent argument of Mr. Pierce, still, it is well understood that the in-

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vestigation by Morrison as junior counsel was an important factor in the success of the defense.

The legal profession understand the importance of cross-examination of witnesses, and especially in the trial of causes by the jury.

As has been said by an eminent jurist, there are "danger lines all round a case, and the greatest skill of a lawyer in conducting the cross-examination of witnesses is necessary to avoid getting beyond them in his effort to break the force of unfavorable testimony."

Mr. Morrison was very skilful and adroit in this branch of jury work. Indeed, he was master of the art, and if there were any weak places in his adversary's case by reason of doubtful testimony, he was sure to find them and expose the wrong. He was always gentlemanly but unsparing in his examination and usually very severe in his comments upon unsatisfactory evidence. While he was adroit in the cross-examination, he was equally strong in marshaling facts and preparing his own witness as for the ordeal for a trial. No member of the profession in New Hampshire understood better than Mr. Morrison the art of placing before a jury his side of the case.

He was a great admirer of the system of the trial by jury. He was very familiar with its origin and history, and it was a pastime with him to discuss its points of advantage and maintain its wisdom as the most complete method that had ever been devised for the settling of controversies.

"He cherished the old-fashioned trial by a jury of twelve men who were honest and intelligent citizens as it remains today. . . ." He regarded it as the "arena on which have been fought the great battles of right against wrong, of suitor against suitor, and as a bulwark against all encroachments on the liberty and civil rights of citizens."

As has been stated by a very eminent jurist, "this trial by jury is not only the ancient magistry, rich in traditions of freedom and justice, glorified by prestige and prowess of all the

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great advocates of our race, but it is the proudest and most delightful privilege of our whole professional life. . . .

"Here alone occur those sudden and unexpected conflicts of reason of wit, and of nerve with our adversaries; with the judge and with the witnesses; those constant surprises equal to the most startling comedy or tragedy. . . . Sorry indeed for our profession will be the day when this best, brightest and most delightful function, which calls into play the highest qualities of the heart, of the intellect, and of the will, shall cease to excite and feed our ambition, sympathy and loyalty."

I believe Mr. Morrison appreciated and entered into sympathy with this admiration so well expressed, for trial by jury, and that it contributed very largely to his success before that tribunal.

Mr. Morrison died very suddenly December 21, 1888. He had endured physical decline so long that his friends thought he might live on for years. He had hardly taken his bed in consequence of his last illness before death came. Old age had done its work, and the iron constitution had crumbled, and his life ceased to exist.

It is not possible to do justice in the brief time allotted to this exercise, to such a life and character. He was a man of kind and sympathetic nature, loyal to his friends and to all causes in which he enlisted, possessed of a high sense of honor, brave and determined in the discharge of his duty, amiable and courteous as a companion, of unquestioned integrity and controlled by a keen sense of duty. He was a strong party leader, a brilliant advocate at the bar, on the stump or in the halls of the legislation. The impression that his life made upon our institutions and the effect upon the community in which he lived can never be fully known, but it will be agreed by all men familiar with his history that he rendered distinguished and honorable service to his country, discharged well his duty as a citizen, and contributed a great and valuable work to the honor of the profession of law.

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THEN AND NOW.

A PAPER BY J. TRASK PLUMER, READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, APRIL 1, 1903.

"'Tis sweet to remember, I would not forego
The charm which the Past o'er the Present can throw
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion which shines to deceive."

One of the most cherished prerogatives of old age is the privilege accorded to it of indulging in reminiscence. It is a source of legitimate and wholesome gratification to him who has attained to the allotted span of three-score years and ten to recall his boyhood days and, in memory, review the scenes through which he has passed. The man who, today, records his years by six or seven decades has the unquestioned right to congratulate himself on the fact that he has lived in the most marvelous epoch in the world's history.

No other period in the annals of time has been so replete with discoveries and inventions fraught with such vital and beneficent import to humanity. So rapid, indeed, have been the changes in the methods and processes of accomplishing results that it is difficult if not impossible for the boy of today to adequately comprehend what was the environment of the boy of sixty or seventy years ago. And old methods are so soon forgotten and the new so readily adopted, that we of more advanced years, before whose very eyes this strange metamorphosis has transpired, do not fully appreciate the magnitude or importance of the transformation through which we have passed. It is not surprising that your ten-year-old son cannot

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adequately picture to himself the time when the only public conveyance from Manchester to Boston was a lumbering stage-coach or the still slower canal-boat when the traveller was fortunate if he accomplished the journey in a day. The boy is impatient now if he does not arrive in sight of Bunker Hill monument in ninety minutes.

It hardly seems possible that we were the boys whom our teachers taught how to write, fold and seal a letter so that its contents would not be exposed. That great boon to the indolent as well as to the busy man, the envelope, came into use less than sixty years ago. Have you forgotten how we took the letters to the post-office with five cents for postage if its destination was not over three hundred miles distant, and if the correspondent chanced to reside beyond those limits ten cents was the lowest rates we could make with Uncle Sam in those days. Who would have then dared to predict that the time would ever come when two cents would take a letter to the farthest limits of the United States and Canada, and five cents to almost any part of the world. We had almost forgotten that the envelope, the postage stamp, the postal card, the free collection and free delivery of letters and parcels, the money order and registered letter service, not to mention free rural collection and delivery, were conveniences unknown fifty years ago.

Have you, my venerable friend, forgotten how we boys, after the chores were completed at night, gathered around the table on which stood the tallow dip that we might see to cipher and "do our sums"? I remember now your people were "well-to-do" and could afford the whale oil lamp. Whale oil was an expensive luxury, costing about one dollar a gallon. You might possibly have used for a short time a lamp burning what was called fluid. It was a kind of connecting link between the whale oil lamp and the kerosene lamp. We can remember very distinctly the first kerosene used. It was very dark colored and in burning emitted an odor in no way sugges-

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tive of the perfumes of the pink or rose, quite different from the high grade kerosene oil of today. When first introduced it was sold for $1.25 per gallon. I remember when a boy and working in my brother's store on Elm street, of filling and trimming lamps in which was burned camphene. The lamps were rather intricate and required to be kept scrupulously clean in order to do good service. My memory may be somewhat impaired, but I have no recollection of doing anything else in that store but trim those seventeen camphene lamps. The lamps had to be trimmed every day, for it was then the custom to keep the stores open every evening in the week except Sunday.

The gas pipes were first laid through Elm street in 1851. In the course of a year or two the pipes were so far extended that there was a gas light at the intersection of most of the streets in the more central part of the city. On nights when the almanac foretold the probability of there being moonlight, the street lamps were not lighted. No matter how dark and rainy the night might be the almanac's predictions were respected and the gas not lighted. On other nights they were promptly extinguished at eleven o'clock. But really it made but little difference whether the street lamps were lighted or not. The light was so dim and the lamps so far apart that they seemed rather to intensify than dispel the darkness.

The story of the discovery of kerosene, or petroleum oil, of its evolution, how it has almost entirely superseded the use of all other illuminating fluids throughout the world, of the immense quantities produced, of the illimitable uses to which it and its by-products, including a university, are applied, of the wonderful revolution it has produced in the arts and manufactures, of what a boon it has been to the poor and rich alike, how its production has developed the most monstrous monopoly the world has ever known, of the enormous fortunes, beyond the dreams of avarice, which its manipulators have acquired, is a story indeed more wonderful than that of Aladdin's

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lamp. Such radical and magical changes in such a brief period of time have never before taken place within the memory of man.

Perhaps in no other way can we arrive at so just a comprehension of the strong contrast between the methods and appliances in general use in our boyhood days and those in use today as by noting some of the changes which the adoption of electricity as an agent has brought about. Hardly a score of years has passed since electric lighting was first introduced. Imagine if you can what a pall of gloom would settle over the city if from the mills, the streets and the stores electric lights were eliminated.

Fifty years ago the telegraph had hardly passed its experimental stage. Fifty-three years ago the first submarine cable was laid across the English channel, a distance of twenty-seven miles. Today there is hardly a place so remote or obscure but it may be reached by a telegram. With the telephone we converse with a friend a thousand miles away and distinguish every tone and accent of his voice as distinctly as if he were standing beside us. The world has been girdled with wires and the message is flashed that circles the world. It was but as yesterday that the slow, plodding horse dragged the ill-furnished car along the tracks. Today we have ceased to wonder at the ponderous semi-palatial car bowling through our streets propelled, heated, and lighted by the same mysterious and invisible force. The electric light, the telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph, the X-rays, all these strange products of the wizard's wand have become such ordinary matters of course that we have almost forgotten that they are younger than ourselves. It is difficult to overestimate the importance to the science of medicine of the discovery and introduction of anæsthetics and antiseptics, and yet these two great factors in successful surgery, which have done so much for the alleviation of pain and the prolongation of life, were practically unknown fifty years ago.

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The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., just fifty-seven years ago. You will hardly be able to conceive of what the result would be if the sewing machines were eliminated from the industries today. Those of us who are so fortunate as to have spent our earlier years on the farm need not be reminded that the mowing machine, the horse rake, the horse fork, the seed planter, the manure spreader, and various other farm machinery, make the lot of the farmer's boy of 1903 quite different, to say the least, from that of the country boy of half a century ago.

It would seem that these improved conditions would be great inducements for the farmer's son to follow the occupation of his father. But the discussion of the great question as to why they do not keep him on the farm is outside the limits of this paper. But perhaps, now that the free rural delivery system is becoming generally adopted, thus bringing the country boy in closer touch with the world, he may be more inclined to remain at the old homestead and till the paternal acres.

Among a hundred illustrations which might be adduced to show the difference between the present times and the comparatively recent past is what, for the lack of a better term, we may call the more general diffusion of literature in these days, of books, magazines, and newspapers, together with improved educational facilities. What I have to say in regard to this matter must be prefaced with an apology for obtruding my own personality into the subject. You will allow me to recall my own environment, as a boy upon a farm three or four miles from any city or village. In the large, square, low-posted sitting-room, with its wainscoted walls and uncarpeted floor, except for the home-made braided mats, opposite the wide, open fireplace, with its swinging crane, stood the secretary or bookcase. Upon the shelves of the secretary were the old family Bible, bound in calf, "Pilgrim's Progress," Bible Dictionary, "New England Gazetteer," "Doddridge's Sermons," "Watts on the Improvement of the Mind," The Old Farmer's Almanac,

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and The New England Primer. There were undoubtedly a few other books there the names of which I have forgotten. Besides these there were, of course, our schoolbooks: The Rhetorical Reader, The American School Reader, The Young Reader, Adam's Old and New Arithmetics, Morse's and Mitchel's Geographies, Murray's & Smith's Grammars, Comstock's Natural Philosophy, and Webster's Spelling Book. I cherish today the memory of many of these old books as dear friends of my youth. Many of the selections, read year after year, are yet, after the lapse of more than half a century, fresh in my mind. Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Ware's "Ursa Major," "Old Ironsides," "Marco Bozzaris," "A Psalm of Life," and bits of poetry of this character were well worth remembering. The prose selections were from the writings and speeches of such men as Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, Patrick Henry, John Quincy Adams, W. H. Prescott, R. H. Dana, and Macaulay. I was about to compare the character of these selections with those with which the readers of today are filled, but hesitate to do so fearing lest I shall be unable to disabuse my mind of a prejudice partial to those old readers.

Mathematics were a frightful bugbear to me, and I fear I should be unable to speak without bias of those arithmetics. The rules were fearfully and wonderfully explicit: Write down the numbers to be added one under another, units under units and tens under tens—but if we neglected to draw a line underneath it seemed to invalidate the whole process. The only pleasant feature I remember about the old arithmetic was that the last page or two was given up to riddles and puzzles. The great question to be answered in one of these momentous problems was stated in these words:

"As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives.
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,

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Each cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?"

Then there was the dilemma in which the man found himself who had come to the river with a fox, a goose, and a peck of corn, which he must take across the river in a boat, one at a time, never leaving the fox to eat up the goose, nor the goose to eat up the corn.

Then there was the poor frog at the bottom of the well who jumped up nights and fell back days. I do not know whether he ever got out. He certainly never received any assistance from me.

Among the other books upon the shelves of the old secretary was one which had escaped my memory, "Goodrich's History of the United States." The boy who commenced to study the history and geography of the United States fifty years ago was fortunate in that he did not have so much to learn as the school-boy of 1903. He had only to struggle with the topography and general history of thirty-one states, while the boy of this generation who graduates from the grammar school must be familiar with the statistics of forty-five states, not to mention Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands.

Now, bear with me just a moment while I take you into the schoolhouse in our district and introduce you to the schoolmaster. Alas! and alas! I cannot do it in reality. The old schoolhouse has long since disappeared and no other has taken its place. In that district where fifty years ago there were thirty-five and sometimes forty scholars attending school in the winters, there are now only two of school age, and they are conveyed to a neighboring district to receive their rudimentary education. But although that old shrine has vanished, and those whose memories made it sacred have gone to their long home, nevertheless it remains in my remembrance as intact as if it existed today. In my mind's eye I see its rough unpainted

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walls, its rude and scarified benches and desks. In the center of the floor stands the great square stove; at the end of the room opposite the door the master's desk with the ever present accompaniments of rod and ruler. Behind the desk sits the embodiment of stern discipline and superior knowledge, the schoolmaster. Flogging was more generally practiced in school then than now. But they tell us more is learned now. So that it is practically true that what the boy loses at one end he gains at the other. On the left as we enter are the benches for the boys, and on the right for the girls. On the front seats are the younger scholars, with no desks in front of them, dangling their feet several inches from the floor. The larger scholars attend school only during the few weeks of the winter term, when there is little doing on the farm. Wood carving was not one of the branches taught, but was, nevertheless, zealously practiced, as those old benches and desks would testify if they were still in existence. Usually in summer the school was in charge of a woman, and in the winter the schoolmaster took her place. The teacher was engaged by a prudential committee of one, who was chosen annually by the heads of the families constituting the district. It pains me to confess that the prudential committee was not always a man possessed of superior judgment as to the qualifications of a good teacher. We were sometimes taught that which it was advisable for us later on to unlearn. When the first class in reading was lined up on the floor, it came my turn to read. I was unfortunate in running up against the word "mechanism," which blocked my further progress. "Go on," said the master. "I don't know the word," I replied. "*Machineism*," shouted the master in a tone which implied scorn and contempt for my ignorance. That same pedagogue, on the school records spelled my brother's name H-e-n-e-r-y, which my brother insists to this day is not the correct way of spelling his name.

But let us not judge too harshly or be too hypercritical. That was before the time of the normal school and the train-

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ing school. If from what I have said, anyone has gained the impression that this person was a fair representative of the schoolteacher of olden times, I beg of them to disabuse their mind of that idea. Never, in any profession, was there a class of nobler, more self-sacrificing, hard working, good-intentioned men and women than the schoolteachers of fifty years ago. That this particular one should have missed his vocation was due simply to the faulty methods of selecting teachers then in vogue. The compensation which the teachers received seemed in those days sufficient to secure the best talent. The master commanded the munificent salary of four and sometimes as high as five dollars a week. A good bright schoolmistress, capable of teaching all the branches from A, B, C up to grammar and arithmetic inclusive, would sometimes demand for her services as high as one dollar and a half a week. This, however, included board. In the parlance of those days, the teacher boarded around, remaining in each family a time proportionate to the number of scholars attending school from that family. It gives me great pleasure to testify to the success which attended the efforts of the good housewives of those days in making pleasant the lot of the teacher while under their roof. There was nothing too good for the teacher, and it was a red letter week in every family when the teacher boarded there.

The steel pen had not yet come into general use, and one of the duties which devolved upon the teacher was to sharpen or mend the goose quill pens, more especially for the younger pupils. It required considerable mechanical ability, and no little time to put twenty-five or thirty goose quills into a proper condition so that they would not scratch and distribute the ink promiscuously. The steel pen, the fountain pen and the typewriter have rendered this skill on the part of the teacher of today unnecessary, and has consigned the good old-fashioned accomplishment of mending a goose quill into innocuous desuetude.

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There was a custom in vogue at that time, in country districts, of locking the master out New Year's Day. If the master left the schoolhouse, at the noon hour, on his return his entrance was barred, and the boys and girls on that afternoon enjoyed themselves in the good old-fashioned way. The wood for heating the schoolhouse was furnished, in turn, by the heads of the families of the district gratuitously. The larger boys took turns in building the fire and cutting the wood. Many of the scholars lived long distances from school, some of them as far as one mile and a half away. School hours were from nine to twelve and from one to four, and no ringing out for bad weather. Those were the days of top or long-legged boots, when we tied cords around our trousers' legs at the ankle to keep out the snow while we plodded through the deep drifts. Overcoats and underflannels had not then entered upon their mission of emasculating youthful vigor.

It was in that era of New England life when it was required of the boy to contribute something in the line of service toward the comfort and support of the family before the whole machinery of the household had to be geared to his likes and preferences.

The boy did not in those days have accorded to him as one of his inalienable rights the privilege of playing ball half of his time in order to develop his muscle. There were other methods on the farm which accomplished that result and incidentally contributed something toward the welfare of the family. I am inclined to think, however, that the hard-working farmer of those times, who had never himself enjoyed the luxury of leisure, hardly appreciated the fact that the ordinary boy does require a little recreation. If I may be pardoned, I will reproduce a short dialogue which took place between my father and myself when I was about twelve years of age. It was at the close of a day in late autumn. We had been engaged in some late harvesting, and feeling the need of a little variety of exercise, I asked my father if I might go over to

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our next neighbors and play with the boys. My father, looking up from his weekly paper, asked:

"Have you filled the wood-box?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Have you got plenty of kindling?"

"Yes, sir."

"Done all your chores?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now you had better pull off your boots, warm your feet, and run up to bed, so as to get up early in the morning."

The farmer who did not in those days own at least one yoke of oxen could hardly claim to move in the best circles. It requires no great effort to recall the time when more oxen than horses were seen on Elm street hauling loads of wood, hay or lumber. It may have escaped your memory that the house now standing on the northwest corner of Main and Milford streets in West Manchester was hauled from near Bedford Centre in the year 1839 by forty yoke of oxen. The old house was for many years a tavern under the name of "Traveler's Home." The horse has almost entirely superseded the ox, and the same Nemesis of Fate seems to be pursuing the horse in the shape of the trolley car and automobile. Wrestling and playing "goal" were the principal sports indulged in by the boys, but when the snow was in a plastic condition there were battles royal indeed.

It is surprising how a trivial incident in one's life, of no importance whatever, will impress itself on the memory so indelibly that it never becomes erased. So it happens that I remember that summer's morning in the old schoolhouse, when we little ones were gathered around the school-mistress, who in her gentle way was teaching us the sublime truths that d-o-g spelled dog, and c-a-t spelled cat, and so on to the middle of the page where was h-e-n and opposite it the picture of a good fat hen as a sort of key to the problem. "What does h-e-n spell?" asked the teacher of little Emily. Little Emily

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looked at the picture intently for a moment and exultingly exclaimed, "Biddy!" Little Emily never knew the delights of the kindergarten, that elysian realm where the little ones like humming-birds flit from flower to flower and gather the alluring sweets of knowledge.

The spelling school has become almost as thoroughly extinct as the dodo. Fifty years ago the evening spelling school in the winter, in the country districts, was a kind of annex to the day school. In these contests, which were to decide who was most skilled in threading the mazes of English orthography, John took his station on one side of the schoolroom and Mary on the opposite, and alternately chose those whom they considered best versed in spelling. The one first chosen took the position next to the leader. For some unaccountable reason, it invariably happened that the best speller, in John's estimation, was his best girl. And the one Mary first chose to stand beside her was pretty sure to escort her home after the spelling school. At first each and all stood and remained standing until they failed to spell a word correctly, and then sat down. The one who remained standing to the last was the champion speller of the district, and was held in somewhat the same estimation as the victorious football player is today. Not unfrequently heads of families engaged in these contests, and were sometimes, perhaps from weariness, the first to sit down. The schoolroom on these occasions was lighted by tallow dips, wooden blocks with holes bored in the center serving as candlesticks.

In the earlier days children's picture books were not in vogue and the illustrated magazine and newspaper were in their infancy. *Harper's New Magazine* (it was new then), *Godey's Lady's Book*, and *Ballou's Pictorial Companion* were luxuries in which few indulged. The ten-cent magazine of today would have then been considered an "edition de luxe." The day of public libraries had hardly dawned, and the conception of the Book Lover's Library and the Tabard Inn had

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not entered into the mind of man. Nothing in the history of the last half-century emphasizes so emphatically the contrast between the present times and the comparatively recent past as the marvelous advance which has been made in the printing, illustration, and distribution of books, magazines, and newspapers.

Thus, in a manner somewhat rambling and desultory, I have noted a few of the myriad changes which have taken place within the narrow limits of our every-day living, during the last five or six decades. We have not crossed the frontier of that broader realm of our national expansion and development. Of the Mexican war, of the discovery of gold in California and of silver in Montana and Nevada, of the Civil war and the abolition of slavery, of the war with Spain and all that its results imply, of all these and many more wonders no mention has been made.

If tonight, after the lapse of half a century, our fathers could revisit this earthly sphere, what would be their emotions of surprise and joy at the wonderful and beneficent changes which have taken place since they entered into rest.

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THE OLD TIMES MUSTER.

A PAPER BY J. TRASK PLUMER, READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, JULY 3, 1903.

In a speech before both houses of Congress on January 8, 1790, Washington declared that "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Our ancestors, in whose memories were still fresh the momentous events of the war of the Revolution, took this maxim to heart, and incorporated into the Constitution of New Hampshire an article embodying this principle of practical wisdom. The twenty-fourth article of the Bill of Rights distinctly declares that "A well regulated militia is the proper, natural and sure defence of a state." Recognizing the importance of a well-organized and disciplined militia, the legislature of 1808 passed an act, section 4 of which reads: "And be it further enacted that each and every free, able bodied, white, male citizen of this state, resident therein, who is or shall be of the age of sixteen years, and under the age of forty years, (except as are hereinafter excused) shall severally and respectively be enrolled in the militia by the captain or commanding officer of the company within whose bounds such citizen shall reside. And any legal notice or warning to the citizen so enrolled to attend a company, battalion or regimental muster or training shall be deemed a legal notice of his enrollment."

By this same act the state was divided up into thirty-seven regimental districts. Each regiment was composed of two battalions. From these thirty-seven regiments were formed six brigades, and from these six brigades three divisions. Not less than thirty-two, nor more than sixty-four men, rank and file,

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constituted a company. Not more than one company of cavalry or of artillery each could at the same time be in organization within the limits of one regiment.

The laws relating to the enrollment and organization of the New Hampshire militia remained substantially unchanged for forty-two years—from 1808 to 1850. Previous to the latter year, however, the legislature changed the age limits within which military duty was required. The boy of sixteen was not enrolled until he became a young man of eighteen, but on the other hand, instead of his liability to performing military duty ending at the age of forty, it continued under the new law until he reached the age of forty-five.

Space will not permit us to designate the boundaries of the thirty-seven regimental districts into which the state was divided. We may simply mark out two or three of them nearer home. The companies in the towns of Amherst, Merrimack, Litchfield, Mont Vernon and Milford formed one battalion; the companies in the towns of Dunstable, Hollis, Nottingham, West, and Brookline formed a second battalion; these two battalions constituted the Fifth Regiment. The companies in the towns of Concord, Pembroke, and Bow formed one battalion; the companies in the towns of Loudon, Canterbury, and Northfield formed a second battalion; these two battalions constituted the Eleventh Regiment. The companies in the towns of Derryfield (Manchester), Goffstown, Dunbarton, and Bedford formed one battalion; the companies in the towns of New Boston and Weare formed a second battalion, and these two battalions constituted the Ninth Regiment.

The color and fashion of the uniform of the regular infantry was determined by the commander-in-chief, with the result that they were not uniformed at all, but wore suits of whatever color or cut their tastes dictated or their means allowed. The commissioned officers of these ununiformed companies, however, were clothed in a military garb, with epaulettes and waving plumes the bright colors of which rendered

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them strikingly conspicuous in contrast with the more sober colors of the rank and file of their company.

The independent, or volunteer companies, were however thoroughly uniformed. Some of the uniforms, with their brilliant colors and elaborate adornments, were, to my boyish eyes at least, marvels of elegance and beauty. What could be more beautiful than those red coats faced and trimmed with yellow, those white trousers with the broad stripe on the leg, those bell-crowned caps over which waved the white plume with a red tip. We risk nothing in saying that those uniforms with their gorgeous colors were in strong contrast with the somber hues of the uniforms of the militia of 1903. But it is no less true that to the ordinary boy the soldier is imposing, grand and magnificent in a direct ratio with the brilliancy and gorgeousness of his uniform.

From 1845 to 1850 was a period of transition when the old flint-lock musket was being gradually superseded by the gun with the percussion cap lock. The revised statutes required all non-commissioned officers and privates of infantry, light infantry and grenadiers to be armed with a good musket with a flint lock and two spare flints, *or* a musket with a percussion lock and a box containing not less than twenty-five percussion caps. He must also be provided with a steel or iron ramrod and suitable bayonet, priming wire and brush, scabbard and belt, and a cartridge box that would contain twenty-four cartridges suited to the bore of his musket, and knapsack and canteen. And every non-commissioned officer and private who appeared on parade not equipped according to these requirements was fined for each article in which he was deficient: for a gun, 80c.; ramrod, 20c.; bayonet, scabbard and belt, 25c.; two flints, 10c.; priming wire and brush, 10c.; cartridge box, 25c.; knapsack, 20c.; and canteen, 10c.

The Ninth, or, as it was generally called, the Old Ninth Regiment, comprising the companies in the towns of Goffstown, Dunbarton, Bedford, New Boston, Manchester, and

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Weare, rendezvoused for many years at Goffstown. The muster grounds were sometimes west of the village near the cemetery, at other times on the broad level plains near the Taggart place. Fifty-five years ago Goffstown musters were noted all over the state. There was no other event in the whole year looked forward to with such eager anticipation. Not only to the soldiers participating in the military manœuvres were these musters occasions of great interest, but to their wives, children or sweethearts as well. All the companies except those from Manchester were made up of men from the rural districts, and it was no ordinary occasion when father, brother or lover donned the bright colors of his uniform and joined the martial parade, and became, to them, an important part of the imposing pageant. The happy anticipation of beholding this impressive display and joining in its festivities lightened many an arduous task through the long summer months.

The state made no provision for the transportation of the militia to or from the place of muster. Upon that day all roads led to Goffstown. Long before dawn the thoroughfares were alive with men, women, and children, soldiers and civilians, pedlers, fakirs, and showmen, some on foot, some on horseback and some in carriages, all anxious to witness, or participate in, the first act of the great military drama.

The sun was not far on its course these muster days when the orderly sergeant marshaled the men of his company in line and received the commissioned officers. A little later, with the accompaniment of music of fife and drum the morning march was commenced. About eight o'clock the regimental line was formed and the line officers received. The colonel, the majors, the visiting brigadier general and other mounted officers now rode upon the field. It is unfortunate and much to be regretted that photography at that time was an art unknown. The pen can but poorly portray the impressive grandeur of the scene as it appeared to the eyes of the country boy of half a century ago. How those fiery, mettle-

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some steeds reared and plunged beneath their martial riders as the inspiring music of fife and drum swelled and rolled out on the crisp autumn air. What an embodiment of stately dignity was that group of officers with their gay trappings, gold epaulettes and waving plumes. Not a few of those very officers and many of the men, in years which were to come, displayed on real battlefields the highest courage and the noblest valor in the service of their country.

Most of the forenoon was occupied in drilling and inspecting the troops. In the afternoon came the sham fight or mock battle. This was the great event of the day. The *pièce de resistance,* as it were, of the entertainment. These sham battles not unfrequently developed into real fights owing to the ambition of some of the companies to establish their reputation for valor and bravery. I am not aware, however, that the fertility of the soil upon that field of Mars at Goffstown was very materially enhanced by the blood there shed.

It is not surprising that in the turmoil and confusion of these engagements some of the raw recruits became somewhat flustered and excited. So it happened that Jonathan Dighton loaded his musket every time the order was given, but in the excitement of the fray, neglecting to prime it properly, it was not discharged when the order was given to fire. At length, after having two or three charges in the old musket, well rammed down, he did prime it and fired. The result was more disastrous to the man behind the gun than to those in front of it. If Jonathan had received his wounds in legitimate warfare, in defense of his country, he would have been entitled to a pension for total disability.

Jonathan Dighton inherited his military spirit and equipment from his father, Silas Dighton, who was a veteran of the war of 1812. Although in my youth the old soldier was by age exempt from military duty, it was his invariable custom to attend all military trainings and musters. On these occasions it was his special delight to regale the soldiers with

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accounts of his prowess displayed in actual warfare. If implicit reliance can be placed upon his statements, and I have no statistics to confute them, the happy outcome of the war of 1812 was owing, almost entirely, to Silas Dighton's valor. One little incident illustrating the estimation in which he was held by the general commanding, as related in his, Silas Dighton's own words, was this: "The British were drawn up in line over there, twice our number. We Americans were here, facing them. Our general rode up in front of our line. He stopped in front of my regiment and shouted out, 'Is Silas Dighton in the ranks?' I answered back, 'I am here,' and the general said, 'Let the battle begin.'" It is needless to add that the British were entirely annihilated in that engagement.

I wish here to acknowledge the obligation I am under to my brother for an incident in his experience which will serve as a side light upon the character of these old-time musters. Being warned for the first time to appear armed and equipped as the law directed, he resurrected the old flint-lock musket which had reposed in the family archives ever since the war of 1812, and devoted all his spare time for two weeks in his endeavor to get the formidable weapon into a condition such that it would pass muster. With knapsack, cartridge box, bayonet and canteen, with musket on shoulder, long before sunrise he started for the muster field. He dates from that day his belief in the total depravity of inanimate things. As he expresses it, when the inspector examined that gun on which he had labored so faithfully the blamed flints wouldn't strike fire, and much to his chagrin and financial embarrassment he was fined seventy cents.

These musters were often infested by gangs of gamblers and light-fingered gentry who fleeced the unsuspecting farmer most unmercifully. At the muster of September 24, 1839, this class became so obnoxious that the Manchester Rifle company, under the command of Capt. Ira W. Moore, undertook to drive them from the field. The gamblers resisted and

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something of a conflict ensued, during which one, Elbridge Ford, struck Jeremiah Johnson on the head with a club. The day following Johnson died. Ford was arrested, tried and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the state prison for five years. After serving three years he was pardoned by Governor Hubbard. The preliminary trial was held in the old tavern on the north river road, a house still standing opposite the Whitney estate. The presiding justice at the trial was Hon. Isaac Riddle, father of John A. Riddle, Esq.

From these trainings and musters of olden times persons having conscientious scruples against bearing arms were exempt upon the payment of three dollars, and those holding certain offices, judges and clerks of courts, physicians, clergymen, and attendants upon the insane employed in the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, on the payment of two dollars.

At the company trainings, or little trainings as they were termed, the company assembled somewhere within the limits of its bounds. For some years previous to the repeal of the old militia laws these trainings became somewhat unpopular and degenerated into mere burlesques. Members of the ununiformed, or as they were euphoniously designated, "Slam bang," "String bean," or "Flood wood" companies, appeared on parade in garb and accoutrement rivaling the grotesque trappings of a company of "Antiques and Horribles." Military discipline was lamentably lax. It is said that on some of these occasions, as the day advanced, and the men had partaken freely of the refreshments, that the only way the captain could succeed in forming his company into the semblance of a straight line was to back them up against some resisting barrier like a fence or barn.

One would naturally infer from the wording of the old warrants that drill in military tactics was a matter of secondary importance. I copy from the original in my possession, one of these documents:

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"Antrim, June 10, 1798.

"To James Steele, Sergeant:—

"You are hereby required to warn all the training band from James Steel's Sr. to Michael Cochlan's and as far southerly as Israel Cochran's, with the alarm list, to meet at my house on Thursday the 7th day of this instant in order to drink some grog.

"Benj. Gregg, Ensign."

There was probably never a decade in the history of New Hampshire when the military spirit was at so low an ebb as during the ten years immediately preceding the Civil war. By an act of the legislature of July 5, 1851, the old militia system of the state was abolished. Under the new law no active duty was required of the militia except in case of war or riot or in other emergencies when the civil officers were unable to enforce the execution of the laws. In such cases the volunteer companies were to be first called out. The annual enrollment was kept up in a rather perfunctory manner, and the divisions, regiments, and companies were required to be officered. But there was such a lack of interest in the matter, such an absence of military spirit, that in 1859 the only organized regiment in New Hampshire was within the third brigade, the officers of which were: Col. John H. Gage, Nashua; Lieut.-Col. John B. Perkins, Hollis; Maj. Gilbert Wadleigh, Milford; Adj. Charles E. Page, Nashua.

The only companies in the state whose officers held commissions the same year were the four companies of the Amoskeag Veterans Battalion, The Wilson Rifles, Keene, The Gilmanton Artillery, The Lyndeboro Artillery, The New Castle Light Guards.

Such was the ill-organized and unsoldierly military force of New Hampshire when the terrible storm of civil war broke over the land.

It is outside the limits of this paper to dwell upon the no-

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ble and patriotic response of the citizen soldiery of New Hampshire to their country's call for aid in the hour of her direst need, nor need we recall the valor and sacrifice of those men

"Whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave."

More than fifty years have elapsed since those old militia laws were repealed. No other half-century in the world's history has witnessed such wonderful advancement in the arts of war as well as those of peace. The old flint-lock, smooth bore, muzzle-loading musket is now preserved only as an heirloom or curio in some museum of antiquities. It has been superseded by those terribly destructive weapons, the Mauser and Krag-Jorgunsen rifles. Fortifications which were believed to be impregnable fifty years ago are allowed to remain today simply as barracks for soldiers or show places for the entertainment of the public, while the old cannon that were considered irresistible are left in place as interesting relics of the past.

If it is true, as claimed by the students of the theory and art of warfare, that the chances and probabilities of war occurring between the great powers are in an inverse ratio to the destructiveness of the implements of warfare, it would seem that we might anticipate the time to be in the no distant future when there shall be no more "wars and rumors of wars," when shall come that happy era of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

OFFICERS OF THE NINTH REGIMENT FROM 1840 TO 1850 INCLUSIVE.

1840.

Colonel, John Wells.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Daniel Worthley, Goffstown.
Major, E. Whiting, New Boston.
Adjutant, Andrew J. Dow, Bedford.
Quartermaster, D. Farmer, Goffstown.

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1841.

Colonel, Ephraim Whiting, New Boston.
Lieutenant-Colonel, John Gregg, New Boston.
Major, James Cram, Weare.
Adjutant, ————
Quartermaster, Daniel Taggart, Goffstown.

1842.

Colonel, Ephraim Whiting, New Boston.
Lieutenant-Colonel, John Gregg, New Boston.
Major, James Cram, Weare.
Adjutant, Lucius Bowman, Bedford.
Quartermaster, Daniel Taggart, Goffstown.

1843.

Colonel, John Gregg, New Boston.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Jason Philbrick, Weare.
Major, Samuel B. Hammond, New Boston.
Adjutant, John C. Easton, New Boston.
Quartermaster, Henry C. Gould, New Boston.

1844.

Colonel, John Philbrick, Weare.
Lieutenant-Colonel, S. B. Hammond, Dunbarton.
Major, Ira W. Moore, Manchester.
Adjutant, Elbridge A. Bailey, East Weare.
Quartermaster, Mark Colburn, Weare.

1845.

Colonel, Jason Philbrick, Weare.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Ira W. Moore, Manchester.
Major, Thomas R. Worthley, Goffstown.
Adjutant, Elbridge A. Bailey, East Weare.
Quartermaster, Mark Colburn, Weare.

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1846.

Colonel, Ira W. Moore, Manchester.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Thomas R. Worthley, Goffstown.
Major, Albe Morrill, Weare.
Adjutant, George P. Mixer, Manchester.
Quartermaster, John M. Parker, Goffstown.

1847.

Colonel, Ira W. Moore, Manchester.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Thomas R. Worthley, Goffstown.
Major, Albe Morrill, Weare.
Adjutant, George P. Mixer, Manchester.
Quartermaster, John M. Parker, Goffstown.

1848.

Colonel, Thomas R. Worthley, Goffstown.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Albe Morrill, Weare.
Major, James M. Tuttle.
Adjutant, Walter M. Cochran, Manchester.
Quartermaster, Charles W. Rowell, Manchester.

1849.

Colonel, Thomas R. Worthley, Goffstown.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Albe Morrill, Weare.
Major, Stephen C. Hall.
Adjutant, Walter M. Cochran, Manchester.
Quartermaster, Ebenezer Hadley, Manchester.

1850.

Colonel, Albe Morrill, Weare.
Lieutenant-Colonel, Stephen C. Hall, Manchester.
Major, Ezra C. Clement, Weare.
Adjutant, Elbridge C. Gilford, Manchester.
Quartermaster, George W. Riddle, Manchester.

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GEN. JOHN STARK'S HOME FARM.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION OCTOBER 7, 1903, BY ROLAND ROWELL.

Nearly two hundred years ago, when one of the principal occupations of the men in this part of the country was that of dividing among themselves the land that of right belonged to others, the government of Massachusetts granted eight hundred acres to Samuel Thaxter in what is now our city of Manchester. The exact boundaries of this grant were indefinite, as it was the custom in those days of not counting swamp, sandy or other worthless land as a part of the grant. If a man's lot was one hundred acres it might cover five hundred or more acres, for they intended to have one hundred acres of tillable land, and, as the land was not theirs, they usually took pretty good measure. In the Thaxter grant the surveyor adds "thirty acres for sagg of Chane and fifty acres for a pond." As this grant originally ran three miles east from the river, the pond mentioned was without doubt Stevens's pond on the Bridge-street extension, a very liberal allowance for this small sheet of water. Human nature was much the same then as now. A part of the Thaxter grant afterwards became the home farm of Gen. John Stark, and was by him divided among his descendants, and the purpose of this paper is to trace as far as practicable the boundary lines of the different farms as he laid them out, and the various owners thereof to the present time. In the southern portion of his farm the land has been so subdivided that this is impossible, but some of the northerly sections can be traced from the General down to the present owners.

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ARCHIBALD STARK.

Archibald Stark, the father of Gen. John Stark, and the ancestor of the Stark family in New Hampshire, was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1697, and received his education in the university of that city. In all probability he was a descendant of one of the German soldiers of that name, sent over to England by the Duchess of Burgundy about four hundred years ago to support a pretender to the English throne then occupied by King Henry VII. The invading army was defeated and the survivors fled to Scotland, where many of them settled permanently.

When quite young, Archibald Stark went with his father to Londonderry, in the north part of Ireland, where he married Eleanor Nichols, the daughter of a fellow immigrant from Scotland. In 1720 he embarked for America in company with many of his countrymen, and after a tedious voyage, arrived in Boston late in autumn. Many of them were ill with smallpox, and they were not permitted to land, but went to the present town of Wiscasset, on the Maine coast, where they spent the winter. The following year he joined the Scotch-Irish settlers in our neighboring town of Londonderry, where he lived until 1736, and where his famous son was born. During the latter year he had the misfortune to have his buildings destroyed by fire, and instead of rebuilding there he came to Manchester that fall with his family and settled on the Thaxter grant at Amoskeag falls.

He built the house now standing at the east end of the Amoskeag bridge, which was occupied for many years by the widow of Jonas Page and until her decease during the past summer and where her daughter still resides.

As the means for transporting lumber on land was then very limited, they cut the trees for the frame on the bluff just east of where the house stands, hewed them to the proper size and shape, and rolled them down the hill to the place

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where they were to be used. General Stark was then but eight years old, but for eighty-six years thereafter Manchester was his home.

Archibald Stark died in Manchester in 1758 and was buried in what was known as the Christian brook cemetery, which was situated about where the north end of the Manchester locomotive works now stands. The writer well remembers when the bodies in this cemetery were removed. The bluff on which it was situated was some thirty or more feet high and close to Canal street, and was leveled to make way for a street that was put through just north of the locomotive works as then built. This street was afterwards discontinued so that the locomotive works could enlarge their plant and still have the same under one roof. A low slate headstone in the southwesterly corner of the Valley cemetery marks the spot where the remains of Archibald Stark now repose, and bears this inscription:

"HERE LYES THE BODY OF MR.
ARCHIBALD STARK HE
DEPARTED THIS LIFE JUNE 25TH
1758 AGED 61 YEARS."

GEN. JOHN STARK.

After the death of Archibald Stark his land was divided among his four sons: William, John, Samuel, and Archibald. The part allotted to his son John ran from about where Brook street now is on the south, to the river on the west, the north line of land now owned by Charles E. Rowell, George H. Brown, and Halbert N. Bond on the north, and the original Chester line on the east. This Chester line was very near the westerly line of Derryfield park. The present line between Hooksett (Hooksett being set off from Chester in 1822) and Manchester runs from a point on the east bank of the Merrimack river, near Martin's ferry, in a southerly direction un-

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til it comes to the Hooksett road just above Campbell street and near the first group of houses on the Hooksett road north of Dorr's pond, when it turns sharply to the east and continues in that direction until it crosses the old Londonderry turnpike a short distance north of the railroad station at Lake Massabesic. Originally this line from Martin's ferry continued straight on south from the point where it was deflected at the Hooksett road, and passed through Manchester a little west of the height of land on Hanover street hill until it reached a point near the Elliott hospital, where it became very irregular.

The life of General Stark is so well known that it would be needless to repeat it here. When not engaged in warfare with the French and Indians he lived the life of a prosperous farmer and business man, and was honored with many positions of trust by his friends and neighbors. He was a leading man in this section of the country, and had a part in nearly all the town's transactions prior to the Revolutionary war. After the stirring events of that war he was again actively engaged in peaceful pursuits. At one time he with two others owned the entire town of Dunbarton, then known as Starkstown, where he cut off and sawed into lumber much of the old growth then standing there.

But it is not the purpose of this paper to do with aught but his homestead about Amoskeag falls. As he got along in years, and the cares and worries of his large estate became burdensome, he gave much of his land to his sons and grandsons. By far the larger part of his home farm he gave to his son John and the children of John.

JOHN STARK, 2D.

To his son John, 2d, the General gave the land bounded by Brook street on the south, Webster street on the north, and running from the old Chester line to the river. This lot con-

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tained the original Archibald Stark house, and John Stark, 2d, took up his residence therein. This has come to be by far the most valuable part of the General's estate. Not only are there extensive mill privileges now utilized, but the locks at the falls are situated on this section as well as many of the most costly residences in the city. On this tract of land, in 1795, Judge Samuel Blodgett built his house. It was situated on the bank of the river back of the Amoskeag paper mills, and here, later, Frederick G. Stark lived and kept a store. This house was taken down in 1870.

Christian brook runs through this farm very near its southern boundary. It received its name from an Indian by the name of Christian who had his wigwam on the southern bank. The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company formerly had a reservoir on this brook just east of Elm street between Pennacook and Sagamore streets, but late years this has been abandoned and the brook now runs in a culvert nearly its entire length.

The old fair grounds formed no inconsiderable part of this farm. Here for many years were held state and county fairs and horse trots innumerable, and on two occasions at least the New England Agricultural society held its meeting here. Of the old trotting track but a single stretch of about seventy-five feet now remains, and that is on the vacant lot on Chestnut street next south of the Webster-street schoolhouse.

During the Civil war the Fourth, Seventh and Eighth regiments of New Hampshire volunteers and the First Light Battery camped on the fair grounds while they were being organized, and afterwards the United States government established there the Webster hospital for the care of wounded soldiers, which was used as such until the close of the war and for some time afterwards.

The writer well remembers a bitter cold winter day when Gen. Benjamin F. Butler reviewed the Seventh and Eighth regiments here prior to the departure of the latter regiment with him to Ship island on his New Orleans expedition.

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While the soldiers were encamped here the water in the Amoskeag company's reservoir on Christian brook was raised, a high fence erected on the east side of Elm street to keep out the gaze of passers by, and the soldiers of the various regiments and the battery marched down there for their ablutions.

The grounds were divided into house lots by the Amoskeag company, and those on Elm street sold at auction in 1877.

The first house built on the fair grounds as a residence was by our vice-president, Josiah Carpenter, that same year, at the corner of Elm and Sagamore streets, and is the same one now owned and occupied by him. It was then considered so far out in the country that some of his friends told him he might as well build in Hooksett and done with it, but subsequent events have shown that Mr. Carpenter's judgment was correct.

In 1754 a road was laid out from Amoskeag falls to Manchester center which passed through a part of this farm and was known as the Falls road. It ran from the falls diagonally across the lot between Elm and Canal streets, through the lot now occupied by Judge David Cross, and thence in a southeasterly direction through the Governor Straw lot. The fine old elm trees at the southwest of Judge Cross's house stood on the side of this road. The house that used to stand where the judge's house now is was occupied by James M. Webber for many years and until it gave way to the present structure in 1869.

The Webber house was moved to what was then known as the sand bank, where it is now standing just north of Bridge street and about half way from Elm to Canal street. At that time the entire tract west of Elm and north of Bridge streets nearly up to Brook street was nothing but sand, the only building thereon besides the Campbell house and the locomotive works being a small unpainted structure, blackened with age, standing out in the middle of this sandy waste,

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not far from the foot of Pearl street and last occupied by Moses D. Stokes.

On the Falls road a small schoolhouse formerly stood just north of Christian brook, but it was burned down in August, 1859, and the scholars transferred to a room in the old Stark house at the end of the bridge, until the Blodget-street schoolhouse was built. This old schoolhouse was erected by private subscription in 1795, but was taken by the town some three years later.

The knoll where the Gov. Frederick Smyth house now stands was nothing but a pile of sand covered with poplar, willow, and other native trees which thrive in such places, and between the knoll and Elm street was a swamp where the boys of the north end used to amuse themselves out of school hours by catching frogs, etc. South of the Smyth house, just across Salmon street, was quite a rise of land, on the west slope of which stood a fine orchard which in the fall of the year was a sore temptation to the youths of the neighborhood, and which it is feared they did not always withstand. But now orchard, knoll, and swamp have disappeared, and nothing remains to make the spot familiar to old timers except a few of the poplar trees on the Smyth estate.

As General Stark advanced in years he was unable to care for his property, and so his son, John, 2d, moved to the General's residence farther up the River road, leaving his eldest daughter Emily and her husband, John G. Moore, at the old house at Amoskeag falls to carry on the farm there. In 1821 John Stark, 2d, sold this place to George Clark. After selling a small parcel on the east side of the River road to Frederick Kimball, Mr. Clark sold the balance to the Amoskeag Manufacturing company at the time they were acquiring title to the land on this side of the river. About 1838 Mr. Kimball built a house on his land immediately north of the Frederick Smyth lot, which was long used as a tavern and frequented by boatmen on the river, and which is still standing

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and owned by his grandson, Fred K. Ramsey, to whom it has descended. He also built the house now standing at the southeast corner of Webster street and the River road and owned by Walter M. Parker. Here Samuel Hall, Jr., lived until he purchased the Joseph M. Rowell place on the west side of the River road, just north of Webster street, when he moved to the latter place and resided thereon until his death. His son, George E., now owns and occupies this place. It was a part of the Ray farm, which will be described later.

John Stark, 2d's, wife was Polly Huse. His children seemed to be especially favored by the old General in the disposition of his home estate, nearly all receiving a liberal slice thereof. They were:

Gradus Bakeman, who married Ann Davis, a grand-aunt of the writer hereof.

Emily, who married John G. Moore and lived on the home place at the falls.

John, 3d, who married Sallie Pollard.

Betsy, who married Samuel P. Kidder and lived in the house now standing on Canal street just south of the Manchester Locomotive works. Here their children were born: Samuel B., Elizabeth, who married Nathaniel E. Morrill, John S., Mary W., who married ex-Governor Moody Currier, Susan S., who married David Palmer, and Joseph, all now deceased, the latter being our vice-president at the time of his death.

Frederick G., who married Nancy Gillis.

Mary, who married Josiah Gillis, a brother to the wife of Frederick G.

Susan, who married John Gamble.

Charles, who married Fannie Kimball.

Albert, who married Susan Russell and was father of Frederick G., who afterwards lived in 'Squog, and grandfather of Frederick R., the real estate dealer, Dr. Gillis, Dr. Maurice A. of Goffstown, and Augusta, who married Charles Smith.

Samuel, who married Betsy Griffin.

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Caleb, who married Mary Saywood.

Louisa, who married Albert Roby and is now living in this city at the age of ninety-four.

The two older ones, Gradus and Emily, were born at their great-grandfather Page's house in Dunbarton, while all the rest except Louisa, the youngest, were born in the old house at the end of Amoskeag bridge. She was born in the General's house on the river road farther north.

JOHN RAY.

The land next north of that given by the General to his son John he gave to John Ray, whom he had taken when a small boy and brought up as one of his family. All the old settlers with whom the writer has consulted regarding this paper refer to him as "Johnny" Ray. This lot extended from Webster street to a point just south of Clark's ledge on the River road, and from the river to the old Chester line. The north line of Frank Preston's land on Elm street is the north line of this lot. Mr. Ray lived in a house on what is now known as Riverside, or the Colonel Eastman place, about opposite the Thayer residence. The old house has long since disappeared.

Through this farm the Ray brook flows. This brook rises in Chase's meadow in Hooksett and flows into the river a short distance above Amoskeag falls. In the early days a sawmill was built on this brook where Dorr's pond now is, presumably by Archibald Stark soon after he moved here, and it is said that the foundations thereof can now be seen at low water. There has been some controversy as to whether or not this was the historic mill shut down by General Stark upon receipt of the news of the Lexington fight. There used also to be a bark mill on this brook on the east side of the River road, but it has long since disappeared.

"Johnny" Ray's children were James, who married Maria Blodgett, a granddaughter of General Stark, Col. John Ray,

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Stark Ray, Jere. Ray, Russell Ray, Edward Ray, Polly, who married Samuel Hall, Sr., Axie, who married a Whitney, Betsy, who married Moses Wells, and Sally, who married Josiah Hall. Stark Ray was the father of Rev. John W. Ray, at one time principal of the high school here and who built and for many years owned and occupied the house now owned and occupied by Mrs. Horace D. Corliss, at the northeast corner of Elm and Webster streets.

During the latter years of "Johnny" Ray's life he was cared for by his son, Colonel John, and at his death the property became the colonel's. During the lifetime of the latter the estate was kept practically intact, but when he died leaving no children it went to his brothers and sisters and their children. Joseph M. Rowell, who married Jeannette Hall, a granddaughter of Colonel Ray and a sister of Samuel Hall, Jr., had the property between the River road and the river and from Webster street to the south line of Riverside. This includes the present estates of George E. Hall and Alonzo Elliott. Gilman H. Kimball also purchased of the Ray heirs a small tract on the east side of the River road, not far above Webster street, and built the cottage house now standing there, into which he moved upon his marriage and where he lived for several years. In 1863 Mr. Kimball's daughter married Edwin H. Hobbs, and this place was owned and occupied by them for some years. The Ray heirs also sold to James O. Adams, for a long time superintendent of schools in this city, a tract next north of Riverside and extending from the River road to the river. Mr. Adams sold this land to John Kelley, whose heirs now own the property. The next land above the Kelley land was purchased by James O. Clark and is now owned and occupied by the Wheeler family, who purchased it of Mr. Clark. The tract of land between Chestnut street and the River road and extending from the south line of Clark's ledge to Clarke street, was bought by Samuel Hall, Jr. This land now has many owners, but a part still re-

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mains the property of Mr. Hall's son, George E., the well-known druggist.

On the Ray farm are now many elegant estates, among which may be mentioned:

Raybrook, situated on both sides of Ray brook, between Elm and Chestnut streets, and south of Clarke street, and contains about ten acres of land. This was a part of the estate acquired from the Ray heirs by Dustin Marshall in 1851, and was by him sold to William C. Clarke in 1853. Two years later Mr. Clarke built the house now standing there and in which he lived until he sold to Cyrus Dunn in 1867. From Mr. Dunn the property passed into the possession of the Amoskeag bank, and the bank sold it to Henry Chandler, who resided there until his death and whose heirs now own the estate.

Brookhurst, the present home of Alonzo Elliott, comprises some seven acres of land running from the River road to the river, lying next south of Riverside, and through which Ray brook flows. This land was purchased of Col. Arthur M. Eastman's heirs by Mr. Elliott in 1888, and the house erected in 1892. This land was bought by Colonel Eastman of Joseph M. Rowell.

Riverside, the home of Col. Arthur M. Eastman during the latter years of his life and now owned by his grandchildren, was purchased by him of Moses Wells, whose wife was Betsy Ray, a sister of Colonel John, from whom she inherited the estate. The house now standing thereon was erected by Colonel Eastman about 1860.

Besides the foregoing there are many fine residences, among which may be mentioned those of United States Senator Henry E. Burnham, Street Commissioner George H. Stearns, Dr. Chauncey W. Clement, Dr. H. D. W. Carvelle, Judge George H. Bingham, Chief Engineer Thomas W. Lane, Senator James Lightbody, Dr. Frederick Perkins, Alderman Fred K. Ramsey, George E. Hall, Frank W. Fitts, Frank Preston,

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the late George W. Thayer, and the late Charles W. Temple.

When George Clark sold the John Stark, 2d, farm to the Amoskeag company, he bought of John Stark, 3d, a strip of his land twenty-five rods wide, lying south of the south line of Stark park and running from the river to the Chester line. On this land Mr. Clark built a house on the west side of the River road, and very near Stark park, where he lived until his death. This house was afterwards moved farther down the River road on to what was a part of the Ray farm, now the Wheeler land, and is occupied as a tenement house, and on its former site the Davis house was built. When George Clark died his nephew, James Otis Clark, bought out the other heirs, and most of that part of the farm west of the River road belongs to his daughter Carlie. That part of the Clark land between the River road and Elm street, except where the ledge is, belongs to Daniel Readey, and the east of Elm street has many owners.

JOHN STARK, 3D.

Next north of the land given to John Ray the General gave to his grandson John, the son of his son John. This lot ran from the south side of Clark's ledge to what is now the north line of Stark park, and, as with the preceding grants, from the river to the old Chester line. John Stark, 3d, married Sallie Pollard, and in 1816 he built the house on the River road at the brow of the hill, where he resided until his death. A few years ago, and just before her death, his daughter Elizabeth remodeled the old house, but retained most of its original features. It is at present occupied by Col. Arthur E. Clarke, proprietor of the Manchester *Mirror*. Just east of this house, about on the site of the present residence of George E. Gould, John Stark, 3d, started to open a ledge. By the falling of a derrick his son Thomas was killed, thereupon all work on the ledge was suspended and was never renewed.

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A little north of the John Stark, 3d, house on the River road, his son, Augustus H., built a residence for himself, where he lived until his death in the summer of 1902, and where his widow now resides.

Besides the above children John Stark, 3d, had a son Benjamin F., who married Harriett Kimball, and who received land out of the northerly part of the Archibald Stark farm.

On the section given to John Stark, 3d, was located the Stark burying-ground, where rest the remains of the general and many of his descendants. It is situated on a bluff about half way from the River road to the river, overlooking the river up and down for quite a distance. On the anniversary of the battle of Bennington, 1829, a granite obelisk with his name inscribed thereon was here erected to his memory by his family. This stone was of Concord granite and was hewed and fashioned by the inmates of the state prison at Concord. Several bills have been introduced into Congress appropriating money for a monument to be placed over his grave, but for various reasons they have all failed of a passage by both houses, and consequently nothing has been done.

In 1876 Augustus H. and Elizabeth Stark, the surviving children of John Stark, 3d, gave to the city of Manchester about two acres of land, on which the burying-ground was located. The description of the land and the restrictions placed thereon are as follows:

"Beginning at a stake standing at the intersection of the northerly line of Trenton street with the westerly line of Bennington street as shown on a map of the northerly portion of Manchester, dated 1875, said map having been adopted by the city councils of said city, October 19, 1875, as a guide for the future construction of streets in the section embraced within its limits; thence running northerly by said Bennington street two hundred and fifty feet; thence westerly by Princeton street three hundred and fifty feet; thence southerly by Lexington street two hundred and fifty feet; thence east-

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erly by said Trenton street three hundred and fifty feet to the bound begun at; containing eighty-seven thousand five hundred square feet. The foregoing tract of land is known on said map as Monument square, and contains the family burial ground of Major-Gen. John Stark. This conveyance is made upon the condition that said city shall within three years from the date hereof properly enclose said premises with a suitable enclosure and shall thenceforth at all times properly secure, protect and preserve said premises with the monuments thereon erected or that hereafter may be erected; and that said city shall not alien or convey said premises to any person or corporation but shall forever keep and maintain the same as a public ground or square to be beautified and adorned from time to time as may seem proper and reasonable; and said premises shall never be occupied for any purpose whatever inconsistent with the uses aforesaid.

A burial place with proper space for monuments within the present enclosure is hereby reserved for the following individuals, to wit: The grantors hereof and three other persons whose near relatives are now interred therein. And it is further provided that said city shall maintain a suitable enclosure around the burial lot upon said premises or such enclosure may be provided by the friends of those interred therein, the design or plan being first approved by said city. Provided, however, that if it shall ever be deemed expedient to convey said premises to the state of New Hampshire to be preserved and protected by said state, said city may convey the same to said state upon the conditions herein expressed and with such other conditions as said city may think it necessary to impose. The right is hereby granted to said city or its employees to pass and repass over said Princeton street between the River road and said premises for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of this deed. And whenever said granted premises shall be enclosed as herein provided then said Princeton street together with the streets surrounding

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said square as indicated on said map shall become the property of said city, but they shall be used as public highways and for no other purposes whatever."

Subsequently the entire section of this farm from the River road to the river was acquired by the city, the deed from the Stark heirs being dated January 3, 1891. It contains about thirty acres, and is known as Stark park. The three restrictions contained in this last mentioned deed are:

First. To be kept forever as a park and not to be conveyed by said city unless to the state of New Hampshire or the United States for the same use.

Second. No buildings to be erected thereon except such as are appropriate for park uses.

Third. The city to expend on an average three hundred dollars a year on the same.

Much has been done to beautify this spot, and at no distant day it will be regarded as one of our most valued possessions. Up to the time it was secured by the city this land had been in the possession of the Stark family since Archibald Stark came here in 1736.

Besides the houses mentioned, many others adorn this section of land, among which stand prominently the residences of the late Charles T. Means, Alonzo H. Weston, Charles M. Floyd, Charles W. Bickford, Leander W. Gould, Edwin A. Stratton, Frank E. Putney, Harry J. Lawson, Norwin S. Bean, Daniel Readey, and Mrs. John B. Varick.

SAMUEL STARK.

North of the John Stark, 3d, land and east of the River road the General gave to his grandson Samuel, a son of John, 2d. This ran from the River road as far north as Rowell street and east to a point twenty-seven rods east of Union street. In 1821 Samuel Stark built the house now owned and occupied by the heirs of Malachi Dodge, and in this house our honored member, Charles Stark, was born in

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1822. His brothers and sisters were also born here. They were Harriett, Jerome, John, Amanda, who married William Burpee, and Sarah, who married Capt. Benjamin Richardson. The General also gave Samuel as a part of his farm about ten acres of land for a pasture, on the bank of the river adjoining Stark park and running east to the land given to Susan Stark. The heirs of Samuel Stark sold this farm to George Aldrich in 1843, and it was afterwards owned by Phinehas Adams and John S. Yeaton, the latter of whom sold it to its present owners, viz.: The pasture land on the river to the state of New Hampshire to become a part of the Industrial school farm, that part between the River road and Union street to the Dodge family, and the land east of Union street to Horace Willey, who lives near the top of the Union street hill.

SUSAN (STARK) GAMBLE.

To Susan, the daughter of John Stark, 2d, was given five acres of land on the west side of the River road, adjoining Stark park on the north and running west to the land given her brother Samuel, and also five acres of land adjoining on the east the land given Samuel east of Union street. This latter piece is now owned by the widow of John S. Gamble and occupied by herself and her son Charles and family. Susan married John Gamble, and in 1837 they built the house on the River road piece of land, where they afterwards lived. The timber with which this house was constructed was cut from the five acre lot given Susan, where the Gambles now live. Susan's heirs sold the homestead on the River road to John Prince, and he sold it to the state of New Hampshire as a further addition to the Industrial school farm. The children of John and Susan Gamble were Eleanor, John S., Susan S., who married Josiah W. Abbott, and Archibald. The two sons are now deceased, but both daughters are now living and are residents of this city.

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CHARLES STARK.

The next lot north was the General's home place, and became the property of his grandson, Charles Stark, a son of John Stark, 2d. It contained about one hundred and sixty-five acres and ran from the river to the Chester line. On this place the General built his house in 1765, and here he lived until his death in 1822. The house was situated on the west side of the River road and was destroyed by fire during the winter of 1865-66, while occupied by inmates of the Industrial school. The site of the old well was marked by Superintendent John C. Ray, and now is all that remains to show where the old hero's house stood. Tradition has it that the wall on the line of the River road by this farm was built by Revolutionary soldiers while awaiting orders from General Stark to proceed to the front. This wall on the Industrial school part has been removed, but on the Charles E. Rowell farm, next above, it still remains.

That part of his farm east of Union street, comprising about sixty-five acres, Mr. Stark sold to Luther Campbell, who now owns the same. The house on this farm, occupied by Mr. Campbell for many years, situated on Union street next above the house of Horace Willey, formerly stood where the Elm house at Martin's ferry is now situated, but was moved to its present location by Mr. Campbell many years ago.

In 1855 Mr. Stark sold for ten thousand dollars that part of his farm lying west of Union street, containing about one hundred acres, to the state of New Hampshire as a site for a proposed reform school. The building was begun in the spring of 1856 and finished in the fall of 1857 at a cost of thirty-four thousand dollars. Subsequently the land given by General Stark to his grandson Samuel, on the bank of the river for a pasture, was purchased by the state for one thousand dollars, and thus the whole cost was forty-five thousand dollars. The house was dedicated in May, 1858. This building

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was burned December 20, 1865, and the children were removed to the General Stark homestead and the Gamble house until the present structure was ready for occupancy. The superintendents of the school have been Brooks Shattuck, Isaac H. Jones, Edward Ingham, John C. Ray, and Tom W. Robinson, the present incumbent.

The idea of a reform school appears to have originated with an eccentric character well known to the earlier inhabitants of our city, James McK. Wilkins. He was a lawyer and politician of local repute, and for years had an office in what was known as the "old ark," a building situated at the corner of Elm and Amherst streets. By frugality and strict attention to business he amassed quite a fortune. He was a single man, lived in his office, boarded himself much of the time, and when not doing so patronizing only the cheapest restaurants and boarding houses. By his will his property was left to the state of New Hampshire for a reform school, and from then until now the state has received an annual income from his bequest. His remains now lie in a triangular lot in the Valley cemetery, his monument is triangular and the lot enclosed in a triangular iron fence without gate or other entrance.

After selling his farm to the state Charles Stark bought of the Amoskeag company a small tract of land on the west side of the River road, about opposite the Frederick Kimball tavern, and here he built the house in which he lived the remainder of his days. It stands on the southwest corner of Webster street and the River road, and is owned by Eugene S. Whitney and occupied by Harry G. Clough. Mr. Stark's only child was Augusta, who married N. P. Whittemore, and after her decease her heirs sold this estate to Mr. Whitney.

FREDERICK G. STARK.

The Charles Stark part of the General's farm was only about half as wide on the east side of the River road as on the west, the north part of the land east of the road being given

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to Frederick G. Stark, a brother of Charles. This was also bounded east by the Chester line. George Clark bought this land of Frederick G., and his heirs sold that part between Union street and the River road to Hoyt & Palmer, the present owners, and the part east of Union street to Arah W. Prescott of Hooksett, who has built streets through to the Hooksett road and laid the land out into houselots.

GRADUS B. STARK.

To Gradus Bakeman Stark, the oldest son of John Stark, 2d, was given the next piece north of the land of Charles and Frederick G., and was the remainder of the General's home farm. It was forty-five rods wide and ran easterly from the river three hundred and fifty rods to the old Chester line. In the language of a deed of this land now in the possession of the writer the easterly bound is "a stake and stones standing twenty-eight feet easterly of a small brook." The "small brook" referred to is Ray brook, and the "stake and stones" would be about where the Hooksett line extended would come. In 1812 Gradus Stark built his house on the east side of the River road and very near his southern boundary, and here for a time the district school was kept.

This farm afterwards passed into the hands of Matthew Kennedy, then a prominent citizen of the town, and was by him sold to Capt. John P. Rowell in 1842, who occupied the place for the twenty-six following years. Mr. Rowell sold that part east of Union street to John and Luther Campbell, which, after passing through the hands of J. C. H. Vance, Olive M. Winegar, James G. Warner, George W. Whitford, and Dr. Clarence M. Dodge, is now the property of Halbert N. Bond. He also sold the north half of the farm west of the River road to Abel M. and Charles C. Kenniston, who built the house now standing thereon. The subsequent owners of the Kenniston land have been Ephraim K. Rowell, John R. Hanson,

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Rollin C. Dustin, Lizzie Brockway, C. H. Spollett, and George H. Brown, and in the order named.

In 1868 John P. Rowell sold what remained of his farm to his son, Ephraim K., who, in 1876, took down the house built by Gradus Stark and erected on the same site the one now standing, which he occupied until his death in 1896 and which is now owned and occupied by his son, Charles E. Rowell.

The section of this farm between Elm and Union streets is now owned by George H. Brown, the president of our board of trade, who has graded streets and laid out lots thereon, and named the place Pine Crest.

VALUATION.

To show the difference in value of this whole farm when General Stark took it in comparison with what it is now worth, the writer has conferred with assessors, real estate dealers, and others supposed to be good judges of the value of such real estate, and the consensus of opinion appears to be that it is now worth about three and a half million dollars. By the first recorded tax list of the town (1765) and after General Stark had come into possession of this estate, composed mostly of sand banks and swamps, his tax amounted to a little less than six dollars. If that had been the amount of his tax bill in 1903 the assessors could have found less than three hundred dollars to tax him for. Did he own this property today he would be asked to contribute over fifty thousand dollars to help support our city, county, and state. Happy man!

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SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC IN MANCHESTER.

A PAPER BY CLARENCE M. PLATTS, READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, APRIL 1, 1903.

I come before you tonight, not because of any merit as a reader or speaker, but because, with you, I am interested in the traditional and written history of Manchester. It is but a short time since it, in common with the surrounding towns, abounded in such material, much of which, for want of care and interest, has been lost. Not many years ago Manchester was in possession of Potter's History of Manchester (unbound) in large numbers, there being but little demand for them at that time, and to make more room they were removed into a vault of the lobby under City Hall, where they remained until ruined by dampness.

In the year 1891 Londonderry had a brick vault constructed in the town hall at about one thousand dollars' expense, but owing to improper construction records and books placed in it were in greater danger from dampness than from a possible fire. For a long time it was called the town silo. Londonderry, like many towns, possesses valuable records which, in some way, should be more available to the public. What is true of Londonderry applies to other towns. Let the towns furnish copies, or the state take copies, of all such records, or at least a full index, and deposit them as are the colonial records in Concord, or some other place where they will be available to the public. Let New Hampshire, as one of the colonial states, take as much pride and care of early records and historic places as the state of Massachusetts. The original Massa-

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chusetts Bay records at the State House are a monument and a credit to that state, with each page hermetically sealed they are not only safe, but available to the public. The Manchester Historical Association has undertaken a good work, which will be more appreciated as time goes on. This sketch which I present for your consideration tonight is but a local bit of traditional history which I hope will be of interest to some of you at least.

About four miles south of the City Hall, on the Derry road, there stands a large, two-story brick house, with its long string of horse sheds like those of a country church, its great, spreading shade trees and its duck pond, through which there ever runs a little brook (Giles brook) on its way from Long pond to unite its waters with those of the Little Cohas, or Manter brook at a point just west of the Stowell graveyard. The house with its surroundings forms a pleasing picture to the eye of the passing traveler, and reminds him of a country tavern of the stage coach days. It is now owned and occupied by John D. Emery. The house was erected and used as a tavern with accommodations for man and beast, but has never proved a financial success. In 1834 it was owned and occupied by Col. Josiah Stowell as a private residence. Colonel Stowell was a man of considerable importance. We find his name connected with the early history of Manchester and with the beginning of the Amoskeag Land & Water Power Company. He acted as purchasing agent for them at one time. The name of Josiah Stowell, trader, appears many times on the records of Rockingham and Hillsborough counties. He was born in Massachusetts April 3, 1797. Early in life he removed with his parents, Luther and Lydia Stowell, to Windham, Vt., into an unfinished log cabin, where he could count the stars at night through the roof. When about twenty years old, he purchased his time from his father (there being ten other children) and removed to Albany, N. Y. Subsequently

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he located in Derry, N. H., where he engaged in cloth dressing and carding. From Derry he removed to Manchester, about 1830. In 1842 he removed to Londonderry, Vt., where he erected a large hotel, store, and mill. In 1854 he removed to Hudson, Mich., where he died December 11, 1873, aged seventy-four years. For the last ten years of his life he was afflicted with blindness. Colonel Stowell was a very active man and took great interest in the affairs of the city and state. He held every office in the militia from ensign to brigadier-general; he was a member of the governor's staff and took part in the reception of General LaFayette, also that of General Jackson, and the laying of the corner-stone at Bunker Hill. July 14, 1856, he was on the steamer Northern Indiana, when she burned on Lake Erie. He was three times married: First to Laura Chapine, September 8, 1817; second, to Henrietta Chapine, May 28, 1828; after her death he married for a third wife Charlotte Barr (cousin of Ira Barr), November 20, 1842.

April 4, 1834, this house was the scene of a remarkable outbreak of smallpox, a disease of which we have been and are being semi-occasionally reminded. Smallpox at that time was not as well known as in these days of health boards and government inspectors. It was known then, not as an aggravated form of the itch, but as a terrible scourge which, from time to time, had swept over Northern Europe and ravaged the islands of the sea, carrying away one half the population of Mexico in 1520; also raging in Iceland and Greenland in 1733. By some writers it is believed to have been "That mortal contagious distemper" which swept away great numbers of the American Indians, so that some of the American tribes were in a measure extinct. The Massachusetts tribes particularly are said to have been reduced from thirty thousand fighting men to three hundred, and that where now stands Plymouth, Mass., all the inhabitants died; that there was not a man,

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woman, or child remaining when the Pilgrims landed in 1620. In the words of an early historian, "Thus the Lord dealt mercifully with the settlers of Plymouth."

No doubt many hair-lifting scenes were thus avoided and much of Miles Standish's time saved for other purposes. On the date mentioned William Davis, a young man stopping with Colonel Stowell, after a visit to Stowell was taken sick and confined to his bed. He was given all possible attention by members of the family. Mrs. Stowell's father and mother, Jesse and Hannah Chapine, not knowing the nature of the disease, passed considerable time in the sick man's room. A short distance north of the Sawyer corner, in a small house, the site now marked by a large willow tree, lived an Englishman, Jimmie Arwine, a man well spoken of in the community if he did sometimes tell the young ladies' fortunes (not misfortunes). Tradition relates that Arwine, hearing of the sickness at the "brick house," called and entered the young man's room, looking at his flushed and blotched face, exclaimed to Mr. and Mrs. Chapine, then in the room, "For God's sake, what are you in here for? That man has the smallpox." The consternation caused by this announcement is better imagined than described. The old people, thoroughly frightened, retired to their room.

Mr. C. B. Stowell, Jr., a son of Colonel Stowell, relates that William Davis came to our house to visit his sister, then boarding there, and said he had been in Lowell at work (a shoemaker by trade). He was a stranger to us all. He wanted to hire money of Colonel Stowell to pay for damages to a hired team. My father let him have the money, also a room where he could work at his trade to repay the loan. At the time he was taken sick he had been in Lowell at work about two weeks. On his return he had apparently a hard cold with fever. In a few days pustules formed which were thought to be chickenpox; growing worse the question at once arose, what is it?

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The young man did not give a straight account of his time in Lowell. Dr. Thomas Wallace, who practiced medicine from 1822 to 1851, in the neighboring town of Londonderry, was called in. He, too, seemed in doubt of its nature. Colonel Stowell instructed him to have Dr. Warren of Boston come up, which he did. On entering the house he said: "You have the smallpox in this house, I recognize the smell." On viewing Davis he pronounced it an advancing case of the disease. All had been exposed. An old shop on the premises was turned into a smoke house. The doctor and his team took their departure through clouds of burning sulphur.

April 16, Mr. and Mrs. Chapine were stricken with the disease, both dying April 26, within a few hours of each other. The community was aroused, the selectmen of Manchester, James McQuesten, Gilbert Greeley and Fred D. Stark, caused a fence to be erected near the Sawyer corner, about one-half mile from the house. Keepers were appointed and travel over the Derry road was suspended. The selectmen of Londonderry, David Gilchrist, Robert Boyd and my grandfather, Col. James Manter, caused a fence to be erected on the Derry road, near the junction of Manter mills road. Keepers were appointed and people who unfortunately dwelt within these limits were avoided by those living on the outside of the fence, as erected by the towns. A special town meeting was called April 28, 1834, in Manchester. It was not to see what action the town would take in regard to the building of the Mammoth road, that bone of contention for many years, but to see what action the town would take to stop the spread of smallpox. "Voted:—That the selectmen proceed to stop the spread of smallpox and take such measures as they may think proper."

How far such action extended inside the fence we have been unable to learn. It gave people in the two towns something new to talk about besides the Mammoth road. Colonel Stowell's family found themselves shut in from the world with

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their terrible visitor, dependent on themselves and the efforts of Dr. Wallace. It seems that Dr. Daniel Flanders, who practiced medicine in Londonderry from 1830 to 1850, never having seen a case of smallpox, made a visit to the house and family with Dr. Wallace. Not wishing to expose himself he stood in the open door and looked at the patient, yet, notwithstanding all his precautions he found himself infected with the disease, and later had a run of the varioloid, previous to which he attended a woman in confinement living in Londonderry, I think by the name of Smith. This house was likewise quarantined and road closed. The child died. This is believed to have been the only case outside the "Brick house," where it originated.

The late Warren Corning, then a boy at work for Colonel Stowell, remained with the family. He, too, fell a victim to the disease. Though his life was despaired of he recovered, but carried deep marks of its ravages to his death in 1884. His father, Capt. Benjamin Corning, each morning when the wind was right, would repair to the hilltop near the house of Thomas Chase, now occupied by Frank Emery, to learn the condition of his boy and the stricken family, fearing each time what it might be. When at last he was carried out east of the house where his father could see him Mr. Corning could not recognize his boy, so great had been the change. Two Irish women were at last secured, immunes from the disease, who turned the little brook into a laundry, standing each day in its waters washing out the clothes. (You see there was no health board, fish warden, or government expert to object.) Many times we wonder how people of that and even of a later period lived well up to the century mark when they were so lamentably ignorant of the laws of health and the giddy way of the festive microbe. Today we see no mounds like those along the Weare branch, surmounted with empty lime casks, that date back many years. These mounds are monuments to

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modern science and the zeal of government inspectors; like the kings of England they can do no wrong.

Otherwise than as stated Colonel Stowell and his family tended their living, and buried their dead in a little plot of ground northeast of the house. Later the spot selected and set apart as a place of burial was substantially walled and monuments erected to the memory of the departed. But a subsequent owner overthrew walls and removed the monuments, and it is said used them for a time for door stones; but they were removed by Colonel Stowell's orders to the family lot in the Stowell yard, where they stand today in memory of those whose remains are in unmarked graves on the hillside, undisturbed by the plow, or step of the passing traveler.

Like all contagious diseases, smallpox suddenly appeared and as suddenly disappeared. Dr. C. O. Smith, superintendent of local health and of Quentin's Hospital at Rainsford's island, near Boston, was summoned and under his direction the premises were thoroughly fumigated with burning sulphur. Large quantities of beds, bedding and furniture were burned, buried, or destroyed. It is said onions were placed in the rooms, under the doctor's instructions, and so long as contagion remained, pustules would form on the inner covering. The doctor being a well-known expert from Boston, was paid fifty dollars for his knowledge and service in the case. I have yet to learn that Manchester paid any part of the expense incurred.

I am indebted to Mr. C. B. Stowell of Hudson, Mich., for a copy of the record in the family Bible and other information from my father's, C. B. Stowell, family Bible.

Manchester, April 4th, 1834, William Davis taken sick with smallpox at my house—got well.

April 16, 1834, Jesse and Hannah Chapine (Father and mother-in-law) taken sick with small pox and both died on the 26th of April, Jesse Chapine ¼ before 9 o'clock P. M., and Hannah Chapine ¼ before 11 o'clock P. M., Æ 72. She, 68 years.

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April 20th, Mary Brown, hired girl living in my family 4 years, taken sick with same disease, died May 2d, Æ 34 years.

April 24, James Henry Stowell (son), same disease and on the 24th had a severe fit—supposed to be dead. Got well—died in N. Y. City, June 12, 1895.

April 26th, Warren Corning (hired boy) attacked by same disease—life expected to cease for 8 days, but survived. He died in Manchester.

April 29, Moses Griffin (hired man—negro), same disease. Was very sick—got well.

Jesse and Hannah Chapine, Mary Brown, Warren Corning and Moses Griffin had severe cases of smallpox.

Dr. Thomas Wallace attended through sickness.

Dr. Jerome O. C. Smith of Boston attended 1½ days and nights.

Dr. Wallace gave closest attention and did well.

(Signed) JOSIAH STOWELL.

Mrs. Chase, a sister of C. B. Stowell and a daughter of Colonel Stowell, is now living in Chicago at an advanced age, and is the only surviving member of the family. She lived in Manchester, N. H., in 1834, and although but a small girl at that time acted as nurse to the victims.

William Davis, who imported the smallpox, died in Londonderry, Vt., in April, 1854.

District No. 9, Londonderry, N. H., was visited by smallpox in the sixties. The family of Edward Clark was afflicted. The road was fenced and guarded. No fatalities resulted.

We have tried to present you what we have been able to gather from record and tradition. We believe you will find it substantially correct.

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MANCHESTER AS A VILLAGE.

BY WILLIAM E. MOORE.

Those very aged residents present who are old enough to have been alive in 1846, or earlier, will bear witness that the memory of the scenes and events of their childhood and early youth is often more vivid than the recollection of those more recent. It is possible that persons, and especially places, recalled from a distant and rapidly fading past may be colored with a sort of childish exaggeration, but I indulge the hope that nothing is unimportant which relates to early Manchester.

I came from Cambridge, Mass., late in November, 1841, by rail to Nashua, then the terminus, and thence in a sleigh-stage to Manchester, driving directly to the "Old Ark," on Amherst street. In the L extension lived Walter French, Dr. Thomas Brown, and others. Mr. French then kept a periodical store in the basement, afterwards carried on for many years by E. K. Rowell.

Dr. Tom Brown was my uncle, and many will well remember him and his children, Moses, Jacob, Thomas, Lucretia and Mary. The doctor died in 1848 of Asiatic cholera, and the others now are all dead except Moses. The doctor was a noted temperance reformer in his day, and was very widely and unfavorably known by most of the liquor dealers.

Roughly speaking, the settled limits of the town, on the town side, then extended from Merrimack to Bridge street, north and south, and from Elm to Pine street on the east, with here and there many vacant lots, and on the corporation side from Central to Spring street, quite a space between being also vacant.

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I well remember the old town house, and the incident of a big dog belonging to Cheney's Express Company crawling from the belfry to the steep roof and being killed by sliding to the sidewalk. I saw in the corner window a wildcat killed on the road to Goffe's Falls. The city was surrounded by woods, north, east and south, mostly hard pine, with large, open and unfenced clearings towards Hallsville, Towlesville and Janesville. The old "rye-field," commonly the circus ground, and the pine plain northeast, where Emerson displayed fireworks for several years, will be recalled.

Doubtless many remember the old sand lots, above Bridge street, afterwards known as "Pigville." From here to the falls were not more than two or three dwellings, one occupied by Mr. Webber. The small wooden schoolhouse was then standing on the old Falls road. The original McGregor bridge then spanned the river, but was impassible for teams and unsafe for foot travel, but I crossed it more than once when a boy.

Union building had an early and changeful occupancy. Here was the old Athenæum, David Hill, librarian; a debating room where old John Houston, the blacksmith, held his ground against all comers. In disposing of the problem of life he said, "I am, therefore I exist; I exist, therefore I have the right to be." Here also was the office of the *Manchester Messenger*, and in another room John H. Goodale's *Democrat*, while in the attic Otis Eastman and a company of stage-struck juveniles rehearsed terrible tragedy. The Jackson Brothers then sold dry goods in the room now occupied by the Manchester bank.

The Methodist church was entered from "cat alley" by a broad flight of stairs, several stores taking up the Elm-street front. Here Simpson & Sargent sold dry goods. Mr. Simpson had an old bachelor brother and a sister on Hanover street, between Chestnut and Pine, as good as they were eccentric, and with this worthy couple I was put out to live for a time.

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The Museum, at the corner of Pleasant street, was a large, three-story block. Tewksbury's bookstore held a part of the street front, and up one flight was the museum itself. I remember the high glass cases, in which were a few mounted birds and stuffed animals, and around the room was an assortment of curiosities. The whole collection was meagre, but it never was increased and finally disappeared, I never knew when or where. On the upper floor was the theatre. The seats were raised, there was a good stage, a fine drop curtain of green broadcloth, and a considerable outfit of scenery. Here tragedy, comedy, farce and melodrama by turns held the boards. Here Joe Walker, an elocutionary graduate of Rodney Kendall, made his *debut* as Cassio, and here John N. Bruce played Roderigo and various other light comedy characters, being particularly effective as Natz Tiek, in the Swiss Cottage. Walter Dignam was first violin and leader of the orchestra.

After the Museum theatre was permanently closed, performances were given for a time in the old Baptist church, which had been metamorphosed into a theatre, the old pews, cushions and all, being thus profanely diverted from their original purpose.

On the east side of Elm street there was a row of cheap wooden buildings, usually a story and a half high, but no two alike, with gable ends to the street. Aside from Shepherd's tavern, Kidder & Dunklee's store, and the City hotel, I remember no brick buildings; on Merrimack street none, on Manchester street one besides the Baptist church and on Hanover street none except Riddle's building. On Amherst and around Concord square, including Vine street, were, so to speak, the houses of the nobility and gentry—all American families, and among them many of the most prominent citizens of the town. Concord square was then cultivated by the abuttors, each having a little plot in which were planted beet, parsnip, carrot, cabbage and onion seeds—never anything

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else—and I have an impression that any one surreptitiously putting in a squash seed would have been mobbed.

I well remember seeing the great comet of 1843 from the steps of Dr. Wallace's church, as it nightly shook its horrid hair to the south of the meridian. Hard by this church was, time out of mind, a livery and boarding stable, then kept by Colonel Chase. He had a son John, and two daughters, one a blonde and the other a brunette. I find I have covered but a small fraction of the ground as indicated by my notes, but before closing let us take a stroll up Elm street, and salute a few of our old acquaintances.

The street is unpaved, but the sand is moistened in spots by the one watering cart then in commission, operated by Micajah Ingham. On either hand are groups of loungers who hear the clangor of a bell, followed by the lusty tones of Old Adams, the town crier. A larger crowd opposite Bill Putney's "Eagle" are watching a fight between two bulldogs, the property of the town's butchers, Robinson and Hobbs. The fight goes on for two hours or more, the owners looking on with the rest and no one interfering. As one dog grew tired he would lie still and let the other chew him till he got rested. Then the other dog would be chewed. The fights were frequent, usually ending in a draw, and to this day it has never been decided which was the better dog. A straggling file of men wiggled out of Riddle's building, where the police court had been held by Judge Potter, and among them is old Riddle himself, with his tall silk hat, which he continued to wear until after the close of the Civil war. Finally we halt in front of the Old Ark, the point from which we started. Here we have a chat with Fred Smyth, just then a clerk in a grocery store at a salary of a dollar a week. He is much interested in mesmerism, and will probably ask you to step into the back room and let him put you to sleep. I assume that you have entered and are for the time unconscious, but before you come out of your trance, Time's drop curtain falls.

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PRESERVING PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

Societies are multiplying in the older East, says Charles M. Skinner in *Saturday Evening Post*, that have in view the preservation of places of historic interest. For the hand of the spoiler is on the land, and one hears with grief of the destruction of famous old houses where the value of the real estate thus cleared barely pays the contractor for carting off the bricks. If a building becomes so old as to be dangerous, sentiment will not and should not stand in the way of its removal, but in many instances the houses and churches were put up in the good old days when the jerry builder had no standing, and when homes were not for their makers alone, but their children and the children of their children. In all such instances a little money for repair would probably put the place into something very near its original soundness and attractiveness.

We should be able to read history more clearly if we kept about us more of the actualities that have had to do with history. An old house tells more to us, in a glance, of the state of the arts and industries of the time it marks, of the social condition of the people who made it, of their relations to the soil, than we could gain in some kinds of reading. Nor has our architecture so determined itself that the study of these old houses has ceased to be a gain to us. Indeed, the Colonial renaissance, which is especially fitting to an American environment, and which contributes plentifully to the charm of many of our towns, would have been deferred indefinitely, and would, indeed, have been impossible, had it not been for opportuni-

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ties for the study of dignified forms of construction offered by halls and residences in parts of New England and the Middle States.

Apart from these more scholastic or material advantages, there is reason enough for preserving the old buildings that have historic interest, and for keeping the squatter out of our famous battlefields. For they appeal to patriotism, and they have a part in maintaining the traditions which encourage the best tendencies of the people. Who does not realize the personality of George Washington more keenly after he has wandered through the quaint rooms of Mount Vernon, and roamed about its perfumed gardens? And who, thus realizing, does not feel a new admiration for the founder of the nation? Who but a clod is not thrilled on his first visit to that room in Philadelphia, so big with meaning for the future of the country and the world, or to the white hall of Faneuil, or to the taverns and monuments lining that road to Concord which was dim with the dust of trampling thousands one April morning, and wet with patriot blood?

National feeling always rises to emergencies in our country, yet the presence of our monuments tends to keep it alive through periods of peace, and the memorials of men who were strong and resolute in courage and virtue, who sacrificed self on the altar of a common good, who held their country highest in their love, are reminders that there is always place for their successors, not alone in the nation's councils but in the hearts of its people. The vandal who destroys that which is held sacred destroys more than material forms. We need every reminder, not alone for our own contemplation, but for that of our descendants and that of the millions who are crossing the seas to find homes among us, that in this land one may be not merely free but noble, and that the reward of a people is his who shall be worthy of its love.

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HISTORIC QUARTERLY

SUPPLEMENT.

Vol. III. January-March, 1902. No. 1.

An Illustrated Magazine, published by the Manchester Historic Association, containing the papers read at the meetings, with the proceedings of the Association, and miscellaneous article and items of general interest.

Terms, in advance, $1.00. Single copy, 25 cents.

Address HISTORIC QUARTERLY,
G. WALDO BROWNE, Editor,
Manchester, N. H.

MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION.

A preliminary meeting, called for the purpose of forming a historical society devoted to collecting, preserving and publishing whatever matter relating to the early and later history of this vicinity that might be obtained, was held at the Board of Trade Rooms, Kennard Building, on the evening of December 4, 1895. There were present at this meeting, John C. French, Josiah Carpenter, John Dowst, John G. Crawford, Edgar J. Knowlton, George C. Gilmore, Edwin P. Richardson, George W. Browne, Sylvester C. Gould, Edward J. Burnham, Henry W. Herrick, Herbert W. Eastman, David L. Perkins, Joseph Kidder, George F. Willey, and John G. Hutchinson.

Meeting was opened with remarks by Mr. Willey, followed by all present, who unanimously declared that they were in favor of such an organization. Mr. French was chosen chairman, and Mr. Dowst secretary. Upon motion it was voted that a committee of five be appointed by the chairman to draft a constitution and report at a subsequent meeting. This commit-

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tee consisted of Messrs. Browne, Gilmore, Gould, Crawford, and Dowst.

At an adjourned meeting, held December 18, 1895, chairman French presiding, Articles of Association, and a Constitution were submitted by the committee, and accepted. A committee consisting of Dowst Crawford, Browne, Gould, and Gilmore, appointed by chairman French to nominate a board of officers for the ensuing year, retired to the committee room, and subsequently returned and reported the names of the board, and the same were unanimously elected as follows :

President, John C. French; Vice-Pres. Henry W. Herrick and Joseph Kidder; Treasurer, John Dowst; Recording Secretary, Herbert W. Eastman; Corresponding Secretary, George W. Browne; Librarian, Sam C. Kennard; Historiographer, George C. Gilmore; Executive Committee, John C. French (ex-officio), Herbert W. Eastman (ex officio), John G. Crawford, Edwin P. Richardson, Josiah Carpenter, David L. Perkins, and David Cross; Publication Committee, George F. Willey, Edgar J. Knowlton, Sylvester C. Gould, William H. Morrison, and Francis B. Eaton. As the first-named of publication committee did not become a member of the association, George W. Browne at a subsequent meeting was elected to that place.

The Constitution provided that the name of the organization should be THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, and that quarterly meetings should be held through the year on the third Wednesdays of March, June, September and December, the last constituting the annual meeting, at which time a board of officers should be elected for the ensuing year. The place of holding the meeting was left to the choice of the President.

An adjourned meeting was held on January 1, 1896, to receive the Articles of Association, with such signatures as may have been secured during the interval. At this meeting it was voted to date the organization of the association from this day. The following persons signed the Articles of Incorporation and thus became the incorporators of the association :

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ORIGINAL MEMBERS. [1]

Moody Currier,
George C. Gilmore,
Joseph Kidder,
John C. French,
David Cross,
Josiah Carpenter,
Henry W. Herrick.
John Dowst,
Edwin P. Richardson,
Sylvester C. Gould,
John G. Crawfofd,
David L. Perkins,
George W. Browne,
Charles B. Sturtevant,
Herbert W. Eastman,
Edgar J. Knowlton,
William E. Moore,
Sam C. Kennard,
Francis B. Eaton,
William H. Morrison,
David Perkins.

The first quarterly meeting according to the provision of the constitution, was held on the evening of March 19, 1896, in the Board of Trade Rooms, at which time David L. Perkins read the first paper before the Historic Association, which was entitled "Reminiscences of Manchester, 1841–1896."

From March 19, 1896, to the annual meeting, held December 18, 1901, all the meetings were held in the Board of Trade Rooms through the courtesy of that organization, and at nearly every meeting a paper was read or an address given. The elections of officers have always been harmonious, and credit is due tothem for the great interest they have always taken in the association.

On January 10, 1898, the association met the great loss by death of its Recording Secretary, Herbert W. Eastman, who had ever been a willing and faithful officer and worker.

On January 8, 1900, almost two years later, the death of the President, John C. French occurred, which removed one of the originators and most active promoters of the association.

The other members, who have been removed by death, and nearly of whom have been earnest workers, were as follows: Andrew Bunton, June 18, 1897; David L. Perkins, March 2, 1898; Moody Currier, August 23, 1898; Charles H. Bartlett, January 25, 1900; William E. Moore, October 22, 1900; Fred G. Hartshorn, February 26, 1901; Allen N. Clapp, May 18,

1 Three others signed the articles but never became members.

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1901; John M. Chandler, December 5, 1901; William E. Truesdale, January 8, 1902; Luther S. Proctor, March 1, 1902; William P. Merrill, March 5, 1902; Joseph R. Weston, March 28, 1902.

On March 16, 1902, Bayard C. Ryder was elected to the office of recording secretary to fill the vacancy caused by the decease of Herbert W. Eastman, which position he held until March 19, 1902, when his resignation was tendered and accepted, he having accepted a clerkship in Washington, D. C. Henry W. Herrick, first vice president, served as president the remainder of the official year made vacant by the decease of John C. French, and on December 19, 1900, was elected president, and is now serving his second year in that office. On December 19, 1900, Joseph Kidder was elected first vice-president and Joseph W. Fellows second vice-president. George W. Browne was elected at the annual meeting in 1896 to the first place on the publication committee and has held that position to the present time. Fred W. Lamb was elected to the office of librarian at the annual meeting December 15, 1897, and still holds that position. The other changes have been slight, and if, at times, the work has progressed slowly, it has nevertheless shown a creditable result in the holding of interesting meetings, and the publication of Volumes I and II, "Manchester Historic Collections," of over 300 pages each, and Vol. III commencing with this number, these volumes being issued in regular quarterly parts, which contain the papers read before the association, other historical contributions, with the proceedings of the meetings appended with suplementary miscellany.

During the year 1901 the association received an inestimable benefit from the personal efforts of Captain David Perkins, who solicited and secured nearly 275 new members, thus making the present membership 325. With this great gain in its patronage, influence, and available funds from dues, the association gives much promise of increased usefulness.

At the burning of the Kennard Building on the night of January 14, 1902, the association met with its first great loss, being

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all of its papers, books, pamphlets, collections, and records, except a few volumes which were at the home of George W. Browne, and a few old deeds and papers at the home of the librarian Fred W. Lamb. Fortunately the Publication Committee had its office in Mr. S. C. Gould's office, and nearly all of the numbers of Vol. II of the published "Collections," including the late William E. Moore's "Contribution to the History of Old Derryfield," were thus saved. Fifty full sets of Vol. I of the "Collections," stored in the Kennard Building, were burned besides nearly 50 copies each of Parts 2 and 3 of Vol. I. One hundred full sets in parts of Vol. I were sent to the bindery a few days before the fire and thus fortunately were saved.

Already many of the sets of publications published by other societies have generously been furnished to this association, and the librarian feels hopeful that there will soon be restored in a large measure the loss to the library resulting from the fire.

In 1898 the Association published the Frst Part of Vol. I, a pamphlet of over one hundred pages, which was later followed by two more parts; then the three parts were gathered constituting Volume I. Following this a quarterly publication has been issued containing the papers and contributions, and this quarterly for 1901, including the William E. Moore papers already mentioned, completed Volume II, so with the current year the publication enters on its third volume with an edition of one thousand copies.

The following is the list of papers read before the association since its organization. January 1, 1896 :

Mar. 19, 1896.	Reminiscenees of Manchester, 1841–1896,	By David L. Perkins.
June 17, 1896,	Captain John Moore's Company at Bunker Hill,	George C. Gilmore.
June 17, 1896.	New Hampshire Men at Louisburg and Bunker Hill,	William H. Morrison.
Sept. 16, 1896.	Boating on the Merrimack,	George W. Browne.
Dec. 23, 1896	Fort William and Mary,	John G. Crawford.
Dec. 23, 1896.	Derryfield Social Library,	William H. Huse.

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Mar. 17, 1897. Contributions to the History of Old Derryfield, William E. Moore.
Mar. 17, 1897. The Manter Mills, William H. Huse.
Mar. 17, 1897. Etymology Indian Language, New Hampshire. John G. Crawford.
June 16, 1897. Hon. Samuel Blodget, George W. Browne.
June 16, 1897. Proclamation Money, John G. Crawford.
Sept. 15, 1897. Home Life of Major-General John Stark, Henry W. Herrick.
Sept. 15, 1897. Proprietors' Records of Tyng Township, with Editorial Notes, George W. Browne.
June 22, 1898. Joseph Henry Stickney, Henry W. Herrick.
June 22, 1898. Address on New Hampshire History, Albert S. Bachellor.
Sept. 21, 1898. Old Hand-Tub Days in Manchester, Fred W. Lamb.
Mar. 15, 1899. Colonel John Goffe, Gordon Woodbury.
Sept. 20, 1899. Early Settlement at Kelley's Falls, William E. Moore.
Sept. 20, 1899. Manchester Fire Department (Second Paper). Fred W. Lamb.
June 20, 1900. The Indians of the Merrimack Valley. Erastus P. Jewell.
Oct. 3, 1900. General James Wilson, James F. Briggs.
Oct. 16, 1901. Early Recollections of Manchester, Joseph Kidder.
Dec. 18, 1901. The Old Bridge-Street Pound, Orrin H. Leavitt.

All the above papers have been printed, excepting the addresses of Messrs. Jewell and Bachellor, which have not been procured.

In addition to this list of papers the following contributions have been also printed :

Vol. I. Old Derryfield and Young Manchester, By David L. Perkins.
" " Grace Fletcher, John C. French.
" " New Hampshire Branch Society of Cincinnati, John C. French.
" " Stark's First Fight with the British, Fred W. Lamb.

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"	"	Anecdotes of General and Molly Stark, Fred W. Lamb.
"	"	Bibliography of John Stark, Sylvester C. Gould.
Vol.	I.	Election Sermons in New Hampshire, S. C. Gould.
"	"	Author of "The Sweet By and By," S. C. Gould.
"	"	Semi-centennial, Manchester, { Herbert W. Eastman, Fred W. Lamb.
"	"	Sketches of Deceased Members, Francis B Eaton.
Vol.	II.	Contributions to the History of Old Derryfield, William E. Moore.
"	"	Hon. Allen Newcomb Clapp, Henry W. Herrick.
"	"	Fred G. Hartshorn, George W. Browne.
"	"	Miscellaneous Notes and Items,
Vol.	III.	A Sketch of Dunbarton, N. H., Miss Ella Mills.
"	"	Cholera in Manchester, 1849-1854, George C. Gilmore.

At the present time about thirty papers are being prepared for the meetings of the associations and for publication, many of them being of interest and importance in connection with the early and contemporary history of Manchester and surrounding towns.

PROCEEDINGS.

FIRST QUARTERLY MEETING HELD MARCH 19, 1902.

President Henry W. Herrick presiding, the meeting was called to order in the Odd-Fellows Banquet Hall at eight o'clock P. M. In the absence of the Recording Secretary Fred W. Lamb was chosen *pro tem.*

George W. Browne in behalf of Mr. Lamb presented the association with a scrap-book containing the records of previous meetings as they had been reported in the daily press from time to time, and suggested that through the efforts of a committee the records might be made complete and verified so as to be accepted by the association at some future meeting as the official records. The gift of Mr. Lamb was accepted, and a vote of thanks was passed for the same. A committee of three was then authorized to be appointed by the President, and the following were selected for the purpose and to report at

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the second quarterly meeting in June: George W. Browne, Fred W. Lamb, and George C. Gilmore.

Reuben L. Reed, of South Acton, Mass., was present and then addressed the association in an interesting speech of thirty minutes describing a gavel he had been instrumental in making of historic woods, and which, with a block and box in which to keep it, he presented to the association. A book describing the woods also accompanied the gavel. The response was made by George C. Gilmore, and the gift was unanimously accepted. A committee consisting of President Herrick, Secretary Lamb, and Cor. Secretary Browne was chosen to prepare resolutions of thanks to be presented at the next meeting.

The names of 25 applicants for membership, secured mainly by Captain David Perkins, were then read and unanimously elected to membership.

The report of the librarian showed that the recent loss of the library in the Kennard Building fire was being rapidly replaced with generous donations from societies and individuals.

The report of the publication committee showed that fifty sets of Vol. I of the Historic collections had been lost by the Kennard fire, as also about fifty numbers of Parts 2 and 3. None of the Moore Contributions were lost, and only twelve copies of No. 1, Vol. II of THE HISTORIC QUARTERLY. The report was accepted.

A vote of thank was extended to Mrs. William E. Moore for further donations of copies of the "Contributions to the History of Old Derryfield," and some manuscript papers of the late Mr. Moore.

Reuben L. Reed was elected an honorary member of the association, and Vols. I and II of the Collections were voted to him by the association.

A paper left by the late William E. Moore on "Manchester Fifty Years Ago," was read by Orrin H. Leavitt. Also a paper written by G. Waldo Browne upon "Derryfield in the Revolution," was read by the author.

Meeting then adjourned.

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HISTORIC QUARTERLY

SUPPLEMENT.

Vol. III. April-June, 1902. No. 2.

An Illustrated Magazine, published by the Manchester Historic Association, containing the papers read at the meetings, with the proceedings of the Association, and miscellaneous article and items of general interest.

Terms, in advance, $1.00. Single copy, 25 cents.

Address HISTORIC QUARTERLY,
G. WALDO BROWNE, Editor,
Manchester, N. H.

PROCEEDINGS.

QUARTERLY MEETING HELD JUNE 18, 1902.

President Herrick called meeting to order at 8 o'clock P. M. in Masonic Banquet Hall, Pembroke Block, about fifteen members and visitors being present.

In the absence of the secretary George C. Gilmore was chosen secretary pro tem. Reading of the records of the last Quarterly meeting omitted by vote.

Frank W. Sargeant was elected permanent Recording Secretary to fill the unexpired term, and Mr. Sargeant assumed the duties of his office at once.

Geo. Waldo Browne, in behalf of the committee, submitted the following resolutions upon the gift of the gavel to the Association by Reuben L. Reed, Esq., and his associates :

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MANCHESTER, N. H., March 28, 1902.

At the regular Quarterly meeting of the MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION held March 19, 1902, upon motion of Col. George C. Gilmore, it was unanimously voted that a committee of three, consisting of the officers of the Association, should be chosen to submit at the next meeting resolutions of thanks for the beautiful gift of a gavel and block made of over sixty varieties of historic woods, and presented by Mr. Reuben L. Reed and others. This committee accordingly submit the following

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

WHEREAS THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, appreciating the fitness and the value attached to the gavel and block made of historic woods and so generously bestowed upon the association, and realizing the time, research and expense of procuring the respective parts composing this unique instrument, be it

RESOLVED, That the MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION extend its thanks to the donors, Mr. Reuben L. Reed and the several individuals and societies who have lent him their assistance, and furthermore, be it

RESOLVED, That the Association will ever hold in grateful remembrance the courtesy and fraternal good will of the action.

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be made a part of our records,and that a copy be sent to the donors through their agent.

Sincerely and fraternally submitted,
HENRY W. HERRICK, President,
FRANK W. SARGEANT, Rec. Secretary,
GEORGE W. BROWNE, Cor. Secretary,
Committee on Resolutions.

MR. REUBEN L. REED, South Acton, Mass.

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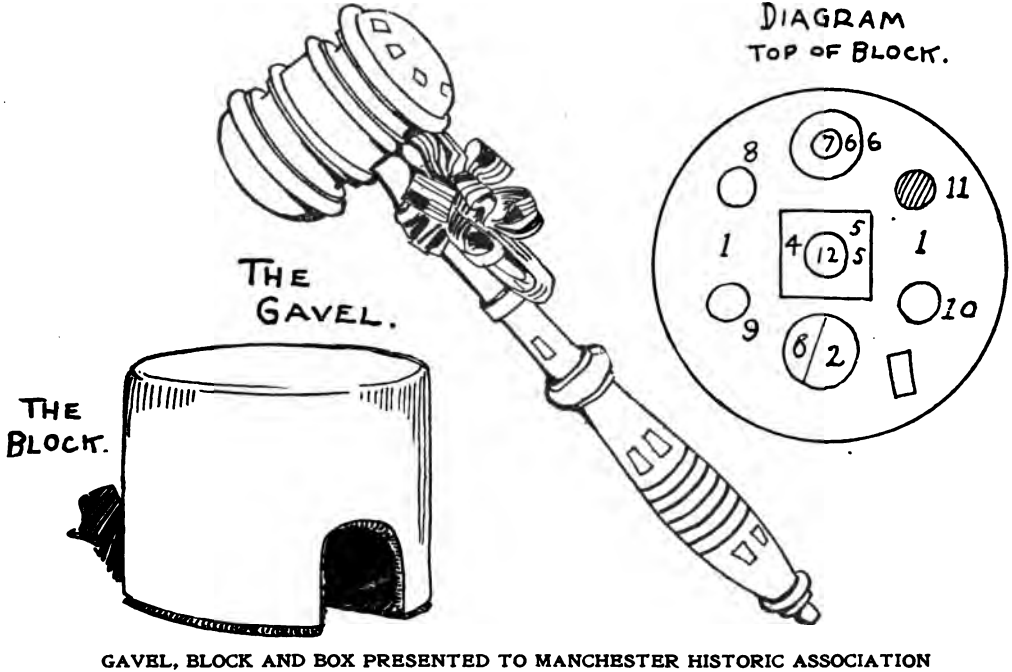

GAVEL, BLOCK AND BOX PRESENTED TO MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION BY REUBEN L. REED.

Courtesy of Manchester Union.

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The Publication Committee reported progress in the matter of publications, and was given authority to secure and publish the series of articles written by the late John C. French upon the McClary family.

The following persons were elected to active membership in the association: Roswell H. Hassam, Noyes B Cummings, Daniel H. Dickey, Frank L Way, Mrs. Annie M. French, all of this city, and Selwyn B. Kidder of Chicago.

Notice was given to change the constitution so that the regular Quarterly meetings shall be held on the first Wednesday of January, April, July, and October of each year, action to be taken on this matter at the next Quarterly meeting in September.

Announcement was made by the President of valuable donations to the library, including among others many valuable papers and books belonging to the library of the late Hon. Jacob F. James.

At the close of the business session John Foster, Esq., read an exceedingly interesting and valuable paper entitled "The Story of a Private Soldier in the Revolution, Moses Fellows, of Salisbury, N. H." Mr. Foster received the closest attention of his listeners throughout his address, and was given a unanimous vote of thanks at its close. The paper will be published in the Collections of the Association shortly.

G. Waldo Browne followed Mr. Foster with an address upon "Captain John Lovewell and the 'Snow-Shoe Men' of Old Dunstable."

The meeting adjourned after a short discussion upon the advisability of securing permanent headquarters for the society.

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HISTORIC QUARTERLY

SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. III. JULY-SEPTEMBER, 1902. NO. 3

An Illustrated Magazine, published by the Manchester Historic Association, containing the papers read at the meetings, with the proceedings of the Association, and miscellaneous articles and items of general interest.

Terms, in advance, $1.00. Single copy, 25 cents.

Address HISTORIC QUARTERLY,
G. WALDO BROWNE, Editor,
Manchester, N. H.

PROCEEDINGS.

THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING HELD SEPT. 17, 1902.

The regular Quarterly meeting was held at Walker's Hall. The meeting was called to order by the president, but as there were not enough members present to constitute a quorum, it was voted to adjourn to Sept. 24, to meet at the same place.

ADJOURNED MEETING, SEPT. 24, 1902.

President Herrick presiding, seven members being present, the reading of the minutes of preceding meetings was omitted by vote.

Resignation of Fred W. Lamb, librarian, was read and accepted, and in recognition of the valuable services he had done for the association, he was accorded a unanimous vote of thanks.

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The following names, secured by Captain Perkins, were then read and the persons unanimously voted members of the association: Herbert M. Moody, Fred H. Bates.

G. W. Browne reported that suitable rooms could be secured in the new Kennard, and the committee chosen to secure quarters were requested to investigate and report at the next meeting.

Adjourned to meet October 8, at rooms of the Second National Bank.

FRANK W. SARGEANT, Rec. Sec.

ADJOURNED MEETING HELD OCT. 8, 1902.

At the adjourned meeting of the Association held at rooms of the Second National Bank the following members were present: Messrs. Herrick, Fellows, Carpenter, Eaton, Hadley, Gould, Burnham, Challis, Clapp, and Browne.

In the absence of the recording secretary, G. Waldo Browne was elected secretary pro tem. and received the oath of office from J. W. Fellows, J. P. Reading of records of last meeting omitted.

Voted upon motion of Mr. Fellows that election of librarian to fill vacancy be laid upon the table until the annual meeting.

Upon presentation of name by President Herrick, Mrs. Olive Rand Clarke was elected to active membership in the Association.

G. W. Browne offering requests for withdrawal upon the parts of the respective members, it was voted that their requests be granted: Rev. William H. Morrison, Brockton, Mass.; Rev. Samuel Rose, Merrimack, N. H.; Mr. Walter S. Noyes, Littleton, and Mr. Henry N. Hurd, Manchester.

Upon motion it was voted that bill of incidental expenses incurred by G. W. Browne as chairman of Publication Committee, be paid by the Treasurer. Amount of bill, $22.22.

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Voted that committee on permanent quarters be authorized to secure rooms in the Kennard or elsewhere, as they thought best.

The amendment to the Constitution then taken from the table it was unanimously voted that the same be accepted, so that the time of holding the annual meeting shall be on the first Wednesday in January of each year, and that the Quarterly meetings be held on the first Wednesdays of April, July and October. Accordingly the next Annual meeting will be held on Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1903.

Upon motion of Mr. Browne, Messrs. William H. Morrison and Walter S. Noyes were elected honorary members.

Following remarks by Messrs. Fellows, Herrick, Clapp, Eaton and others relative to articles in preparation for future publication, the meeting adjourned without date.

G. WALDO BROWNE, Rec. Sec. Pro Tem.

OLD NEW ENGLAND ROOFTREES.

(BOOK REVIEW.)

THE ROMANCE OF OLD NEW ENGLAND ROOFTREES, by Mary C. Crawford; L. C. Page & Co., Pubs., Boston, 12mo., 390pp., 30 illustrations, $1 25. For sale by W. P. Goodman, of this city.

The above title sets forth succinctly a work that must appeal strongly to our readers. In well chosen language the author narrates some of the most interesting incidents, as well as giving particular descriptions, clinging about the old rooftrees she has selected, giving enough of the romantic to impress the quaint homesteads and the lives of their occupants very vividly upon the mind. There were twenty four subjects chosen, selected so as to cover New England. Among those most likely to interest our readers we notice the Governor Wentworth House at Portsmouth, N. H.; Red Horse Tavern, Sudbury, Mass.; Pepperell House, Kittery, Me.; Williams House, Deerfield, Mass., and of more especial interest to readers of the Quarterly, the Stark

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Homestead, Dunbarton. A fine half tone of the old mansion accompanies the article. In fact, the thirty-odd pictures of the subjects treated greatly enhance the value as well as the beauty of the book. The following extracts from the description of the Stark place afford an apt specimen of the happy style of the work:

Molly Stark's Gentléman-Son.

Of the quaint ancestral homes still standing in the old Granite State, none is more picturesque or more interesting from the historical view-point than the Stark house in the little town of Dunbarton, a place about five miles' drive out from Concord, over one of those charming country roads, which properly make New Hampshire the summer and autumn Mecca of those who have been "long in populous city pent." Rather oddly, this house has, for all its great wealth of historical interest, been little known to the general public. The Starks are a conservative, as well as an old family, and they have never seen fit to make of their home a public show-house. Yet those who are privileged to visit Dunbarton and its chief boast, this famous house, always remember the experience as a particularly interesting one. Seldom, indeed, can one find in these days a house like this, which, for more than one hundred years, has been occupied by the family for whom it was built, and through all the changes and chances of temporal affairs has preserved the characteristics of revolutionary times.

This imposing old mansion was built by Caleb, the son of Gen. John Stark.

Caleb Stark was a very remarkable man. Born at Dunbarton, December 3, 1759, he was present while only a lad at the battle of Bunker Hill, standing side by side with some of the veteran rangers of the French war, near the rail fence, which extended from the redoubt to the beach of the Mystic River. In order to be at this scene of conflict, the boy had left home secretly some days before, mounted on his own horse, and armed only with a musket. After a long, hard journey he managed to

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reach the Royall house in Medford, which was his father's head-quarters at the time, the very night before the great battle. And the general, though annoyed at his son's manner of coming, recognized that the lad had done only what a Stark must do at such a time, and permitted him to take part in the next day's fight.

After that, there followed for Caleb a time of great social opportunity, which transformed the clever, but unpolished New Hampshire boy into as fine a young gentleman as was to be found in the whole country. The Royall house, it will be remembered, was presided over in the troublous war times by the beautiful ladies of the family, than whom no more cultured and distinguished women were anywhere to be met. And these, though Tory to the backbone, were disposed to be very kind and gracious to the brave boy whom the accident of war had made their guest.

So it came about that even before he reached manhood's estate Caleb Stark had acquired the grace and polish of Europe. Nor was the lad merely a carpet knight. So ably did he serve his father that he was made the elder soldier's aid-de-camp, when the father was made a brigadier-general, and by the time the war closed, was himself Major Stark, though scarcely twenty-four years old.

Soon after peace was declared, the young major came into his Dunbarton patrimony, and in 1784, in a very pleasant spot in the midst of his estate, and facing the broad highway leading from Dunbarton to Weare, he began to build his now famous house. It was finished the next year, and in 1787, the young man, having been elected town treasurer of Dunbarton, resolved to settle down in his new home, and brought there as his wife, Miss Sarah McKinstrey, a daughter of Dr. William McKinstrey, formerly of Taunton, Massachusetts, a beautiful and cultivated girl, just twenty years old.

Beside building the family homestead, Caleb Stark did two other things which serve to make him distinguished even in a

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family where all were great. He entertained Lafayette, and he accumulated the family fortune. Both these things were accomplished at Pembroke, where the major early established some successful cotton mills. The date of his entertainment of Lafayette was, of course, 1825, the year when the marquis, after laying the corner-stone of our monument on Bunker Hill, made his triumphal tour through New Hampshire.

The bed upon which the great Frenchman slept during his visit to the Starks is still carefully preserved, and those guests who have had the privilege of being entertained by the present owners of the house can bear testimony to the fact that the couch is an extremely comfortable one. The room in which this bed is the most prominent article of furniture bears the name of the Lafayette room, and is in every particular furnished after the manner of a sleeping apartment of one hundred years ago. The curtains of the high bedstead, the quaint toilet-table, the bed-side table with its brass candlestick, and the pictures and the ornaments are all in harmony. Nowhere has a discordant modern note been struck. The same thing is true of all the other apartments in the house. The Starks have one and all displayed great taste and decided skill in preserving the long-ago tone that makes the place what it is. The second Caleb, who inherited the estate in 1838, when his father, the brilliant major, died, was a Harvard graduate, and writer of repute, being the author of a valuable memoir of his father and grandfather. He collected, even more than they had done, family relics of interest. When he died in 1865, his two sisters, Harriett and Charlotte, succeeded him in the possession of the estate.

Only comparatively recently has this latter sister died, and the place came into the hands of its present owner Mr. Charles F. Morris Stark, an heir who has the traditions of the Morris family to add to those of the Starks, being on his mother's side a lineal descendant of Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution. The present Mrs. Stark is the representative of still another noted New Hampshire family, being the granddaughter of General John McNeil, a famous soldier of the Granite State.

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Few, indeed, are the homes in America which contain so much which, while of intimate interest to the family, is as well of wide historical importance. Though a home, the house has the value of a museum. The portrait of Major Stark, which hangs in the parlour at the right of the square entrance-hall, was painted by Professor Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the discoverer of the electric telegraph, a man who wished to come down to posterity as an artist, but is now remembered by us only as an inventor.

This picture is an admirable presentation of its original. The gallant major looks down upon us with a person rather above the medium in height, of slight but muscular frame, with the short waistcoat, the high collar, and the close, narrow shoulders of the gentleman's costume of 1830. The carriage of the head is noble, and the strong features, the deep-set, keen, blue eyes, and the prominent forehead, speak of courage, intelligence, and cool self-possession.

Beside this noteworthy portrait hangs a beautiful picture of the first mistress of this house, the Mrs. Stark who, as a girl, was Miss Sarah McKinstrey. Her portrait shows her to have been a fine example of the blonde type of beauty. The splendid coils of her hair are very lustrous, and the dark, hazel eyes look out from the frame with the charm and dignity of a St. Cecilia. Her costume, too, is singularly appropriate and becoming, azure silk with great puffs of lace around the white arms and queenly throat. The waist, girdled under the armpits, and the long-wristed mits stamp the date 1815-21.

The portrait of General Stark, which was painted by Miss Hannah Crowninshield, is said not to look so much like the doughty soldier as does the Morse picture of his son, but Gilbert Stuart's Miss Charlotte Stark, recently deceased, shows the last daughter of the family to have fairly sustained in her youth the reputation for beauty which goes with the Stark women.

Beside the portraits, there are in the house, many other choice and valuable antiques. Among these the woman visitor notices with particular interest the fan that was once the property of

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Lady Pepperell, who was a daughter, it will be remembered, of the Royall family, who were so kind to Major Caleb Stark in his youth. And to the man who loves historical things, the cane presented to General Stark when he was a major, for valiant conduct in defence of Fort William Henry, will be of especial interest. This cane is made from the bone of a whale and is headed with ivory. On the mantelpiece stands another very interesting souvenir, a bronze statuette of Napoleon I., which Lafayette brought with him from France and presented to Major Stark.

The house itself is a not unworthy imitation of an English manor-house, with its aspect of old-time grandeur and picturesque repose. It is of wood, two and a half stories high, with twelve dormer windows, a gambrel roof, and a large two story L. In front there are two rows of tall and stately elms, and the trim little garden is enclosed by a painted iron fence. On either side of the spacious hall, which extends through the middle of the house, are to be found handsome trophies of the chase, collected by the present master of the place, who is a keen sportsman.

A gorgeous carpet, which dates back fifty years, having been laid in the days of the beautiful Sarah, supplies the one bit of colour in the parlour, while in the dining room the rich silver and handsome mahogany testify to the old-time glories of the place. Of manuscripts which are simply priceless, the house contains not a few; one, over the quaint wine cooler in the diningroom, acknowledging in George Washington's own hand, courtesies extended to him and to his lady by a member of the Morris family, being especially interesting. Up-stairs, in the sunlit hall, among other treasures, more elegant but not more interesting hangs a sunbonnet once worn by Molly Stark herself.

Not far off down the country road is perhaps the most beautiful and attractive spot in the whole town, the old family burying-ground of the Starks, in which are interred all the deceased members of this remarkable family, from the Revolutionary Major Caleb and his wife down. Here, with grim, towering Kearsarge standing ever like a sentinel, rests under the yew-trees the dust of this great family's honored dead.

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HISTORIC QUARTERLY

SUPPLEMENT.

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G. WALDO BROWNE, Editor,
Manchester, N. H.

Memoirs of the Manchester Historic Association. 1902.

The obituary notices of a few members who have died prior to the year just passed, which have not been given before, are included in the following sketches, all of which are arranged in their chronological order:

HONORARY MEMBER.

FRANCIS W. PARKER.

COLONEL FRANCIS WAYLAND PARKER was born in Bedford, October 9, 1837, being a lineal descendant of Colonel John Goffe of pioneer days. His grandfather, William Parker, was a soldier in the Revolution, having been a drummer under General John Stark at Bunker Hill, and he became the founder of that suburb of Manchester known as 'Squog Francis began his education in the village school of 'Squog, following this with a course at Hopkinton Academy. In the midst of his school life, when he was only a little past 16, he began his long career

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of teaching, his first experience being at Corser Hill school, Boscawen, in the winter of 1854-5. After teaching in various places with success, a little over 21, he was called to the head of the grammar school of his native village where he remained until 1858, when he went to Carrollton, Greene County, Ills. The Civil war breaking out while he was here, he resigned his position, and enlisted as a private in the Fourth New Hampshire regiment at Manchester. He saw some bitter fighting, among other battles being those of Drury's Bluff and Deep Bottom, receiving the commission of brevet-colonel for bravery at the last named. Mustered out of the army in August, 1865, ignoring all flattering offers of political and financial opportunities, he resumed his chosen calling by becoming principal of a grammar school in Manchester.

From the beginning Colonel Parker's career was so fruitful of good work that it is impossible in a brief sketch like this to more than outline his successive changes. He went in 1868 to Dayton, Ohio, where he soon became principal of the first normal school, and here began those reforms in the methods of education, which have so left their influence upon our common schools as to place his name by the side of Horace Mann in the educational temple of fame. He became Superintendent of Schools in Quincy, Mass., April 20, 1875; in 1880, was made one of the supervisors of schools in Boston; and on January 1, 1883, entered upon his duties in the Cook County Normal School of Chicago, where he remained until 1899, when he became the head of the School of Education of that city. His health failing him he went South to recuperate in the winter of 1902. He died, while on this trip, at Pass Christian, Miss., March 2, 1902. (For an extended account of his life-work, the reader is referred to a life sketch being prepared by a competent person, and to be given during this volume.) His body was brought to this city and now reposes in the Piscataquog cemetery, where it was placed May 13, 1902. His wife, who had preceded him by a short time into that other life, was buried beside him at the same time. V. S. C.

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CHARLES H. BARTLETT.

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ACTIVE MEMBERS.

CHARLES H. BARTLETT.

CHARLES HENRY BARTLETT was born in Sunapee, October 15, 1833, the son of John and Sarah J. (Sanborn) Bartlett, and a lineal descendant in the eighth generation of Richard Bartlett, who came from England to Newbury, Mass., in 1634. Mr. Bartlett's early life was mainly spent upon his father's farm, laboring through the summer season and attending school during the winter. He early developed a taste for literary pursuits, and from childhood, devoted a liberal portion of his leisure moments to the perusal of such books as were accessible to him. He contributed to the current literature of the day, and showed remarkable facility in both prose and poetic composition. He received his education in the academies at Washington and New London, after which he began the study of law in the office of Metcalf & Barton at Newport. He studied subsequently with George & Foster of Concord, and with Morrison & Stanley in this city, being admitted to the bar of Hillsborough County from the office of the latter in 1858. In that year he began the practice of his profession at Wentworth, this state, and in 1863 removed to this city, where he ever afterwards resided. For two years he was law partner with the late Hon. James U. Parker, the partnership terminating with the retirement of the latter. In June, 1867, Mr. Bartlett was appointed Clerk of the United States District Court for the New Hampshire District, since which time he had not actively practiced his profession, but had devoted himself to the duties of his office, which became onerous and responsible upon the passage of the bankrupt law, about the time of his appointment. He was Clerk of the New Hampshire Senate from 1861 to 1865, Gov. Smyth's private secretary in 1865 and 1866, Treasurer of the State Industrial School in 1866 and 1867. In the same year he was unanimously chosen City Solicitor, but declined a re-election. In 1872 he was elected, as a nominee of the Republican party, Mayor of Manchester by an emphatic majority, and

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served till February 18, 1873, when he resigned in accordance with the policy of the National Government, which forbade United States officials to hold city or municipal offices. His co-operation with the administration on this matter, though at a sacrifice of a conspicuous public position, was recognized by President Grant through Attorney General Williams. His last official act as Mayor was to turn over the amount of salary which would have been paid him as the city's chief executive, to the Firemen's Relief Fund, and this act of generosity at that time was illustrative of the interest which he ever felt in the Fire Department of Manchester.

Mr. Bartlett had been Trustee of the Merrimack River Savings Bank from its organization in 1874, a Trustee of the Peoples Savings Bank, and a director in the Merchants National Bank. He was Master of Washington Lodge of Masons from April, 1872, to April, 1874, and held membership to Mt. Horeb Royal Arch Chapter, Adoniram Council, and Trinity Commandery, Knights of Templar. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention and Chairman of the Commission appointed by the Governor and Council, to investigate the affairs of the Asylum for the Insane. In 1881 Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In 1882 he was elected to the State Senate, resigning his position as Clerk of the United States District Court. At the aasembling of the Legislature he was chosen President of the Senate, an office second in rank to the Governor of the State. He had served as Trustee of the State Industrial School, having been appointed by Governor Goodell, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Clark, whom he succeeded as Clerk of the Board. He was Clerk of the Board of Cemetery Trustees from its creation. He took a deep and active interest in the work of this body. For two years he was commander of the Amoskeag Veterans, and these years were made by him two of the most prosperous and important years in the history of this famous command. He was Judge Advocate on the

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staff of Gov. Hiram Tuttle, with the rank of General, and was President of the Manchester Board of Trade in 1896 and 1897, and had earlier assisted in the formation of the Board. He was an attendant at the Hanover Street Congregational Church and had been president of the society. Socially he held membership in both the Derryfield and Calumet Clubs. He beame an active member of the Manchester Historic Association soon after its incorporation, and showed great interest in its success.

General Bartlett was a man of rare quality, a man who would have achieved high success in almost any calling in life. He came of a family in which many names are written in high places, and his name deserves to be written among the highest on the roll. He was born at a time when Mason, Webster and Pierce were in the zenith of their fame. All through his school-boy days Webster and Pierce in New Hampshire and Story and Choate in Massachusetts were constantly pointed to as the brightest examples of the most complete success; and interested and attracted by the brilliant achievements of these great leaders he naturally turned to the law and was admitted to the Hillsborough Bar in 1858. Reared upon a farm he passed through all of the struggles and privations that intervene between the days of earnest toil for a living and the time, when by hard, painstaking work, prudence and foresight in management in his chosen profession he had acquired the independence of a comfortable fortune.

A man of fine physique and possessed of an excellent voice and gifts as an orator, he was in frequent demand as a public speaker, responding on many and widely diverse occasions.

In recent years he delivered three notable orations. One at the dedication of Stark Park on June 17, 1893, one at Amherst at the unveiling of the Soldiers' Monument, and the third and last at the Peterborough Celebration. An act illustrative of his generosity occurred in 1893, when after the city had made arrangements for the celebration of the 17th of June by the dedication of Stark Park, the question was raised by the late James

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B. Straw, then City Auditor, as to the right of the city to expend money for such a purpose. In order that there might be no delay in the proceedings, and to remove all doubt as to the celebration, General Bartlett came forward and generously offered to bear the entire expense of the celebration. At the commemoration of the city's semi-centennial, he was prominent as President of the Day on Tuesday, September 8, and at that time delivered an eloquent address.

Many citizens of Manchester recall General Bartlett's rare affability, and his ready fund of anecdotes and illustration, which never failed him, whether the occasion was in the companionship of a few friends or at public gatherings. Had he been more aggressive and self-assertive he might undoubtedly have attained to high political position, but of a dignified temperament, reserved in his manner, holding his own worth at a true and just estimate, while expecting others to do the same, he had no liking for the scramble that too often accompanies him who seeks for political preferment.

He died on Jan. 25, 1900, in his 67th year, while seemingly in the full possession of all his powers, active until within a few days of his decease.

General Bartlett married, December, 1858, Miss Hannah M. Eastman of Croydon, who died July 25, 1890. They had two children, a son, Charles Leslie, who died at the age of four years, and one daughter, Carrie Belle, who married Mr. Charles H. Anderson, and survived her father. J. P. T.

NATHAN P. KIDDER.

NATHAN PARKER KIDDER, the son of Samuel B. and Mary A. Kidder, was born in Manchester, April 12, 1844, and was a descendant of General John Stark. His father was superintendent of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company's locks and canals, and the home, which is still standing, was near the gate house between the railroad and the canal. As a boy he was fond of outdoor sports and a great lover of horses. He enjoyed

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NATHAN P. KIDDER.

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boating and fishing. Like the other members of the family he was always searching for Indian arrow heads and other relics, and many specimens of the Kidder collection were found by him and his younger brother, Selwyn, in their diligent search while their mates were playing. He first attended school at the "Old Falls schoolhouse," so called, which was burned in 1859. From there he went to the North Grammar school and entered the High school at the age of twelve. Illness caused him to lose several terms, and he was still a member of the school in 1861 when the attack on Sumter was made. His young heart beat with patriotic impulse and he left the student's desk to enlist. He was refused by the mustering officer in Manchester, upon giving his age as seventeen, but with his unwonted determination he made another effort and went to Concord, finding the same officer mustering in the recruits. When asked his age he replied, "eighteen," and was accepted. He was enrolled on January 16, 1862, in Company M, First New Hampshire Cavalry, his fondness for a horse causing him to choose cavalry service rather than infantry. His brother, Charles S., enlisted at the same time. As the state of New Hampshire raised only four companies of cavalry, they formed a battalion of the First New England Cavalry and were ordered to Pawtucket, R. I., January 22, where they went into camp, leaving there for Washington, March 17. While at Washington the name of the regiment was changed from the First New England Cavalry to the First Rhode Island Cavalry, which displeased the battalion so much that some of the officers telegraphed to Governor Berry asking him to come to Washington and see if he could not get the battalion out of the regiment. In May the New Hampshire battalion was ordered to Fredericksburg to report to General Shields, which pleased the whole battalion, as it separated them from the Rhode Island portion of the regiment. The "New Hampshire Cavalry gained for itself a high reputation for discipline and efficiency and reflected honor upon the state."

Mr. Kidder participated in twenty engagements, viz: Front

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Royal, Cedar Mountain, Groveton, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Aldee, Middleburg, Chancellorsville, Brandy Station, Nottoway Court House, Ream's Station, Stony Creek, Milford, Kearnyville, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Waynesboro, Cedar Creek, Tower's Brook, and Newton. After the battle of Front Royal his brother Charles wrote, "Nate is here with me and I am very glad he is. The officers call him one of the best men in the company." On June, 18, 1863, he received a bullet wound in his right thumb and was taken prisoner near Middleburg, Virginia. After traveling one hundred and thirty miles on foot in six days and riding all night in a freight car so crowded that the men could not lie down, he passed one night in Libby prison, and the next day went to Belle Isle, where he remained until July 22, when he was exchanged. From the letters and diaries which Mr. Kidder wrote during the war much interesting matter might be given, were it not for making this sketch too lengthy. I quote one incident. "Our Division went out on a reconnoissance on the 17th on the Millwood and Winchester Pike, the 1st N. H. being in advance and Co.'s "K" and "M" being thrown out as skirmishers. We encountered the enemy and drove him back on his infantry supports when we halted and a private and I volunteered to go forward and reconnoitre some woods in our front. We dismounted and left our horses and proceeded cautiously into the woods, but had not proceeded far when we heard our names called and on going to the edge of the wood discovered our skirmishers had fallen back and we immediately started for them across a clearing destitute of brush or tree. The boys supposed we were captured but we made our way out through a shower of bullets that the Reb Infantry poured into us and got back to our command. My comrade was wounded in the shoulder and his carbine riddled with bullets, but I am safe and sound and ready for anything."

During a retreat of our army across the Rappahannock on October 12, 1863, Mr. Kidder lost his horse and after hiding in the woods by day and marching by night, he was finally taken

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prisoner near Thoroughfare Gap on October 15, and again was confined at Belle Isle, where he remained nearly six months. Seldom could he be prevailed upon to tell of his sufferings and privations in that wretched place, but his courage did not fail him and that alone saved his life. Soon after his release he obtained a furlough of thirty days and came home. His brother Charles, who had been mustered in for a new term of service, was also at home on furlough, and his younger brother, Selwyn, enlisted in the same company, the loyal and patriotic mother saying if she had a dozen boys she would send them all. Two other sons were in government service but not on the field. After Mr. Kidder's return to the front, his regiment was in constant action. At Newton, Virginia, November 12, 1864, Mr. Kidder was wounded in battle, his left ankle being shattered by a minnie bullet. His foot was amputated at Winchester where he remained for a month. His brother, Selwyn, was detailed by the surgeon in charge to remain with him while there. Three days after he was wounded he wrote, "Don't worry a bit about me. I shall keep up good spirits, for I never was in a place yet where I lost them. When I look around me and see other poor fellows so much worse off, I think it is all for the best. It was lost in a good cause but I have fought my last fight for the good, old flag." He was transferred from Cavalry Corps Hospital, Winchester, to Broad and Cherry Hospital, Philadelphia, then to the South Street Hospital, Philadelphia, and in January, 1865, he was transferred to Webster, U. S. Gen. Hospital at Manchester and discharged June 2, 1865, making nearly six months of hospital life. He helped many a disheartened comrade by his cheerfulness. He was a brave soldier; daring, determined, courageous and utterly fearless.

For several years after the war he was employed by the Amoskeag Company at the gate house. In 1869, at the age of twenty-five, he served one term in the Legislature. He was a charter member of Louis Bell Post, No. 3, G. A. R., and of the Union Veterans' Union. He was Quartermaster General of the

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N. H. Volunteer Militia in 1868 and was Assistant Quartermaster General of the G. A. R. Dept. of N. H., in 1871. He was a member of Passaconnaway Tribe of Red Men and a member of the Derryfield Club, at one time serving as its President.

Mr. Kidder married Laura A. Montgomery, a former teacher of this city. Two daughters blessed their home, Eunice, who married Mr. Joseph H. Browr., now residing in Detroit, Michigan, and Florence, the wife of Mr. Austin M. Everett of Chelsea, Mass.

In politics he was a staunch Republican. He was elected city clerk in the year 1877 and held the office for twenty consecutive years. He was a "capable, efficient and faithful official, thoroughly familiar with every detail of the office, ever obliging and the soul of courtesy."

In 1900 he was appointed Assistant Postmaster. While attending his duties at the postoffice he was stricken with the brain trouble from which he never recovered. His immediate family had been conscious that his mind was weakening for some time, but had not anticipated the result. He was taken to the State Hospital at Concord, N. H., for treatment, remaining there until released through death, May 17, 1901. Mr. Kidder was genial and affable; was generous to a fault; a true friend, and he never spoke ill of another. L. A. K.

JOHN M. CHANDLER.

It often happens that the biographer, in seeking antecedents for the great or good qualities of his subject, is obliged to search far back into the family annals, even to seek collateral branches of one or the other parent. The case before us is of an entirely different character. The immediate and the remote ancestors of John M. Chandler were of a type that was conspicuous for its integrity and ability. They belonged to that class of yeomanry who conquered the wilderness, made the laws, and defended the early settlement from the prowling wolf

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JOHN M. CHANDLER.

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and the marauding savage. Emerson has immortalized these men in his poem on Concord fight as "the embattled farmers." Born on a farm bordering on the lovely Merrimack river, at a time when the great founders of the Union were still living or only recently dead, he grew up in an atmosphere of love of country and respect for the integrity of political office, where plain ability was more esteemed than superficial brilliancy. He passed the period of his boyhood in storing the mind with that which was more likely to develop the intellect and the heart than to foster commercial or conventional ambitions. In one respect only was his nurture at all different from that which was usual in our best old families at this period. There was in all the members of his household deep love for, and ability to create music. In fact, in that quiet country home was to be heard music of a high order, produced by its own members, all entering joyously into the creation of musical entertainment. I mention this fact in particular as it had a bearing upon his subsequent career and has shown its influence upon other members of his family in other ways.

At an early age it seemed to be determined that John was to select a professional career and his early training and teaching was made to enable him to take a college course. At the age of seventeen he entered Dartmouth College with all the enthusiasm of youth and doubtless with that same capacity for excellence and mastery for which he was conspicuous in after years. The first year was successfully passed, but at the beginning of the second there developed in his system alarming symptoms of a pulmonary disorder which proved so grave that he was obliged to suspend his course and devote his energies to arrest the disease. It would be difficult to imagine the grief and disappointment caused by this great misfortune. For several years he devoted himself to the restoration of his endangered health. Yet this was not an unmitigated calamity, for during this period when prolonged labor and effort was impossible, he was enabled to undertake an extensive

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course of reading in all departments of learning, permitting him to store his mind with that marvelous amount of knowledge which was apparent to those who knew him intimately. One or two things he possessed to a remarkable degree: A love of exact and critical knowledge; a memory that never misled or deceived; an infinite capacity for accurate observation, and a temperament singularly sympathetic and easily aroused, yet he was able to look critically at a subject without bias or personal feeling.

Those who knew Mr. Chandler in his later years and saw him in his remarkable physical perfection can with difficulty realize that in his youth grave fears were entertained of his ability to recover from what seemed a fatal disease. Mr. Chandler was for twenty years engaged in mercantile affairs, first serving a short clerkship at Nashua, afterwards as a partner in the business firm of Kidder & Chandler. After a successful period in that line he became successively assistant cashier and cashier, following his brother, the Hon. George B. Chandler, who succeeded to the office of president of the well known Amoskeag National Bank.

It would be almost impossible to write a sketch of John M. Chandler without some allusion to his two elder brothers, Henry and George Byron Chandler. Intimately associated in business, with a harmony as delightful as it was rare, there could scarcely be found three men of more distinctly different qualities working together in such absolute union. Mr. Chandler's ambitions were not to be rich merely, not to be famous or to seek preferment, but to do faithfully and intelligently what was set before him; to treat others justly and kindly, to improve and progress; to live well and to have the best for use and not for ornament; he was in every way a model citizen, a loyal friend, and a buttress of the city's integrity and honor.

Without being at all partisan in politics Mr. Chandler was a staunch Democrat of the conservative type; by religious preference a Unitarian, but his theology was of the kind most re-

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sembling that of his mother, Sally McAllaster, who was a Universalist of an austerity and dignity of almost Puritan intensity, although consisting more in a faith and good works and a wholesome self-respect than in theological formulas or in definite beliefs in this or that doctrine.

It was my good fortune to become intimately acquainted with Mr. Chandler in the year 1890 and to have peculiar and unusual opportunities of knowing him in a free and unrestrained manner; to know that the apparent reserve was to be melted into a friendliness and rare good humor; to see his quick response to those in misfortune; and to see his apathy and aversion towards crediting any evil report was to have enjoyed one of those rare friendships too seldom falling to the lot of man.

JOHN MCALLASTER CHANDLER was descended from William Chandler, who came to America in 1637 and settled in Roxbury, Mass. All the Chandlers in New England seem to have sprung from this stock, his children and grandchildren spreading slowly out into the adjoining territory, occupying many positions of trust and serving in every capacity in early colonial times. Zachariah, great-grandson of William, married Margaret Bishop, daughter of Thomas Bishop, one of the Narragansett soldiers. Through grants made to those who served in King Philips's war, he became possessor of lands on the Merrimack river and his son, Thomas, moved to Bedford, New Hampshire, then known as Narragansett No. 5, about 1750, and was married to Hannah Goffe, this being the first couple married in that township and their house was the first frame dwelling built there. Zachariah, his son, born in 1751, was one of the Revolutionary patriots and selectman in 1784. He bought the Old Billings collection of sacred music for his sons, Thomas and Samuel, which was supposed to be the first singing book in Bedford. This seems to have been the origin of the musical taste alluded to in this sketch.

Thomas Chandler was much interested in music and seems to have been a many-sided man, for he was Justice of the

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Quorum in 1808, captain of the militia in 1815, representative and senator in the State Legislature and member of Congress from 1829 to 1833. He was a very tall man, vigorous physically, and worked in the fields in his 88th year, dying at the age of 93. His brother Samuel was the father of Zachariah Chandler, so widely known afterwards during the times of the Civil War, being United States Senator and serving in that capacity, representing Michigan in the Senate for eighteen years, later becoming secretary of the interior under Grant. Thus Zachariah Chandler had a son and a grandson who bore high nationl honors, both born in the same town and raised on adjoining farms, the son a Jeffersonian Democrat and the grandson an ardent Republican.

John M. Chandler was born November 3, 1834; married Lavinia Pease Foss in 1860, by whom he had one daughter, Mary Chandler (Burpee), who has a son, Chandler Burpee. Mr. Chandler married a second time, Lucy Ruggles of New Bedford, by whom he had a daughter, Eloise, both surviving him.

On the 5th of December, 1901, after an unusually busy and pleasant day, Mr. Chandler left the Amoskeag National Bank with a cheery "good-night" and was suddenly stricken, expiring instantly, in the very manner he had always expressed as being the ideal way of passing out of this life, leaving Manchester the poorer by the loss of so much that was noble and endearing, but richer in the remembrance of an ideal citizen.

T. P. W. R.

WILLIAM A. TRUESDALE.

William A. Truesdale was the son of John and Harriet Truesdale, who came to Manchester in its early days from Cambridge, Mass. The Truesdales belonged to Revolutionary stock, having come to this country from England several generations before the uprising of the colonies. William was born in Manchester July, 9, 1851, and was educated in the local schools. His father had been for some years a manufacturer of trunks,

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LUTHER S. PROCTOR.

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and upon finishing his education he entered his employ. But at the end of two years he left to learn the trade of machinist at the Amoskeag machine shop. Later he went to work at the Manchester Locomotive works, where he remained until 1872. The increasing business of his father now attracted him hither, and a partnership was formed under the name of J. Truesdale & Son, which continued until the death of the parent, October 18, 1891 The firm did a large business in trunks and bags, both retail and wholesale, but upon the decease of his father William limited his business to the wholesale trade. The disastrous fire of February 7, 1892, which destroyed the Varick block, ruined his stock. Obliged to seek new headquarters he moved to commodious rooms in the building near the passenger station, of the Everett Knitting works. About this time he invented a wall trunk that was received with great favor.

In politics Mr. Truesdale was a Republican, being an active worker in his party. He was honored with two elections to the State Legislature from Ward 4, 1890-2 and 1892-4, his popularity was shown by the large vote accorded him at both elections. He was an honorary member of the Captain Joseph Freschl post, G. A. R. He became a member of the Manchester Historic Association on September 18, 1901, and had he lived would doubtless have been a valuable member, as he was greatly interested in historical matters. He died after a short illness of heart difficulty, January 8, 1902, is survived by a wife and two sons, Albert C. and Edward, and a daughter, Genevieve R. One sister also outlives him, Mrs. James S. Wilde, of Kobe, Japan. In personal appearance he was a man of medium height, slender build, active in his movements, having a genial nature and the many good qualities which help form an upright character. V. S. C.

LUTHER S. PROCTOR.

Luther Stowell Proctor was born January 2, 1835, and died March 1, 1902. His paternal ancestors were English,

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coming to America from England in 1635 and settling in Ipswich, Mass. His grandfather came to Londonderry, now Derry, and in 1806 his father, John Proctor, bought the land bordering on the shores of Lake Massabesic and built the house, which is now the Proctor homestead and where he was born and always lived. Like most boys of those days his early education was acquired principally during the winter months and a part of the time his teacher was the late William E. Moore, who was about the same age as many of his pupils.

Mr. Proctor was most thoroughly a home man and did not care for public or political life to any extent, though he served as Representative to the State Legislature for two years, 1896-97. In his early days, and later on in middle life, he was engaged quite extensively in the wood and lumber business, but during the last few years of his life ill health prevented him from getting out of doors very much during the winters. His father's farm comprised nearly all of what is now Youngsville, and he was known as the largest land owner in that vicinity. Several acres of this patrimony bordering on the shores of Lake Massabesic were purchased of Luther by the city of Manchester in 1896, when the latter obtained possession of the land as far as possible along the lake in order to protect the water supply.

Mr. Proctor always attended the First M. E. church and often told how he together with other boys and girls took a short cut through the woods back of the Huse homestead, always with their shoes hung over their shoulders till in sight of the church, when they would put them on and attend church in proper attire. When the old house was moved and remodelled, he still retained his pew which was the property of his father before him, as it was then the custom to own and not hire church pews. He was one of the earliest members of Amoskeag Grange and a constant attendant at the meetings until within a few years, and was treasurer for several years.

He also belonged to the Old Resident's Association and was one of the most interested and active members at the Semi-

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Centennial celebration in 1896. His excellent memory enabled him to recall the old residents, nearly all of whom he knew, although many were years older than himself.

In stature he was a large man, tall and well proportioned, and weighed about 225 pounds. These proportions he inherited from his maternal ancestors. He possessed a remarkable memory, and many an amusing anecdote would be related by him concerning some of the early settlers around Lake Massabesic and Webster's mills. He became a member of the Manchester Historic Association September 18, 1901. In his decease the society lost one who was ever interested in historical matters and the community a citizen of sterling worth.

G. W. B.

JOSEPH R. WESTON.

JOSEPH R. WESTON was born in Goffstown February 27, 1842, and was the son of Samuel S. and Roxanna Weston. His father and his grandfather were village blacksmiths, but the subject of our sketch looked to another trade for his calling. Upon finishing a course in the school of his native town Joseph attended the Spring Street school in this city. Upon leaving school, after working for a time in the sash and blind shop of Jeremiah Austin at Goffstown, he entered the employment of his brother Alonzo as clerk in the latter's clothing store in this city. Later on he worked for the dry goods merchant, William Putney, and then for Mr. Otis Barton. He next launched into business for himself in partnership with his brother Samuel in Mercantile block. His brother soon after dying, he conducted his store alone for a time, when he admitted Mr Charles Senter as a partner. On August 28, 1875, he opened a store on the site now occupied by the Pickering building, and advertised it as "Joe Weston's New Dry Goods Store." This became a decided success, and in February, 1880, he admitted to partnership in his flourishing business Mr. James W. Hill, one of his clerks. Upon the completion of the Pembroke block this firm removed there in April, 1891, where they conducted a successful business. In 1897 he sold out his interest to his partner

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and retired to devote his time to looking after his investments in real estate. Quoting from the source from which we draw most of our information: "Mr. Weston's sagacity and ability as a business man were clearly demonstrated by his careful attention to details and the systematic manner in which all of his business transactions were entered upon. He is said to have been able to tell at a moment's notice just how his affairs stood. He was a man of energy and perseverance, characteristics which were displayed in all of his undertakings. He was very fond of outdoor sports."

Mr. Weston was an attendant upon the Universalist church. He belonged to the Masonic fraterntty, being a member of the Washington lodge, October 3, 1871, Mt. Horeb Royal Arch chapter November 13, 1872, Adoniram council February 3, 1873, and Trinity Commandery March 21, 1873. He became a member of the Manchester Historic Association in September, 1901.

His decline in health began with injuries received by being struck by an electric car near the corner of Elm and Bridge streets a little over a year before his death on March 28. He is survived by a wife, Mrs. Helen (Fitts) Weston, and a daughter, Mrs. Grace Johnson of Nashua, and a son, Fred M. Weston of New York city. One brother, Alonzo H., of this city, and one sister, Mrs. Anna Kimball of Bradford, Mass., also outlive him. The funeral was conducted at his late home on Salmon street under the auspices of the Knights Templar, and the body borne to rest in Pine Grove cemetery. C.

MRS. CLARISA P. HERRICK.

The subject of this memoir was one of the early members of the Historic Association, and continued to manifest an interest in its work as years passed.

Mrs. Herrick's ancestry was of the old colonial stock, and all its family traditions and associations centered around the events of the Revolution.

The birth date of our subject was September 8, 1824, when her father's family resided in New Boston on a farm received

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MRS. CLARISA P. HERRICK.

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by inheritance from her maternal grandfather's estate. Her parents were Robert and Elizabeth (Kelso) Parkinson, and she was the youngest of eight children. three boys and five girls, all of whom lived to mature life. By profession her father was a civil engineer, and served several years on a survey of the northern part of New Hampshire in the vicinity of Dixville Notch, where he ultimately cleared a farm in the township of Columbia, but becoming embarrassed by losses in marine lumber at Portland, Maine, from the embargo of the war of 1812, removed to New Boston, the old family home of the mother. At this fine old typical New England town the family were educated and trained in all the moral and intellectual lines common to the best class of our rural population. The trend to a good education in the family was perhaps stimulated by an ancestral bias, the paternal grandfather, Henry Parkinson, being a graduate of Princeton, and a noted teacher at Concord and Canterbury in the first quarter of the last century. He had also been a good patriot and soldier in the early days of our Revolution, having served as commissary to General Stark at the battle of Bunker Hill and later holding the same position at Ticonderoga.

The family removed from New Boston to Nashua about 1837, and in the ten years following, the members completed their education in the schools and academies of that day.

As a teacher, Mrs. Herrick's early womanhood was spent in Milford, Hudson and Nashua. Her marriage occurred in 1849, and the subsequent sixteen years were spent in New York city and Brooklyn, where her husband was employed as an illustrator of books by city publishers and also as teacher and principal manager in the "New York School of Design for Women," Cooper Institute.

The family removed to Manchester, N. H., in 1865 where it has since been located, and where she died August 16, 1902, of heart difficulty.

Mrs. Herrick has left an honorable name and precious memory to society. Her sons, Allan E., Robert P. and Henry A., are well settled in life with honorable records, and a promising

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future. One sister, Mrs. Frances C. P. Wheeler now lives at North Woburn, Mass., being the only living representative of the large and honorable family. H.

HORACE PETTEE.

HORACE PETTEE was the son of Ebenezer and Lydia (Hall) Pettee and a lineal descendant of William Petty who came from England and settled in Weymouth, Mass., about 1638. He was born in Francestown, N. H., December 1, 1817, and died in Manchester October 7, 1902. He was educated in the common schools and academy of his native town, remained in business with his father until 1843, when he came to Manchester and began a long and honorable business career. He became bookkeeper and confidential clerk for Mr. David Hamblett, who was then carrying on an extensive business in lumber and grain in Piscataquog, now West Manchester. After the death of Mr. Hamblett Mr. Pettee administered the estate and closed out the large and varied interests involved with marked success. In 1849 he engaged in the wholesale and retail grain business with Jeremiah Abbott, locating in the Museum building, of which he was part owner for many years, on Elm street. In 1864 Mr. Abbott retired and Mr. Pettee's brother, the late Holmes R. Pettee, became associated with him, the firm being known as H. & H. R. Pettee. In 1876 he retired from active trade.

Coming to Manchester only three years after Rev. Dr. Wallace began his long pastorate over the First Congregational Church, he immediately identified himself with it. He held the office of deacon most worthily for twenty-nine years, and at the time of his death was deacon emeritus. He was a director of the First Congregational Society several years, and afterwards its president, continuing in this office through the time when the new church was being built. He was also chairman of the building committee and financial agent, giving his time and business ability, about two years to the work, thereby contributing greatly to the successful completion of the enterprise. He was a constant attendant on all religious services, long a teacher in the Sunday school and constantly engaged in every Christian

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HORACE PETTEE.

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activity. He was also interested in various benevolent organizations. For fifty years he was connected with the City Missionary Society, serving successively as member of the Board of Control, as treasurer of the society, and as its president. He was treasurer of the New Hampshire Central Congregational Club from its organization till 1901, when he declined re-election. He was an active member of the Old Residents' Association and held offices in it, and became a member of the Manchester Historic Association in September, 1901.

In politics he was a Republican and was honored with many offices by his party. He was a member of the city council three years, during two of which he was its president; served as alderman two years and represented his ward in the State Legislature during the stirring days of the Civil War. He was active during this period in promoting the Union cause. Prevented from enlisting, he sent a substitute at his own expense that he might be personally represented on the battlefield.

Deacon Pettee was married in 1843 to Elizabeth F. Wilson of Francestown, who died in 1855. Later he married Sarah E. Adams of New Boston, who survives him, besides two sons, Rev. James H. Pettee, Missionary of the American Board in Japan, and Prof. Charles H. Pettee, Dean of the New Hampshire College at Durham.

If "fidelity is success," then the life of this strong, earnest man of affairs, who was faithful to the end in every relation of life, must be considered a grandly successful one. S. E. P.

ANDREW MUNGALL.

ANDREW MUNGALL was born in Glasgow, Scotland, December 31, 1828, and died in Manchester October 8, 1902. His parents were Robert and Margaret (Rankin) Mungall. The family belonged to Clackmannanshire, in the east of Scotland, having originally come from France during the persecution of the Huguenots. The name was then spelled Mongault. The subject of our memoir, one of a large family with moderate means, he went to work at the age of ten years in a calico print works. Leaving this place a few years later he

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went to learn the cotton dyeing trade, which occupation he followed until three years before his death. He studied chemistry under Professor Penny at the Andersonian University, Glasgow, and later became assistant to his former instructor in his evening classes. He was in the employ of the John Bartholomew & Co., dyers, in Glasgow, for nearly thirty years. Beginning in a minor position he rose step by step, until he became manager of the entire works, holding this position until the firm went out of business. In 1881 he came to Manchester and was engaged by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, when he introduced into their mills what is called the "long chain system" of dyeing, and which had never until then been put into operation in the United States. He was superintendent of dyeing with this company for nearly twenty years, retiring in 1899.

Mr. Mungall was active in Church and Sunday school work, and was for many years an elder in Bridgeton Parish Church, Glasgow, and he was superintendent of the Sunday school in connection with this church. Upon coming to Manchester he became a member of the Franklin Street Congregational Church, which he retained until his death. He took his Masonic degrees in Scotland, and affiliated with Lafayette Lodge in Manchester. He was also a member of Trinity Commandery here; was a life member of Clan McKenzie, and was a member of the Scots Charitable Society of Boston, Mass. Possessing a deep interest in historical matters he became a member of the Manchester Historic Association in September, 1901.

Mr. Mungall married in July, 1851, Miss Isabella Kirkwood Kelly of Glasgow. Eight children were born to them. They celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in July, 1901, upon which happy occasion seventeen grandchildren were present with their parents and others. He is survived by his widow and six children, four sons and two daughters, as follows: Robert, overseer of the Norwich Dye works, Norwich, Conn.; Samuel, assistant superintendent of the Amoskeag Dye house; Andrew, superintendent of the Canadian Cotton corporation, Milltown, N. B.; Thomas, who succeeded his father as superin-

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ANDREW MUNGALL.

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tendent of the Amoskeag Dye house; Mrs. Isabella Menzies of this city, and Mrs. Janet Nicoll of Dundee, Scotland. Two brothers, residing in Scotland, George and James, also survive him. He was buried in Pine Grove cemetery. His funeral, which took place from his late home, 506 Belmont street, was conducted by Rev. B. W. Lockhart of the Franklin Street Church, and Rev. D. J. Many of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, and was largely attended by sorrowing friends and relatives.

The local press in speaking of Mr. Mungall, said fittingly: "He was the perfect type of the sturdy, honest, large-hearted man, possessing an irreproachable character, a genial temperament and a good judgment. All who knew him respected him, and those who knew him intimately, loved him. In every circle in which he moved his presence was distinctly felt, and his weighty influence was ever on the side of right and truth."

G. W. B.

JOSEPH KIDDER.

Joseph Kidder, M. A., son of Samuel Phillips and Betsey (Stark) Kidder, was born in Manchester, March 13, 1819. His father was a descendant of James Kidder of East Grinstead, Sussex, England, who came to Cambridge, Mass., as early as 1650. His mother was a granddaughter of General Stark of Revolutionary fame.

The subject of this memoir was the fourth of a family of five children. His father died when he was four years old, leaving this large family to the care of the mother. Mrs. Kidder was a woman of energy and courage, and managed to keep the flock together for a time and provide for their support. Joseph's early life was spent upon a farm of about one hundred acres, extending from the river back to Oak Hill. The house which was situated near the water on what would be the edge of the upper Amoskeag canal, has been moved from its location and is known as the Campbell house, said to be still standing south of the gate house at the Falls At ten years of age Joseph was able among the hardy working population of the time and place

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to pay his own way. He was a willing and studious attendant at the district school and eagerly read such books as he could obtain, a larger number than might be supposed, for the father, Samuel Phillips Kidder, was a director in the Derryfield Social Library and we may be sure that the son had the perusal of some of those classics which were the foundation of many a school boy's knowledge in that time, Pilgrim's Progress, The Spectator, The Arabian Nights, Don Quixote, Rollin's Ancient History, Rasselas, the Scottish Chiefs, beside many books on theological and ethical subjects such as our fathers used to read. At the age of fifteen, when the sandy banks of the Merrimack were beginning to feel the birth throes of a manufacturing city, Joseph obtained employment as clerk in a store, where he continued three years, after which he entered Pembroke Academy, then at the height of its prosperity, under the charge of Col. Isaac Kinsman. At this school he spent several terms as student, assistant teacher and editor of a semi-monthly paper called the "People's Herald." His academic education was completed at Lebanon and at Dummer Academy, West Newbury, Mass. At this latter school, in 1900, Mr. Kidder attended the unveiling of a memorial tablet to the memory of the founder, Ex-Governor Dummer.

In 1812, having retired from the publication of the People's Herald, Mr. Kidder, associated with W. H. Kimball, established the Manchester Democrat which afterwards became the Democrat and American. The next year, in company with Mr. John M. Hill of Concord, he started a campaign paper called the Advocate of Democracy, which ceased publication with the close of the election which called it forth.

From 1845 to 1847 he was editor of the Manchester Saturday Messenger and was a writer for several other papers. From 1881 to 1884 he was editor of the Odd Fellows' department of the New Hampshire Statesman, and later, up to his death, conducted a similar department for the Manchester Union. In 1845, in company with his older brother, Col. John S. Kidder, and John M. Chandler, late cashier of the Amoskeag National Bank, with whom at various times and for longer or shorter

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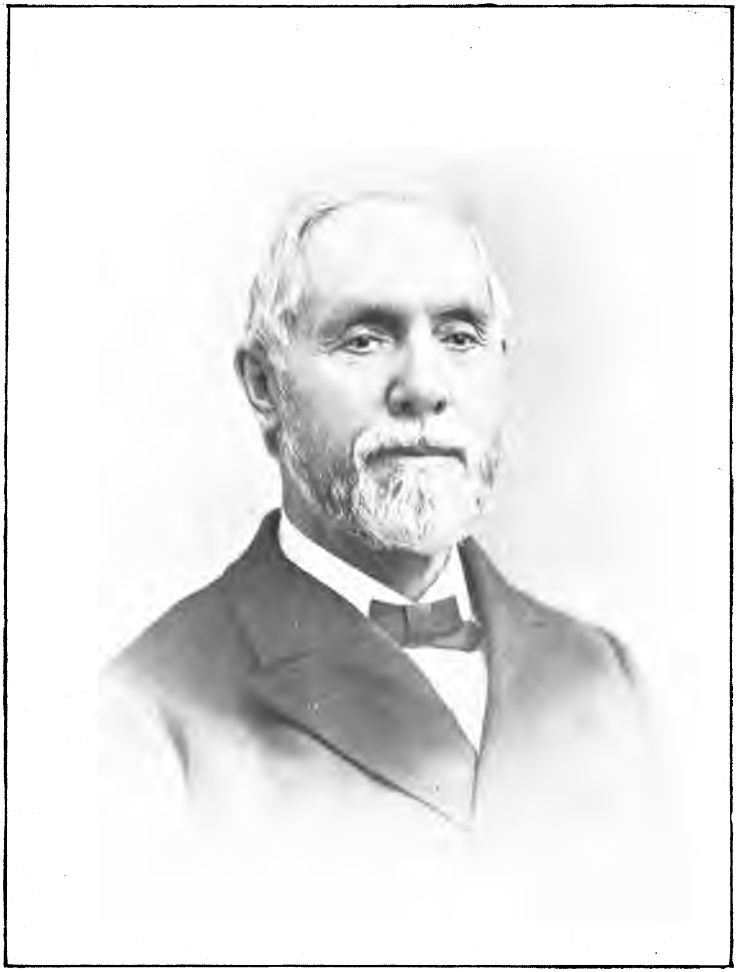

Joseph Kidder.

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periods was associated John F. Duncklee, he opened a store for the sale of general merchandise at No. 36 Elm street, on the site now occupied by the Weston block. Growing with the growth of the town this came to be known as the "family store," and did a large and increasing business for barter, for cash, for for credit. The farmers brought their produce and a large territory had its wants supplied in a satisfactory manner. For twenty eight years this was a center of trade until the firm was dissolved by mutual consent.

During the time spent in mercantile pursuits Mr. Kidder gave much attention to local public affairs; took a deep interest in education, was for some years a member of the school board and superintendent of schools. Later he was president of the Board of Trade, vice president of the Old Folks' and of the Historic Associations. He was a trustee of the State Industrial School, to which institution he devoted much time and where he delivered many addresses, a trustee also of the Agricultural College at Durham, where he received the degree of Doctor of Science, and while not an Alumnus of Dartmouth, that institution, in recognition of his public usefulness in many directions, made him Master of Arts. Interested in all that pertains to agriculture he became a member of the Grange and was chaplain of Amoskeag Grange, P. of H., from 1896 to his decease. He became widely known throughout the state as a lecturer, one lecture in particular on the cave in Kentucky, having been many times repeated. In addition to these things Mr. Kidder was an active and earnest worker in the Universalist denomination to which he belonged and in the church of which he was a Sunday school teacher. As a lay preacher he conducted services at many funerals and not infrequently occupied the pulpit in his pastor's absence.

At the close of his mercantile career Mr. Kidder felt free to devote himself to what must be considered the great purpose of his life. He has told us how at four years of age he was impressed at the sight of the Masonic emblems at his father's funeral. In 1845 he joined the Hillsboro Lodge, No. 2, Order of Odd Fellows. On his seventy-fifth birthday he had taken

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every degree that is conferred by the Order, was Grand Master in 1856, a member of the Sovereign Grand Lodge ten years, two years Grand Marshal, and since 1878 was Secretary of the Grand Lodge, and of the Grand Encampment. He was made a Mason in Washington Lodge of Manchester, May 4, 1864, became a member of Mount Horeb Arch Chapter January 4, 1865, of Adoniram Council Royal and Select Masters, September 7, 1865, Trinity Commandery Knights Templar, April 26. He had received the rites of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite to and including the 32d degree. He was Chaplain of Washington Lodge for over twenty years and of Mount Horeb Chapter for twenty-two years, of Trinity Commandery for twenty four years. He was Master of Washington Lodge in 1869, High Priest of Mount Horeb Chapter in 1873-74 and 1889, Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of Masons from 1874 to the time of his death, had been Prelate of the Grand Commandery since September, 1900, and Chaplain of the Grand Chapter since May, 1882.

Mr. Kidder was quiet and unassuming in dress and deportment, walking with alert step and usually with eyes fixed on the ground, as if in thought. He was of medium height, well proportioned and as he passed the eighth decade the casual observer saw few tokens of advancing age in mind or body. What his loss means to the two great associations in which he was so prominent an actor, to society in general and to the church of which he was a life-long member may well be left to others to tell. There was no member of the Manchester Historic Association, of which he was a charter member, probably better fitted than he to aid the accomplishment of its objects. Born on historic ground in old Derryfield, in that section of the region around which centered its legendary stories of fisher and boatman, with all its large and its small happenings coming within the scope of his memory, he of all others was fitted to reproduce the scenes of other days. But his time was too fully occupied and in the few years numbered by the existence of this association he had found time for only one reminiscent address. (Given on pages 65-78 of this volume.)

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Mr. Kidder married Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of Sarah and Joseph Smith of Concord, Mass., and if the blood of Revolutionary heroes coursed in the veins of the husband, both grandfathers of the bride were among the minute men who "Fired the shot heard around the world." It was a happy and congenial union, and its golden anniversary was observed at the home on Myrtle street, in 1900, We are told that Mr. Kidder was much attached to his home. Judging from the part taken in the literary and artistic entertainments of the city it is known to have been a home of culture and refinement. About the middle of July of the present year Mr. Kidder was attacked with serious disorder of the liver from which he passed away October 29, 1902. A great concourse of citizens attended his funeral at the church on Lowell street. He is survived by the widow, Sarah Elizabeth Kidder, and by three daughters, Maria F., Annie E. and Mary M.; another daughter, Sarah Josepha Kidder, died May 3, 1901.

Children of Samuel Phillips Kidder and Betsy Stark Kidder, granddaughter of Maj. Gen. John Stark:

Samuel Blodget Kidder, born December 26, 1806.
Elizabeth Kidder, born March 27, 1809. Married Nathaniel Emmons Morrill.
John Sullivan Kidder, born May 31, 1811.
Mary White Kidder, born August 31, 1813. Married Moody Currier.
Joseph Kidder, born March 13, 1819.
Susan Stark Kidder, born June 1, 1821. Married Dr. David Palmer, and is the only survivor.

F. B. E.

CHARLES W. TEMPLE.

CHARLES WILLIAM TEMPLE was born at Hyde Park, Vermont, July 11, 1846, and died of heart failure in Manchester, N. H., November 7, 1902. He was the only son of Charles and Eleanor (Flanders) Temple, but he had two sisters and three half sisters, his mother having been previously married. His father died when he was three years old, and one of his young sisters soon after. Hoping to find better employment through which to support her family, his mother came to Manchester, with her older daughters, leaving Charles and his sister with relatives until she could succeed in establishing a home which would warrant her in sending for them. This she did when he was about ten years old. Obliged to do what he could toward supporting the family, Charles had only the most meagre oppor-

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tunities to obtain a schooling, and he was not able to attend the grammar school. During such scanty time as he did attend school he worked through vacations doing errands and in a grocery store.

When he was scarcely twelve years old he entered the employment of the old, noted Fisk Bookstore, beginning as chore boy and then as clerk. He remained steadily with Mr. Fisk for a number of years, winning the confidence of his employer by his faithfulness and honesty, and through his frugality and perseverance he was able to buy out his employer when he retired from business in July, 1875. At this time Mr. Henry A. Farrington became associated with him in the business, though not as an active partner, and their pleasant relationship was not severed until about seven years since. In the interval the business of Temple & Farrington had so increased that new and more commodious quarters were necessary Thus upon the completion of the Pickering building in 1892 they moved in to occupy the entire ground floor, as well as other rooms in the building. Upon the retirement of Mr. Farrington, in 1896, Mr. Temple continued his large business alone.

In August, 1867, he was married to Miss Lucinda L. Chase, by whom he had two sons, Harry Chase, who died when he was thirteen years of age, and Charles Arthur, who was associated with him in business and who succeeds in its manage ment. Besides this son he is survived by his wife. Possessing a genial and courteous nature he was a prominent member of both the Calumet and Derryfield clubs, a member of Washington Lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Mount Horeb Chapter, R. A., Adoniram Council, R. and S. M., and of Trinity Commandery, Knights of Templar. He was also a 32d degree Mason in the Scottish rite, belonging to the Nashua membership, and Mystic Shrine, the Washington Encampment and Wildey Lodge, I. O. O. F. He was a member and regular attendant at the Franklin Street church. He became a member of the Manchester Historic Association in September, 1901. Strictly honest and upright in his dealings, prompt and courteous in his business associations, through his persevering industry building up a large

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JOSEPH H. WIGGIN.

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business, Mr. Temple was in the fullest sense of the word a self-made man, and his sudden death came as a great shock to the community in which he had so long been a prominent factor. G. W. B.

JOSEPH H. WIGGIN.

At his home on Union street, near Tremont common, early Wednesday afternoon, November 12, Mr. Joseph H. Wiggin, one of Manchester's best known and most respected business men, died of Bright's disease after a long illness. His failing health had not permitted him to be at his place of business for several months, but it was not generally understood that he was n such a serious condition. He had passed the summer at his old home in Massachusetts, and had returned to this city only about two weeks before his death. Mr. Wiggin was born in Dover and spent his boyhood days there, attending the public schools of that city. Later he attended Atkinson Academy, and then the Hopkinton Academy of New Haven, Conn., from which institution he graduated. He then entered the employ of his father, who was engaged in the wholesale grocery and importing business in Boston. At the age of eighteen years he began a successful business career in Portland, Me., and soon after opened a store in Boston and began to ship general groceries to the Southern States. Later he removed to Deerfield, where for ten years he carried on a large lumber business. In 1874, disposing of his interests in Deerfield, he came to Manchester and started in the "Old Ark," which stood on the present site of Dunlap block, the Manchester Tea Company, which was a success from its inception and has continued so ever since. After remaining there four years he removed into a store in Music Hall building, where he stayed four years, when he erected on land leased of Alonzo W. Quint the building he occupied until his decease.

Mr. Wiggin was a thorough business man, and he kept well abreast of the times. His establishment has always been up to date and has been ably managed by him. While a genial, sociable man and a member of secret and social organizations, he

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was essentially a home man. His home was his favorite resting place, and when not engaged in his business he spent most of his time with his family and his books. He was a devoted husband and father, and a substantial, upright and esteemed citizen. A believer in good government, he did what he could to further it, but was never what could be called active in politics. He was never a candidate for office. Mr. Wiggin was made a Mason in Rockingham Lodge of Candia, and he was a member of Aleppe Temple, Mystic Shrine, of Boston. He was also an Odd Fellow, being a member of Union Lodge of Deerfield, while he belonged to Pioneer Lodge, A. O. U. W., of this city. He also belonged to the Knights of Honor. He became a member of the Manchester Historic Association in September, 1901.

The paternal ancestors of Mr. Wiggin for two generations were Samuel L. Wiggin (1), who lived in Dover, N. H., was engaged in shipping, and died of yellow fever contracted in New Orleans. He married Mary Fisher, daughter of Colonel ——— Fisher, of Dover, a farmer in good circumstances, and whose farm comprised what is now the business portion of the city. Their children were Janvrin, Samuel, Joseph, Charles and Sally. The subject of our memoir was the son of the second child, Samuel L. (2), who was born in Dover, and continued a resident of that city until his death in middle life. He carried on an extensive wholesale and retail grocery trade, besides doing an important business in Boston. He married Harriet L. Bruce, by whom he had seven children, Samuel L. (3), Joseph H., Mary Bell, Ellen Frances, Elizabeth Bruce and Harriet L. Mrs. Harriet L. Wiggin was the daughter of Thomas Bruce, Jr., who settled in Sanbornton, N. H. He was the village blacksmith, and a man of prominence in the town. He was twice married, Harriet being the daughter of his second wife, Miss Sophia Footman. The father of Thomas Bruce, Jr., was Thomas Bruce, one of three brothers who came to this country from Scotland.

Mr. Wiggin is survived by his widow, who was Susan A., daughter of Alpheus and Nancy (Hodgdon) Rogers of Dover, and two daughters, Miss Ellen Frances, of this city, and Miss

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EBENEZER FERREN.

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Pauline Gertrude, librarian of the University of West Virginia. He also left three sisters, Mrs. Charles Wood, of Lowell, Mass., Mrs. Seth Bennett, of New York city, Mrs. Harry F. Ricker, of New Orleans, La. He rests in the family lot in Chapel lawn, Pine Grove cemetery. G. W. B.

EBENEZER FERREN.

EBENEZER FERREN, one of the oldest and best known citizens of Manchester, died at his home, corner of Lowell and Walnut streets, November 15, 1902, of old age and general debility. Until about four weeks before his death Mr. Ferren was a familiar figure upon the streets of Manchester. His last illness was not painful, but was a steady decline, due to the gradual weakening of the vital forces. His age was 85 years, 9 months and 3 days. Eben Ferren, as he was familiarly called, was a native of Goffstown, N. H., where he was born February 12, 1817. He was a son of Ebenezer and Mary (Eaton) Ferren. On both sides he came of good, patriotic ancestry. His paternal grandfather, Philip Ferren, was a Lieutenant in the Nineth New Hampshire Regiment which did valuable service in the Revolution, and was one of those who passed the memorable winter at Valley Forge. His grandfather on his mother's side, Samuel Eaton, was one of the heroes of Bennington under the heroic Stark. The Ferrens are of English ancestry, and the original ancestor landed in this country about 1640.

Mr. Ferren early adopted a talent for trade, and at the age of twenty he was upon the road, carrying two tin trunks filled with "Yankee notions," and later riding upon a "peddler's cart." He followed this vocation several years, making money, so that he was able in 1845 to open a dry goods and carpet store in Manchester. He located on the site of the present Ferren Block, on Elm street, which he built, the lower part of which he used as a store, and the upper story was his home. After twenty years of successful business, he retired with a fair competence. Between 1848 and 1881 he bought considerable real estate which appreciated handsomely.

In politics Mr. Ferren was a staunch Prohibitionist, and was

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a delegate to the National convention of that party at Indianapolis in 1888, and again at Saratoga Springs in 1891. He was frequently a candidate on the State Prohibition ticket. As far back as 1847, he was a member of the Sons of Temperance.

He was a member of the First Congregational Church of Manchester, and was Treasurer of the Sunday School for ten years, from 1883 to 1893. He was a member of the Manchester Board of Trade from the time of its inception in 1890, and became a member of the Manchester Historic Association in January, 1897. The only fraternal organization in which he held membership was the Order of Free and Accepted Masons, being a member of Washington Lodge of Manchester. A man of strong convictions, and of an extremely benevolent disposition, perhaps no better revelation of his personal character is possible than is indicated by the saying attributed to him, "I have a God that is worth more to me than all the money that is made."

He married August 7, 1849, Miss Adelaide E. Badger of Warner, who survives him. F. M. C.

WILLIAM P. MERRILL.

WILLIAM PARKER MERRILL was a native and life-long resident of Manchester, and one of its prominent citizens. He came of excellent stock. His great-grandfather and grandmother were Abraham and Mehitable (Stevens) Merrill, from Haverhill, Mass., who were among the earliest settlers of this town. Two of their ten children were born in Haverhill, three in Plaistow, as they journeyed northward, and the last five in what is now Manchester, where the family settled about 1745, at Merrill's Falls, or Merrill's Ferry, as it was frequently called, just below the old Granite bridge, and on or near the site of the Gas Works in more recent years. Abraham Merrill with Thomas George, were the first petitioners for the setting off of a tract of land, lying partly in Chester, partly in Londonderry, and other land not heretofore appropriated, to be united and form a new township, which request was granted and the new town incorporated under the name of Derryfield in 1751

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WILLIAM P. MERRILL.

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Nathaniel, the ninth child of Abraham, settled in Hallsville, now East Manchester, and married (first), Mary Young, daughter of Israel Young, by whom he had five children, the second of whom was Israel, who married Nancy Farmer, and settled on the east bank of the Merrimack, just below the Amoskeag Falls, Captain Israel Merrill, as he was afterwards known, was employed by the boating company on the river, and on his own account for many years, and is said to have possessed a more intimate knowledge of the stream, its depths and currents, between Lowell and Concord, than any other man of that period. History has also preserved a record of "A boat race between his boat and another, which continued all the way from Boston to Concord, and that after a very exciting contest, each striving for the advantage, Merrill won by the length of a boat or so." Captain Merrill was pilot of the steamer that made its first trip to Concord, in 1817. He was a man of great muscular strength and wholly without fear, and to the imminent danger of his own life rescued, at different times, several persons from drowning. For the saving of the lives of two men and a boy on one occasion, he was presented with an elegant and costly gold medal suitably inscribed, from the Massachusetts Humane Society, which is still in the possession of his descendants. After boating on the river was given up he purchased a farm on the Merrill road in the Harvey district where he resided until his death, ever manifesting by word and deed a deep interest in the church of which he was a devoted member, and for the general welfare and prosperity of the town.

William Parker Merrill, the immediate subject of this sketch, was the eighth child of Capt. Israel Merrill and was born August 23, 1831. He inherited many of the sterling qualities of his ancestors. He received his early education in the schools of his native town, counting among his schoolmates such men as the late Governor Weston, Joseph L. Stevens and others who became prominent in after life. He completed his education at Tilton Seminary in 1848 9, where he made the acquaintance of the late John M. Shirley, Esq., of Andover, an acquaintance which ripened into intimate friendship and which terminated only with

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the death of the latter some years ago. On the death of his father in 1854, Mr. Merrill succeeded to the possession of the old farm which he carried on until a year or two before his death. He married July 13, 1860, Charlotte Maria Boyce, who died February 1, 1901. He was skillful as a farmer, successful in raising a multiplicity of crops and the growing of a large and excellent variety of fruits. He also found time to give to public affairs, serving on the School Board for several years, and holding other offices. He was a faithful public servant and gave prompt attention to every act of official duty. In politics he was a staunch Democrat, caring little for office, but always zealous for the success of his party, frank and firm in the expression of his opinions. He was an Odd Fellow, a member of the Patrons of Husbandry, and active in the affairs of the Old Residents' Association. He was especially fond of travel and ample means had permitted him to gratify his desires in this direction. He had twice visited Europe, and for some seasons had spent the winter months in Florida and California. It was while on his return from a trip to the Southwest and the Pacific Coast that he was stricken down. He had been for some days suffering from a severe cold with symptoms of pneumonia, and on reaching El Paso, Texas, he was too ill to continue his journey further, and was removed to the hospital in that city, where he died among strangers, March 5, 1902. His remains were brought to his home in this city and buried in the old burial-ground near his home beside the dear relatives and friends who had preceded him. He was survived by two sons, Shirley Merrill of this city and Oliver Merrill of Londonderry.

His friends will ever recall his love for his native city, his great interest in its cherished institutions. Kind and sympathetic, he had charity for the weaknesses of others, a deep and abiding sympathy for the poor, and tenderness and love for those in affliction. S. A. O.

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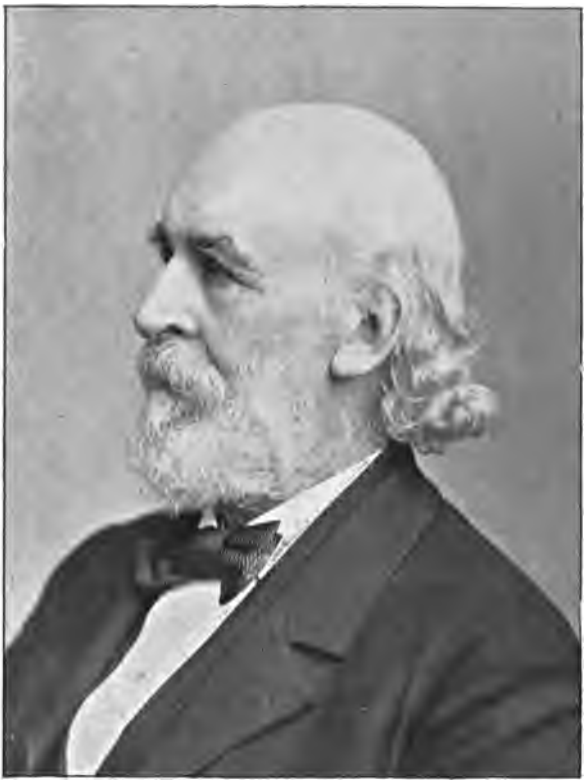

WILLIAM H. ELLIOTT.

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MEMOIRS OF THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION. 1903.

WILLIAM H. ELLIOTT.

William H. Elliott, son of John S. Elliott, was born in Londonderry, September 5, 1821. Whatever education the good district schools of that town had to give he had received by the time he was nineteen years of age, when he opened a store in Manchester, having previously learned the trade of a watchmaker. To this he added the manufacture of spectacles and the sale of pianos, organs and musical instruments. This was in 1840 and the older residents of the city will remember Mr. Elliott as a leader in these branches of business for many years.

In 1842 he married Serena Cilley of Hopkinton, by whom he had eight children, two of whom survive him, the Rev. Charles F. Elliott of Greeley, Col., and Mrs. Ida F. Smith of South Pines, N. C. Mr. Elliott devoted himself very closely to his business, was a man of fine personal presence and had an impressive way of conducting a trade which arose almost to the dignity of a fine art. Consequently he was successful in building up a large trade and was well known the country round.

Mr. Elliott died August 16, 1902, and the *Mirror and American* said of him:

"A polished gentleman of the old school, kindly in manner, sympathetic in spirit, always careful of the feelings of others, he applied the golden rule to his business life, and by carefulness and integrity built a business reputation than which there

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was none better in his native state. He must surely be missed from the city which had so long respected and admired him."

A skillful and industrious mechanic, undisturbed by any desire for office or political preferment and with good judgment as to financial matters, he could hardly fail in the long time given him to acquire a very considerable fortune. Not far from the time when Mr. Elliott and his wife began life together they occupied the house on Central street, vacated by the late ex-Governor Frederick Smyth. At that time Monument square was little more than a cow pasture, shaded on its northeast corner by some magnificent pines. In succeeding years he built other houses, the most pretentious of which was that now owned and occupied by the Hon. D. A. Taggart. There are few incidents in the steady and orderly career of this well-known citizen. It perhaps may be worthy of record that while a tenant in Smyth block, a burglar with dynamite and jimmy failed to effect an entrance into his safe, of which the outer lock was forced and dynamite with fuse attached found in the door plate.

After a lively sprint through Elm back street the burglar was captured by the police and his tools secured from the adjacent park, where he had thrown them. He was convicted and sentenced for a term in state prison, but was afterward pardoned out on account of ill health.

Mr. Elliott erected some of the best residences in the city and built a twenty-tenement block at the corner of Chestnut and Pearl streets. He was a member of Washington Lodge, Mt. Horeb Chapter, Royal Arch Masons and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar.

His first wife died November 26, 1897, and he married for second wife, Mrs. Helen M. Jones, who survives him.

F. B. E.

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GILMAN CLOUGH.

Gilman Clough was born in Weare, N. H., February 24, 1825. He came of Revolutionary stock. His grandfather was Daniel Clough, Sr., a blacksmith by trade, who settled in South Weare previous to the Revolutionary war, in which he served as a soldier. During his term of service, which appears to have been exceedingly long, he was granted a furlough of three months. The records show that he had to go to law to secure payment for the furlough, but he won his suit. He reared several children, and of these the only one to remain in Weare was Daniel, Jr., Gilman's father, who was born in Haverhill, Mass. He was favorably known as a reliable blacksmith, according to an old-time chronicle, and he also gained a local reputation as a player on the violin.

Gilman was one of the twelve children of Daniel and Mary (Colby) Clough, the brother and sister surviving him being respectively the oldest and the youngest of the family. In 1848, Gilman married Miss Nancy E. Locke, of Dunbarton, who survives him, and who, like himself, comes from one of the oldest New England families. Mrs. Clough, in the fullest sense of the expression, became a partner and helpmate to her plucky husband. Shortly after their marriage the young couple took up their residence in Amoskeag, near to the road leading to Goffstown Center, now known as Grasmere. Later they removed to what has since become known as the Governor Straw place, and which was then a farm.

For about ten years Mr. Clough worked in a grist mill, which was in operation above the McGregor bridge, and which was then known as Mechanics' Row. The mill was owned by H. & H. R. Pettee, which firm afterwards became Pettee & Adams, and is now Adams Brothers. During those years Mr. Clough worked very hard, often gaining two or three days' extra time by overwork. For a considerable time he made it a practice to work until midnight upon Saturday, and resume

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his task upon the following midnight. In 1859 he removed to the Mill Dam house, where he resided until 1867, when he took up his residence at 395 Maple street, where he remained until his death.

In 1859 he drifted into the lumber business in a small way, which, under his careful and sagacious management grew until it became his leading enterprise, and raised him from a penniless young man to one of the wealthiest citizens of Manchester. He was widely known as one of the largest and most extensive lumber dealers in the state, and he had associated with him a number of partners, including the late Lewis Simons and George Foster, of the Chandler place in Bedford. His keen foresight led him to realize closely the value of real estate, and he came both to deal and invest largely in this, until he owned several valuable real estate properties on Elm street, including the block now occupied by the New City Hotel. His latest achievement in this direction was building, in company with B. Frank Welch, the handsome and well-appointed business block known as "The Beacon."

Politically Mr. Clough was a Democrat of the Jacksonian type, but he never sought an office or took an active part in politics. Neither did he belong to any secret organization, and the only society that could claim him as member was the Manchester Historic Association. Till within a short time of his death he personally looked after his property interests, and attended to his business affairs, though he had sometime since relinquished his attention to dealings in lumber to his son, Lewis A. Clough. Mr. Clough was at the same time the most quiet and one of the best known citizens of Manchester, and the success of his life shows what can be accomplished by the steady, industrious young man, who starts out with the determination to work and to prosper, building his prosperity upon the sterling foundation of honest purpose.

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GEORGE W. WEEKS.

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GEORGE W. WEEKS.

Tradition, which in this case seems to be kin to fact, says that the first ancestor of this honorable family in New England came from Wells, Somersetshire, England, and settled at Winnicut river, that part of Portsmouth now forming the town of Greenland. His name was Leonard Weeks, but nothing is known of his father. He reached the site of his new home in February, 1660-61, where he passed the rest of his life, dying in 1707. He was active in the affairs of the day, and during the political contest in 1665 respecting the separation of New Hampshire from Massachusetts he espoused the cause of the last named, incurring considerable expense as well as public rebuke for his outspoken opinions relative to the matter. We learn by the records that he was fined to the amount of ten shillings for the vehemence with which he stated his arguments in controversy with another of opposite views. In 1666, he was elected selectman, and he was afterwards constable, while for several years he was sheriff. In 1669, he "was on a committee" with men from Dover and Hampton, "to lay out the highway between Greenland and Bloody Poynt."

George Warner Weeks, the subject of this memoir, was born in Boscawen, N. H., August 12, 1827, the son of Dudley J. and Lucy Sampson Weeks, being the youngest of their five children. His mother dying when he was less than a year old, George was taken into the family of Rev. Parker D. Fogg.

Mrs. Fogg, who was Betsey Sampson, a sister to his mother, took a motherly interest in his care, and leaving most pleasant memories in his youthful mind. Mr. Weeks in later years always spoke of her as "Mother Fogg." At the age of fifteen he went to live with his eldest sister, Mary Jane, who had become the wife of the widely known harness maker of Hooksett, Benjamin J. Gile. George worked a short time in his shop, and then came to Manchester, where he worked in the

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pioneer factory of the then young manufacturing town. Within a year, however, we find him in Boston, and when he was but a little over sixteen, he shipped as cabin boy on a merchant ship bound for Calcutta and the Indian Archipelago. The experiences of that two years' voyage upon one of the old-line trading vessels was such as to leave a permanent impression on the mind of him who participated in them. Among other adventures that fell to the lot of our cabin boy was the burning of the vessel to the water's edge while on the return voyage. This thrilling incident took place off the shore of St. Helena, which island became a haven of refuge to the castaways. During his stay here George sought the tomb of Paul and Virginia, where he inscribed his name, a fact that he always delighted to refer to in speaking of his thrilling story of sea adventures.

Upon reaching his home-land he sought again the town of Manchester, teaching school for several years in the Harvey district. During this period he formed the pleasant acquaintance of one of Hopkinton's fair daughters, and upon September 27, 1846, he was united in marriage with Miss Sarah E. Mead, the daughter of Albeacham and Susan Clough Mead. This union proved extremely felicitous, and the couple made their home here in Manchester. Three children were born to them: Laura A., who died at six years of age; Medora, who married Alonzo Elliott; and George Perley, who settled in Haverhill, Mass. The last two, as well as the widow and four grandchildren, survived him.

Mr. Weeks had been attracted to the shoe business, and he entered soon after his marriage the employ of Asa S. Trask, who both made and sold footwear at 48 Elm street, midway between Hanover and Amherst streets. Through his steady industry and frugal habits Mr. Weeks had saved enough from his wages so that in 1853 he was able to take advantage of panic prices, and buy up a stock of goods with which to begin

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trade for himself, which he did, realizing a handsome profit at the outset. From this he increased his business until he became one of the foremost shoe dealers in the city, sharing with George W. Dodge and George W. Thayer the honor of standing at the head of the boot and shoe trade in early Manchester. His shop was in the old building known as "The Ark," which stood where the Weeks block now stands. He continued in his business without a break until 1873, when for a short time he gave it up, only to return for another period a little later. Finally he retired permanently from the shoe business, and entered into fire insurance, in which calling he showed such marked success he was made vice-president of the People's Fire Insurance Company, filling the position with credit to himself. In 1890, he withdrew from insurance, and devoted the balance of his years to the care of his real estate.

As well as a man of strict business principles, Mr. Weeks was a steadfast patron of music and a strong friend to education. He was a member of the school board for several terms, and president of the board for years. He was firm in his religious convictions, and one of the most zealous and energetic supporters of the Unitarian church, being for several years president of the society. In summing up his character one of the local papers at the time of his decease (*The Union*) said:

"Mr. Weeks was one of the valuable men of the community. Sound to the core in principle, he was a stalwart figure in business circles, while his tastes led him to interest himself in religion and the artistic side of life, in which spheres his influence was always wholesome. For more than half a century he was in the public eye of this city, as a business man, a leader in educational councils, a progressive religious layman, a vigorous, many-sided man of affairs, and as those fifty years and more are looked back upon, it is with a feeling of profound esteem."

His death occurred upon the evening of September 10, 1903,

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at his home, No. 102 Bay street, after a lingering illness arising from a complication of diseases, fourteen days past his seventy-eighth birthday. He was a member of Lafayette Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; Mount Horeb Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Adoniram Council, Royal and Select Masters; and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar. He was a member and Past Grand of Mechanics' Lodge, I. O. O. F., Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of New Hampshire, and Past Grand Representative to the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States. He became a member of the Manchester Historic Association at the quarterly meeting, September 18, 1901.

G. W. B.

WILLIAM T. EVANS.

William Twombly Evans was the son of William and Hannah (Twombly) Evans, and was born at Barrington, N. H., August 13, 1824, one of a family of eight children. His grandfather, Lemuel Evans, was a soldier in the Continental army and a short time prior to his death received a land pension in recognition of his services. Both his grandfather and father lived to the advanced age of ninety-six years.

Mr. Evans was married November 10, 1847, to Adaline Frances Clough, of Bow, and they celebrated their golden wedding in 1897. Four children were born to them, two dying quite young, while a daughter, Addie L., died at seventeen, leaving one daughter, Grace W., who, with her mother, survives him of the immediate family. Having already been working in Manchester about two years, he now came to make this city his permanent home. "He first went to work for the late John H. Maynard," said *The Mirror* in its notice of his decease, "and was afterwards employed in the Manchester mills for about twenty years. He had charge of the repair department for a long time.

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"He was elected superintendent of streets of Manchester in the early seventies and served two terms, was out a year and was then re-elected for another term. He performed the duties of his office in a faithful and efficient manner and earned the high respect of his fellow citizens. Some of Manchester's important streets were built under his supervision.

"After his final term of office he went into the wood-working business for a time, but for many years past he had been engaged in the real estate business, making the care of tenements his specialty. He gave his close attention to this up to the time of his last illness, and displayed unusual energy and activity for a man of his years.

"Captain Evans was a prominent figure in the old volunteer fire department and was chosen foreman of Engine 6 Company in the early fifties. He not only distinguished himself as a fearless fire fighter and a skillful leader of his company, but under his captaincy the company won fame in many of the big hand tub tournaments of those days. The title of captain, which was conferred upon him then, clung to him in after years, as his fellow citizens and former associates remembered his good works in the volunteers.

"Captain Evans was afterwards a member of the regular fire department and was attached to one of the companies at the central fire station on Vine street. He was with the Manchester contingent that went to Boston to render aid at the big fire in November, 1871. He retired from the department when elected to the head of the street department.

"Captain Evans was a member of the Manchester Old Residents' Association, the Manchester Historical Association, and the Franklin-street Congregational church. He was active in Odd Fellow circles and was a member of Mechanics' Lodge and Wonolanset Encampment. He was a stanch Democrat in politics and was an active worker for the party. He kept up a keen interest in political work to the last year of his life,

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and the first election he missed in the memory of his family was the special election on the license question. Then his health was too feeble for him to go to the polls.

"The deceased was a man of high principles, and his stanch honesty, intelligence and high characteristics won him the esteem of all who enjoyed his acquaintance. He was a man of energy and activity, and sound judgment in business affairs marked his transactions in public and private life. His generous and kindly nature and his ever courteous disposition made him a host of friends."

He died upon the evening of June 28, 1903, at the age of 78 years, 10 months and 15 days.

THE LATE RIGHT REVEREND DENIS M. BRADLEY, D. D., BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

In the death of the Right Rev. Denis M. Bradley, Bishop of Manchester, the state has lost the best known, the most widely respected, and most beloved citizen within her borders. For eighteen years this prelate governed the diocese of Manchester, which comprises the whole state of New Hampshire, and guided the destinies of the Catholic church within that jurisdiction. For four years previous to his elevation to the episcopate, he was pastor of St. Joseph's church, in the city of Manchester, but his connection with the state and city goes back even farther. Born in Ireland in 1846, he came to this country at the age of eight, with his widowed mother and five other children younger than himself. His childhood and youth were passed in the city that was one day to see him share the highest honors that the Catholic church can bestow.

The Bishop as a boy was sent to the old Park Street school, which was then in charge of the veteran master, Thomas Corcoran. His good mother toiled and spared to give the lad a superior education, and by the time he was ready for college

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RIGHT REVEREND DENIS M. BRADLEY, D. D.,
BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

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her scanty savings were sufficient to provide for him. In 1863, he entered Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and was graduated from that institution in 1867. The fall of that year saw him begin his preparation for the priesthood at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. Here he was ordained after four years' study, on June 3, 1871.

The first four years of Bishop Bradley's life, after his return to Manchester, were spent in the busy occupations of the pastorate of St. Joseph's church. New Hampshire was then set apart as a separate jurisdiction of the diocese of Portland, and the subject of this sketch was named as the first bishop of the new See. At this time Bishop Bradley was in his thirty-eighth year, the youngest bishop in the United States. Though not robust in health, he knew how to husband his strength, and he bent himself with energy to the great work before him. His first duty was to organize a new diocese. To those unacquainted with church government, it is difficult to understand the extent and importance of a work of this kind. Upon the bishop devolves, ultimately, the care of all the souls of his diocese. It is his to provide pastors for them; his to see that they have suitable and convenient places of worship. Schools must be built, orphanages established, convents founded and maintained; so, too, with hospitals, homes for the aged; in short, every need of every class, young and old, must be provided for.

In the eighteen years of Bishop Bradley's episcopate, the Catholic population of the state grew from 45,000 to 104,000. The number of priests increased from thirty-seven to one hundred. About forty new churches were built in different parts of the diocese. There are today 12,500 children taught by 279 teachers in the parochial schools, the maintenance of which would cost the state $275,000 annually. In Catholic orphanages and asylums there are nine hundred children depending, entirely or in part, on charity for their daily bread.

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Two large, well-equipped hospitals take care of the sick, and it is needless to say that difference of creed is no bar to admission there. An academy for young ladies and a college for young men complete a Christian education for those who are able to continue their studies. Such are the works left behind by the good Bishop. Well may we say to the inquiring stranger who asks for his monument, "Look around you!"

Bishop Bradley was a many-sided man. He was primarily a churchman. The great works he accomplished were done in the order of his priestly calling. He was a man of sterling Christian character, of pure motives, of lofty ideals. Nothing small or unworthy entered into his makeup. "One felt instinctively," said an acquaintance not of his faith, "that every righteous cause would find in him a powerful champion, and every mean, self-seeking scheme would be uncompromisingly scorned." He was a man of deep spirituality. He thought and planned and labored for Eternity. His measure of any work was, "What does God think of it?" Such a rule of conduct kept him from earthly entanglements. This does not mean that he was a recluse or a mystic. Far from it. No man entered more readily into all that concerned the common good. He was ever at the beck and call of his people.

> "To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
> But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven."

As a public speaker, Bishop Bradley graced many important occasions. He was known over all New England, and was called upon to preach in the larger cities at the consecration of bishops, at the dedication of churches, on notable anniversaries, at college commencements, and the like, and he always acquitted himself with distinction and brought honor to the See he filled. His sermons were plain, direct, forceful. His familiarity with the Holy Scripture was seen by the frequent and apt use he made of Holy Writ in his discourses. He preached the gospel undefiled. His earnest-

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ness, his sincerity, and his great charity added unction to his words which never failed to impress his hearers.

Manchester never saw, and perhaps never will see, a more magnificent funeral. All the bishops of New England, prelates from different parts of the country, and priests to the number of two hundred and fifty assembled to pay their last tribute of respect to the honored dead. Civil authorities of both state and city were there in full numbers, and thousands of his own flock, unable to gain admission to the church, hung about the sacred edifice while the last rites were being offered. Such genuine grief is seldom evinced. The tear-dimmed eyes and the choking sobs of the throng which took a last look at the beloved prelate were a tribute more eloquent than that delivered from the bight of the pulpit that day.

Bishop Bradley left no personal estate, but a small sum of life insurance to be divided between two orphan nieces. He served without salary as pastor of St. Joseph's cathedral parish for more than twenty years, and asked only that the parish bury him. The Christmas offerings in the parish church were devoted to that purpose.

It was his dying request that a simple Celtic cross be placed in the little plot in front of the chapel door, where the people going in and out of church would see it and offer a prayer for the repose of his soul. To comply with this last wish will be one of the first duties of his successor in office.

J. B. DELANY.

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